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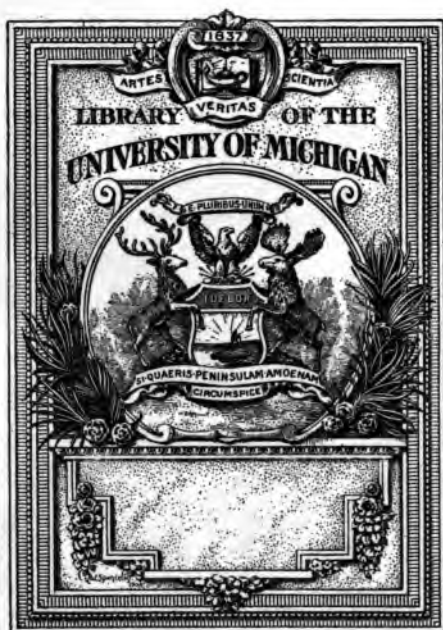
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FIRST STEPS

WITH

AMERICAN AND BRITISH
AUTHORS 16739

BY

ALBERT F. BLAISDELL

REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION



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AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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ALBERT F. BLAISDELL.

FIRST STEPS WITH AM. AND BR. AUTHORS.

W. P. I

PREFACE

TO THE REVISED EDITION

TEN years have passed since this book was published. The author has taken advantage of the demand for a new edition to revise the book thoroughly, by bringing it up to date, making many additions to the various texts, and otherwise adding to its usefulness.

A systematic study of the texts of standard English authors is now very generally held to constitute an important part of the regular course in most schools of a higher grade. Pupils should have a thorough drill on simple selections before undertaking the more formal study of any representative author. In brief, students should be provided with a judicious and methodical *introduction* to the standard English texts.

This book aims to supply such a want. It is intended to serve as the basis of a regular course of study in English literature. Enough material is furnished for at least one year's work, except perhaps the purchase of an occasional copy of an inexpensive school text. The arrangement of the book is such that the work upon each author may be abridged or extended as the time allotted for the

course in English, and the age and capabilities of the student, may permit.

A text-book at the best is only a convenient and suggestive outline of the subject to be taught. Hence no ambitious student should rest content with merely studying this book. Each and every topic should be more fully discussed and illustrated.

The author has a grateful appreciation of the kindly words of the many teachers who have acknowledged the practical benefit they have received from this book. It is to be hoped that, in its present revised and enlarged form, it may continue to prove itself, as formerly, a useful and convenient handbook to teachers and students of the standard English classics.

The selections from Longfellow, Whittier, Hawthorne, Lowell, and Holmes contained in this volume are used by permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the authorized publishers of the works of those authors.

A. F. B.

JUNE, 1899.

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FIRST STEPS WITH AMERICAN AND BRITISH AUTHORS

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

1. **Literature in General.**—Literature in a general way has reference to the written productions of a nation, but in a more limited sense refers only to those writings which come within the province of the literary art; in other words, literature, as commonly spoken of, excludes scientific and technical works, and is synonymous with elegant or polite literature, or *belles-lettres* as the French call it.

Literature has often been defined. Emerson says it is the record of the best thoughts. "By literature," says Stopford Brooke, "we mean the written thoughts and feelings of intelligent men and women, arranged in a way that shall give pleasure to the reader." Says John Morley, "Poets, dramatists, humorists, satirists, masters of fiction, the great preachers, the character-writers, the maxim writers, the great political orators, they are all literature, in so far as they teach us to know men, and to know human nature. This is what makes literature a proper instrument for a systematic training of the imagination and sympathies, and of a genial and varied moral sensibility."

Strictly speaking, English literature refers only to the written productions of the British people. But inasmuch as the English-speaking world embraces two great nations, besides vast colonial dependencies, the term "English literature" is commonly used in its broad sense, referring thereby to the great classic authors who have written in the English language. English literature may thus include the writings of both British and American authors. If we wish to be exact, we may designate the literature of Great Britain as British literature, and that of the United States as American literature.

2. The Study of English Literature.—Why do we study literature? The answer is brief. To be happy, and to do our whole duty, it is of paramount importance that we should habitually live with wise thoughts and right feelings. What will help us to this gracious companionship? A deep and abiding love for all that is good in literature. Hence its study is earnestly commended to our interest and care.¹ "The object of literature in education," says John Henry Newman, "is to open the mind, to correct it, to refine it, to enable it to comprehend and digest its knowledge, to give it power over its faculties, application, flexibility, method, critical exactness, sagacity, address, and expression."

The story of our English literature began about twelve

¹ "To create and maintain in every student the highest ideal of human life, is, or ought to be, the chief work of any higher school. There is no study like that of the best literature to form and glorify such an ideal. It reveals possibilities, touches to finer issues, broadens thought, kindles faith, sets the soul free, quickens and greatens as nothing else can.

"Arm in arm with a universal author, you are in living contact with the great facts and laws of nature and of human existence; you see them from the master's lofty standpoint, and your life is larger than before."—HOMER B. SPRAGUE.

hundred years ago, and is still going on. The roll call of poets and prose writers who have added to its treasures is long and splendid. To study English literature is to become acquainted with the writings of the great authors who have made it what it is. It is to get at the characteristics of those master minds whose works have been universally accepted as classics. It is to read and reread these masterpieces, in which moral truth and human passion are touched with a certain largeness and attractiveness of form, until their essence becomes a part of our real life.¹

This it is that makes the study of English literature, wisely selected and wisely studied, not the trifling occupation of a leisure hour, but a most efficient instrument for intellectual and moral discipline.

3. Methods of Study. The Old and the New.—The importance of a more or less extended course in English literature in schools of a higher grade is now generally recognized. Within a few years the method of instruction has been changed for the better. Too much time in past years has been given to the routine study of some manual of English literary history, and too little attention paid to the methodical study of the writings of standard authors; in brief, pupils have been taught to study merely about authors, and not to study authors.

The time-honored method, and the method that is occasionally employed, was to place in the hands of the pupil

¹ "I need not tell you that you will find that most books worth reading once are worth reading twice; and, what is most important of all, the masterpieces of literature are worth reading a thousand times. It is a great mistake to think that because you have read a masterpiece once or twice, or ten times, therefore you have done with it; because it is a masterpiece, you ought to live with it, and make it part of your daily life." — JOHN MORLEY.

some compend of the history of English literature, and to require stated lessons from its several chapters, as in the old-time method of studying a text-book on chemistry or history.

The pupil may thus become familiar with certain facts and borrowed opinions about authors, and yet scarcely have read a line of the writings of the authors themselves. By this method a familiarity with English literary history is gained, rather than with English literature; for example, a pupil might be able to mention all the plays of Shakespeare, and yet have never read a line of one of his plays for himself, or had any opinion of his own about the great dramatist. In fact, by this method every requirement of the teacher could be met, and a creditable examination be passed, by a student who had never read a line of the authors under discussion. Again, so dreary and so repulsive did this process become to average young pupils, that very few were disposed in after years to cultivate a more intelligent acquaintance with standard authors.

The first and highest aim in the study of English literature is thus lost sight of by this radically defective method of instruction; for the main purpose of a necessarily brief course in this branch of study in our schools is to cultivate a taste for good literature, to stimulate a love for systematic and wholesome reading, and to illustrate the principles which should guide us in selecting healthful books and authors to be read in after life.¹

¹ "My object throughout the class-room study of English literature would be to cultivate an intelligent appreciation, a positive love, for those treasures of genius, those masterpieces of literary art, which are embodied in our mother tongue; such a love as would be a delight, a sustaining, comforting, restraining influence, throughout life." — J. H. GILMORE.

4. The Plan of this Book.—The defective method of instruction, to which we have alluded, has been superseded of late years, at least in most of our best schools, by the more sensible, and, in fact, the only true method; viz., a methodical and thorough study of the text of a few great classic authors, supplemented by the necessary amount of oral instruction and collateral study.

Many able scholars and teachers have done much of late years, by their writings, to advance the study of English literature to its proper place in the school curriculum. Well-edited and inexpensive editions of our best authors, well arranged for school use, are now easily obtained.

By this method it is obvious that pupils, and many teachers, too, need, and should have, a goodly amount of help to enable them to study to the best advantage the texts of our standard authors; as in any other branch of school work explicit directions and practical suggestions are needed to help the student to a proper understanding of the subject.

Hence it has been our plan to prepare a useful and practical handbook, which will furnish the young student with such general and particular directions, homely details and helps, as will serve as an introduction to a systematic course of study in English literature. In a general way, our plan is to study methodically the texts of a few representative authors, and not merely to read *about* many authors. It is to study what great authors have written, and not what some one has written about them. Everything is made subordinate to this great aim.

The order in which the plan of work is arranged is simply for convenience. Experience shows that, as in any other line of school work, the less difficult should come

first. Before the formal study of any particular author is begun, pupils should have some experience in the proper method of studying a given piece; hence, in the first few chapters, the texts of a variety of choice selections have been given, with full explanations. The arrangement of the book is such that the representative authors may be taken up in any order that may be deemed best. The general principle is that the less difficult and more modern authors should come first in order. "From the modern and more easily apprehended specimens of English and American literature," says J. H. Gilmore, "I should work back to those which are more obscure and more difficult."

A word of caution may be necessary in reference to the analyses, examples, formal questions, etc. They are intended to be used simply as hints and helps; hence they are not to be copied or rearranged by the pupil, but are to serve as guides to him in his preparation for the classroom.

CHAPTER II

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS AS A MODEL

General Plan of Study: Use of the Guide Analysis.

—In order to do thorough and systematic work in the study of English classic authors, each member of the class should follow the same general plan. For convenience, we may call this general plan of study which has been adopted in the following pages a “guide analysis.” It is intended to serve as a general guide to the pupil. It is a kind of chart, by means of which the student may direct his course to a more systematic understanding of any standard production in English literature.¹

In its various forms, which will be more fully explained hereafter, the guide analysis will help the beginner to study, recite, and retain in the memory the important points of a standard piece of prose or poetry.

After the student has become familiar with this general plan for the study of a simple poem, or easy prose selec-

¹ “It is impossible, and, were it possible, it would not be desirable, to lay down a set of rules for the guidance of teachers in teaching the works named in the succeeding pages, which would meet the case of every teacher and of every class. Not only do teachers differ in their mental constitution, not only do classes vary in ability, thoroughness of training, and in other respects, but the selections to be read differ in length, in subject, in form, and in character. All that we can do is to state the principles which should, in our opinion, be acted upon by teachers of English literature. The application of these principles must be made by the teachers themselves.”

tion, and has also acquired some skill in filling in, orally or by written exercises, whatever is necessary under the several headings, this analysis may be dropped for another form of the same general plan, called the "special analysis," which is to be specially adapted to every subsequent selection.

We have selected Longfellow's beautiful ballad, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," as our first piece to study.¹ It is simple and interesting. It merits our best efforts. We are now ready to begin its study, with the aid of the following guide analysis:—

GUIDE ANALYSIS: THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

- I. Read the poem carefully and thoughtfully.
- II. Recite the story of the poem.
- III. The study of the text.
- IV. The author of the poem: Henry W. Longfellow.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

¹ "Your great object should be to be thorough; to learn but a little at a time, but to learn that little well. A very short poem, thoroughly comprehended in all its parts, will do to make a beginning upon. Any lesson of this sort that is really well learnt is a piece of solid work done; it serves for a stepping-stone to the next piece."

— WALTER W. SKEAT.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax, 5
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth, 10
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailór,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,—
“I pray thee, put into yonder port, 15
For I fear a hurricane.

“Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see !”
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe, “ 1,
And a scornful laugh laughed he. 20

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the northeast ;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain 25
The vessel in its strength ;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

“Come hither ! come hither ! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so ; 30
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow.”

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar, 35
And bound her to the mast.

"O father ! I hear the church bells ring,
O say, what may it be?"
" 'Tis a fog bell on a rock-bound coast ! " —
And he steered for the open sea. 40

"O father ! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea !"

"O father ! I see a gleaming light, 45
O say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies, 50
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands, and prayed
That savèd she might be ;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave 55
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe. 60

And ever, the fitful gusts between,
A sound came from the land ;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows, 65
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool, 70
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board ;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank, 75
Ho ! ho ! the breakers roared.

At daybreak, on the bleak seabeach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast. 80

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus, 85
In the midnight and the snow.
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe !

EXPLANATION OF THE GUIDE ANALYSIS

I. *Read the Poem carefully and thoughtfully.*—Before coming into the class, read the poem aloud and silently. As a part of the home preparation, read and reread the piece selected for the day's recitation until it is well understood. Come to recitation prepared to read it aloud with some attention to elocution; that is, take special pains to express clearly the thought with such modifications of the voice as the sentiment requires. Short poems, and the best passages in long poems, should be committed to memory and recited.¹

II. *Recite the Story of the Poem.*—The poem having been studied carefully as a part of the home preparation, and read in the class room with some intelligence, and with proper feeling and emphasis, the pupil is now prepared to recite the "story" of the poem orally.

This should be done first without reference to the text, telling the story in easy, familiar words. Then, with the text of the piece before him, the pupil should translate it into simple prose, transposing and changing the original wording as he may be able. This may be made a class exercise. Let one pupil begin, and have others follow, each taking up the story where his classmate leaves off.

During this exercise both teacher and pupils may make

¹ "Let such pieces be learned well by heart. This should be made a necessary part of the out-school work,—of 'preparation.' While something more than the memory is to be thought of, and a mere loading of that faculty is before all things to be deprecated, the memory is not to be neglected. It is no trivial blessing to have the memory furnished in one's youth with what is worth remembering to the end of one's life, and grows more and more precious as we grow older and discern better its virtues."—J. W. HALES.

such comments and criticisms as will afford a better idea of the story, if it is a narrative, or to form a more accurate mental picture of the scene described. These comments should not, however, interfere with the interest of the story or description, but should serve simply as helps to a better understanding of the piece.

III. *Study of the Text.* — In the study of English classic authors, the main thing to be aimed at by the pupil is clearly and fully to understand the meaning of the piece selected for study, and to appreciate the beauty and nobleness of its thoughts and language.

Hence the explanation of allusions, the pointing out of the figures of speech, the derivation of words, and other minor matters should be strictly subordinated to this great aim. Yet a large amount of information may be imparted, and a very valuable training given, by devoting a certain amount of time to such matters.

Every student of English literature has already a considerable store of facts. Let him now turn to good account this stock of information. Even in a simple poem, like "The Wreck of the Hesperus," nothing should be overlooked that will help to a better understanding of the poem. Let the pupil ask himself questions, and do his best to answer them. Let him say to himself, as he studies each passage, "Now, do I understand this?" No pupil should ask of another what he can think out or find out for himself. The habit of independent search, however humble may be the first efforts, is of the greatest benefit.

The ability to answer any ordinary question on the text of a given lesson is a fair test of the pupil's having properly prepared his lesson. It must be remembered

that, at the most, printed questions are only suggestive. They may serve, however, to give a hint, to awaken a thought, and to suggest the idea of a question which can be readily clothed in words.

IV. *The Author of the Piece.*—The moment we become interested in the personal life of the author whose works we are studying, his writings assume a new interest, and that which was becoming dull and irksome will soon prove a source of real pleasure and profit.

Even in the most elementary work, the somewhat monotonous study of the text may be enlivened by interesting gossip incidents, anecdotes, illustrations from periodicals, and literary references, easily culled in these days of abundant books and papers.

A few facts about the life and times of an author are of much greater value than many petty details, unimportant dates and facts, and verbose criticisms.¹ The study of the text is of the first importance; the details of the life and times of each author are of comparatively little value, and should always take a secondary place in class-room work.

Having just read "The Wreck of the Hesperus," we may not unnaturally wish to know something of the person who wrote it. We have been charmed with its simplicity and pathos. Who, then, was its author? The text says it was Henry W. Longfellow? Who was Longfellow? When and where did he live? What else did he write? Have you read any other of his writings?

¹ "It is better to read thoroughly one simple play or poem, than to know details about all the dramatists and poets. The former trains the brain to judge of other plays or poems; the latter only loads the memory with details that can at any time be found, when required, in books of reference,"—F. G. FLEAY.

The following "Outline of Life" may be of service to the pupil:—

OUTLINE OF LIFE: HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. *Suggestive Topics.*—When and where born; where did he attend college? what famous author was his classmate? college professorship; travels in Europe; his first literary work; professor at Harvard; resigned in 1854, but continued to live in Cambridge until his death in 1882; some of his principal productions, — prose, poems, translations; something about the "Craigie House," in which Longfellow lived for so many years; Longfellow's personal appearance.

EXERCISE

A FEW QUESTIONS ON THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

What is the meaning of the word *Hesperus*? Is this an appropriate name for a vessel? What is the meaning of the word *skipper*? How does a *skipper* differ from a *master* or a *captain*? In the first line of stanza 2, explain the figure of rhetoric in detail. Explain the figure in the second line of stanza 2. What is meant by a *veering flaw*? What is a sign of danger? What is meant by "sailed the Spanish Main"? Is the word *hurricane* used literally or poetically? Explain the "golden ring" round the moon. What does the second line in the same stanza mean? Explain the phrase, "snow fell hissing in the brine." Distinguish between the literal and poetical use of the word *brine*. Explain how the "billows frothed like yeast." What is meant by *cable's length*? How can a vessel be said to shudder? Why does the little girl think that she hears the church bells ring? Explain how the fog bell is used to warn mariners of danger. What is the Biblical reference in stanza 14?

TO THE TEACHER.—To train the young student to select the most suitable parts of a piece for study outside of the class room, the teacher should direct his pupils, for a few lessons at least, to underline with pencil sundry words, phrases, or passages.

Attention is thus called to such important literary, geographical, or historical references as are found in almost every selection. Practice will soon teach the pupil to seize upon the salient points of any simple piece, without leaning upon so poor a crutch as a pencil.

Example.—*Words to be checked with pencil, and explained, in the first ten stanzas of "The Wreck of the Hesperus":* schooner, Hesperus, wintry sea, skipper, fairy flax, hawthorn buds, helm, veering flaw, Spanish Main, hurricane, golden ring, billows frothed like yeast, frightened steed, cable's length, stinging blast, broken spar, fog bells, rock-bound, open sea.

SELECTIONS FOR STUDY

We are now prepared to study the following poems on the same general plan as "The Wreck of the Hesperus." While it is not advisable to follow too closely any one's particular suggestions, yet the same general directions should be insisted upon to insure good results.

THE INCHCAPE ROCK

ROBERT SOUTHEY

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
The ship was still as she could be ;
Her sails from heaven received no motion ;
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock ;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

5

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock ;
On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell ;
And then they knew the perilous rock, 15
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay ;
All things were joyful on that day ;
The sea birds screamed as they wheelèd round,
And there was joyance in their sound. 20

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green ,
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring ; 25
It made him whistle, it made him sing :
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float ;
Quoth he, " My men, put out the boat, 30
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go ;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat, 35
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float :

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound ;
The bubbles rose and burst around :
Quoth Sir Ralph, " The next who comes to the rock
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok." 40

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away ;
He scoured the seas for many a day ;
And now, grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high :
The wind hath blown a gale all day ;
At evening it hath died away. 45

On the deck the Rover takes his stand ;
So dark it is, they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, " It will be lighter soon,
For there is the dawn of the rising moon." 50

" Canst hear," said one, " the breakers roar ?
For methinks we should be near the shore."
" Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell." 55

They hear no sound ; the swell is strong ;
Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock :
" O Christ ! it is the Inchcape Rock !" 60

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair ;
He cursed himself in his despair ;
The waves rush in on every side ;
The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But, even in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,—
A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
The Devil below was ringing his knell. 65

WE ARE SEVEN

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

A SIMPLE child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl ;
She was eight years old, she said :
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head. 5

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad ;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair ;
Her beauty made me glad. 10

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me. 15

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we ;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea. 20

"Two of us in the churchyard lie, —
My sister and my brother, —
And in the churchyard cottage I
Dwell near them with my mother."

AMERICAN AND BRITISH AUTHORS

“You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea ;
Yet ye are seven. I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be.”

Then did the little maid reply, —
 “Seven boys and girls are we ;
 Two of us in the churchyard lie,
 Beneath the churchyard tree.”

“You run about, my little maid ;
Your limbs they are alive ;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five.”

“Their graves are green ; they may be seen,”
The little maid replied,
“Twelve steps or more from my mother’s door ;
And they are side by side.

“ My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem ;
And there upon the ground I sit,—
I sit and sing to them.

“ And often, after sunset, sir, 45
 When it is light and fair,
 I take my little porringer,
 And eat my supper there.

“The first that died was little Jane ;
In bed she moaning lay
Till God released her of her pain,
And then she went away.

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played, — 55
My brother John and I.

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go;
And he lies by her side." 60

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
The little maiden did reply,
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead, — those two are dead;
Their spirits are in heaven." 65
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven."

THE WHITE-FOOTED DEER

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

It was a hundred years ago,
When, by the woodland ways,
The traveler saw the wild deer drink,
Or crop the birchen sprays.

Beneath a hill whose rocky side 5
O'erbrowed a grassy mead,
And fenced a cottage from the wind,
A deer was wont to feed.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH AUTHORS

She only came when on the cliffs
The evening moonlight lay, 10
And no man knew the secret haunts
In which she walked by day.

White were her feet, her forehead showed
A spot of silvery white,
That seemed to glimmer like a star 15
In autumn's hazy night.

And here, when sang the whip-poor-will,
She cropped the sprouting leaves,
And here her rustling steps were heard
On still October eves. 20

But when the broad midsummer moon
Rose o'er that grassy lawn,
Beside the silver-footed deer
There grazed a spotted fawn.

The cottage dame forbade her son 25
To aim the rifle here ;
"It were a sin," she said, "to harm
Or fright that friendly deer.

"This spot has been my pleasant home
Ten peaceful years and more ; 30
And ever, when the moonlight shines,
She feeds before our door.

"The red men say that here she walked
A thousand moons ago ;
They never raise the war whoop here, 35
And never twang the bow.

"I love to watch her as she feeds,
And think that all is well
While such a gentle creature haunts
The place in which we dwell." 40

The youth obeyed, and sought for game
In forests far away,
Where deep in silence and in moss
The ancient woodland lay.

But once, in autumn's golden time, 45
He ranged the wild in vain,
Nor roused the pheasant nor the deer,
And wandered home again.

The crescent moon, and crimson eve,
Shone with a mingled light ; 50
The deer upon a grassy mead
Was feeding full in sight.

He raised the rifle to his eye,
And from the cliffs around
A sudden echo, shrill and sharp, 55
Gave back its deadly sound.

Away into the neighboring wood
The startled creature flew,
And crimson drops at morning lay
Amid the glimmering dew. 60

Next evening shone the waxing moon
As brightly as before ;
The deer upon the grassy mead
Was seen again no more.

But ere that crescent moon was old, 65
 By night the red men came,
 And burnt the cottage to the ground,
 And slew the youth and dame.

Now woods have overgrown the mead,
 And hid the cliffs from sight. 70
 There shrieks the hovering hawk at noon,
 And prowls the fox at night.

DORA

ALFRED TENNYSON

WITH farmer Allan at the farm, abode
 William and Dora. William was his son,
 And she his niece. He often looked at them,
 And often thought, "I'll make them man and wife."
 Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all, 5
 And yearned towards William ; but the youth, because
 He had always been with her in the house,
 Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day
 When Allan called his son, and said, "My son,
 I married late, but I would wish to see 10
 My grandchild on my knees before I die ;
 And I have set my heart upon a match.
 Now, therefore, look to Dora : she is well
 To look to ; thrifty, too, beyond her age.
 She is my brother's daughter : he and I 15
 Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
 In foreign lands ; but for his sake I bred
 His daughter Dora. Take her for your wife,
 For I have wished this marriage, night and day,

For many years." But William answered short : 20
"I cannot marry Dora ; by my life,
I will not marry Dora !" Then the old man
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said,
"You will not, boy ! you dare to answer thus !
But in my time a father's word was law, 25
And so it shall be now for me. Look to it.
Consider, William : take a month to think,
And let me have an answer to my wish,
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
And never more darken my doors again." 30
But William answered madly, bit his lips,
And broke away. The more he looked at her,
The less he liked her ; and his ways were harsh ;
But Dora bore them meekly. Then, before
The month was out, he left his father's house, 35
And hired himself to work within the fields ;
And half in love, half spite, he wooed and wed
A laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan called
His niece, and said, " My girl, I love you well ; 40
But if you speak with him that was my son,
Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
My home is none of yours. My will is law."
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,
" It cannot be ; my uncle's mind will change." 45

And days went on, and there was born a boy
To William ; then distresses came on him ;
And day by day he passed his father's gate,
Heart-broken, and his father helped him not.
But Dora stored what little she could save, 50
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
Who sent it : till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
And looked with tears upon her boy, and thought 55
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said :

“ I have obeyed my uncle until now,
And I have sinned, for it was all through me
This evil came on William at the first.
But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone, 60
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
And for this orphan, I am come to you.
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest : let me take the boy,
And I will set him in my uncle's eye 65
Among the wheat ; that, when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone.”

And Dora took the child, and went her way
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound 70
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far off the farmer came into the field,
And spied her not, for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child ;
And Dora would have risen and gone to him, 75
But her heart failed her ; and the reapers reaped,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

But when the morrow came, she rose and took
The child once more, and sat upon the mound,
And made a little wreath of all the flowers 80
That grew about, and tied it round his hat
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
Then, when the farmer passed into the field,
He spied her, and he left his men at work,
And came and said, “ Where were you yesterday?
Whose child is that? What are you doing here?” 85
So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,

And answered softly, "This is William's child."
"And did I not," said Allan, "did I not
Forbid you, Dora?" Dora said again, 90
"Do with me as you will, but take the child,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."
And Allan said, "I see it is a trick
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
I must be taught my duty, and by you ! 95
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared
To slight it. Well — for I will take the boy ;
But go you hence, and never see me more."
So saying, he took the boy, that cried aloud
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell 100
At Dora's feet. She bowed upon her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
More and more distant. She bowed down her head,
Remembering the day when first she came,
And all the things that had been. She bowed down, 105
And wept in secret ; and the reapers reaped,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.
Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise 110
To God, that helped her in her widowhood.
And Dora said, "My uncle took the boy :
But, Mary, let me live and work with you ;
He says that he will never see me more."
Then answered Mary, "This shall never be, 115
That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself :
And now, I think, he shall not have the boy,
For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
His mother ; therefore thou and I will go,
And I will have my boy, and bring him home, 120
And I will beg of him to take thee back ;

But if he will not take thee back again,
Then thou and I will live within one house,
And work for William's child, until he grows
Of age to help us."

So the women kissed
Each other, and set out and reached the farm.
The door was off the latch ; they peeped, and saw
The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,
Like one that loved him ; and the lad stretched out
And babbled for the golden seal, that hung
From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.
Then they came in ; but when the boy beheld
His mother, he cried out to come to her :
And Allan set him down, and Mary said,
" O father ! — if you let me call you so —
I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child ; but now I come
For Dora. Take her back ; she loves you well.
O sir, when William died, he died at peace
With all men : for I asked him, and he said
He could not ever rue his marrying me —
I had been a patient wife ; but, sir, he said
That he was wrong to cross his father thus.
' God bless him ! ' he said, ' and may he never know
The troubles I have gone through ! ' Then he turned
His face, and passed — unhappy that I am !
But now, sir, let me have my boy, for you
Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
His father's memory ; and take Dora back,
And let all this be as it was before."

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
By Mary. There was silence in the room ;

And all at once the old man burst in sobs : 155
"I have been to blame — to blame. I have killed my son.
I have killed him — but I loved him — my dear son.
May God forgive me ! I have been to blame.
Kiss me, my children."

Then they clung about
The old man's neck, and kissed him many times. 160
And all the man was broken with remorse,
And all his love came back a hundred fold ;
And for three hours he sobbed o'er William's child,
Thinking of William.

So those four abode
Within one house together ; and as years 165
Went forward, Mary took another mate ;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

ADDITIONAL PIECES FOR STUDY

If the foregoing pieces, in the opinion of the teacher, are not considered suitable or sufficient, others may be readily selected from the more common books of compilations. As additional pieces, the following are recommended : —

Longfellow's *Victor Galbraith*, *Skeleton in Armor* ;
Whittier's *Barbara Frietchie*, *In School Days*, *Wreck of Rivermouth*, *Nauhaught the Deacon* ; Rogers's *Ginevra* ;
Alice Cary's *Picture Book* ; Celia Thaxter's *Wreck of the Pocahontas*.

CHAPTER III

THE NORMAN BARON AS A MODEL

IN the preceding guide analysis, four points, or helps to a better understanding of a simple English poem, have been explained, with "The Wreck of the Hesperus" as a model. Several poems by standard authors have been added, to be studied after the plan suggested.

We are now prepared to go one step farther. We present below a guide analysis with four other points added (III., IV., V., VI.) and fully explained.

Longfellow's "Norman Baron" is selected as a model to illustrate the suggestive points added to the analysis.

GUIDE ANALYSIS: THE NORMAN BARON

- I. Read the poem carefully and thoughtfully.
- II. Recite the story of the poem.
- III. Write a paraphrase of the piece.
- IV. Divide the piece into parts, or scenes: let them be fully realized, and described separately.
- V. Show the relation of the minor parts of the piece to the whole; i.e., study the harmony of the whole.
- VI. Give due attention to subordinate matters which illustrate the piece.
- VII. The study of the text.
- VIII. The author of the poem: Henry W. Longfellow.

THE NORMAN BARON

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

In his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying ;
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,
And the castle turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer, 5
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sires had plundered;
Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,
Who in humble voice repeated 10
Many a prayer and paternoster,
From the missal on his knee ;

And, amid the tempest pealing,
Sounds of bells came faintly stealing, —
Bells, that from the neighboring kloster 15
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall, the serf and vassal
Held, that night, their Christmas wassail ;
Many a carol, old and saintly,
Sang the minstrels and the waits ; 20

And so loud these Saxon gleemen
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,
That the storm was heard but faintly,
Knocking at the castle gates.

43

Lie buried within that proud chapelle :

Each one the holy vault doth hold, —

But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle !

And each Saint Clair was buried there,

With candle, with book, and with knell ; 50

But the sea caves rung, and the wild winds sung

The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,

Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry !

And I'll give thee a silver pound,

To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle, 5

"This dark and stormy water?"

"O I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,

And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

“And fast before her father’s men

Three days we've fled together,

IO

For should he find us in the glen,

My blood would stain the heather.

“His horsemen hard behind us ride ;

Should they our steps discover,

Then who will cheer my bonny bride 15

When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,

“ I'll go, my chief, — I'm ready :

It is not for your silver bright,

But for your winsome lady :

20

“ And, by my word ! the bonny bird

In danger shall not tarry ;

So, though the waves are raging white,

I'll row you o'er the ferry.”

By this the storm grew loud apace,

The water wraith was shrieking ;

And in the scowl of heaven each face

Grew dark as they were speaking.

25

But still as wilder blew the wind,

And as the night grew drearer,

Adown the glen rode armed men,

Their trampling sounded nearer.

30

“ O haste thee, haste ! ” the lady cries,

“ Though tempests round us gather ;

I'll meet the raging of the skies,

But not an angry father.”

35

The boat has left a stormy land,

A stormy sea before her, —

When, oh ! too strong for human hand,

The tempest gathered o'er her.

40

And still they rowed amidst the roar

Of waters fast prevailing.

Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,

His wrath was changed to wailing ;

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade, 45
His child he did discover :
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back ! come back !" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water : 50
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter !— O my daughter !"

'Twas vain ; the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing :
The waters wild went o'er his child, — 55
And he was left lamenting.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

ROBERT SOUTHEY

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done ;
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green 5
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found ; 10
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head, 15
And with a natural sigh,
" 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
" Who fell in the great victory.

" I find them in the garden,
For there's many hereabout, 20
And often when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out ;
For many thousand men," said he,
" Were slain in the great victory."

" Now tell us what 'twas all about," 25
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
" Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for." 30

" It was the English," Kaspar cried,
" That put the French to rout ;
But what they killed each other for,
I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he, 35
" That 'twas a famous victory.

" My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by :
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly ; 40
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

- “With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then, 45
And new-born infant, died.
But things like that, you know, must be,
At every famous victory.
- “They say it was a shocking sight,
After the field was won, 50
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun ;
But things like that, you know, must be,
After a famous victory.
- “Great praise the Duke of Marlbro’ won, 55
And our good Prince Eugene.”
“Why, ’twas a very wicked thing !”
Said little Wilhelmine.
“Nay, nay, my little girl,” quoth he,
“It was a famous victory. 60
- “And everybody praised the Duke,
Who such a fight did win.”
“But what good came of it, at last ?”
Quoth little Peterkin.
“Why, that I cannot tell,” said he, 65
“But ’twas a famous victory.”

THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS

JOHN G. WHITTIER

TRITEMIUS of Herbipolis, one day,
While kneeling at the altar's foot to pray,
Alone with God, as was his pious choice,
Heard from without a miserable voice,

application to those who have wronged their fellow-men? What was the practical result of this deep contrition? Do you know whether the baron could legally do this, or is it merely a poetical license? Why is he represented as recording their dismissal on the missal? What is the moral of this beautiful poem? What practical lesson can we learn from it?

QUESTIONS ON THE FIRST STANZA OF GRAY'S ELEGY

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

IN GENERAL. — About what time was the "Elegy" begun, and when finished? Were some stanzas suppressed by the author? how many? Where was this churchyard located? any dispute about this point? Did the poem become popular at once? has it so remained? What is the best proof you can give of its popularity? Is the original MS. in existence? At what price has it recently been sold? How many of the phrases and lines of the poem have become household words? What would you call the most familiar quotation? What is the leading thought or idea running through the whole? Did Gray really ever take twilight walks in a churchyard? The last three stanzas are called the *epitaph*: did the writers of this time devote much labor to elaborate epitaphs?

THE TEXT. — *Curfew*: derivation of the word? history of the word? What various explanations of this word? What was the curfew bell? Has this custom been continued in England? Have we a similar custom in our country? A famous author has criticised these lines, by saying that the herds and plowmen must have been several hours behind their usual time for coming home, if the curfew was ringing: what reply do you make to this criticism? *Tolls*; what is the meaning here? force of this particular word? Why not use *rings* instead of *tolls*? What is the effect of specific words, so common in great writers? Illustrate this by some familiar quotation. Meaning of *knell*? why this specific word? The verse as a whole: explain its meaning. Force of *lowing*? Is *herd* singular or plural? But the word *wind* is written both with and without the *s*; which is correct? How did Gray write it? Why the specific word *wind*? Why *slowly*? *O'er* is poetical for what? why contracted, and by what authority? *Lea*, used in poetry, prose, or both? give synonyme. Why is *plowman* used? what synonyme can you

suggest? Force of *plod*? suggest a synonyme. This verse is remarkable for the number of transpositions which it will allow, and still keep the idea; will you give orally all you can? Subject of *leaves*? Meaning of *world*? what figure used? Does the author refer to himself, by *me*?

Exercise. — Thomas Gray wrote the “Elegy in a Country Churchyard.” Give orally a few points about his life.

For the complete text of the “Elegy,” and a life of Gray, see chap. xii.

QUESTIONS ON TEN LINES IN GOLDSMITH'S DESERTED VILLAGE

“Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
Remote from towns he ran his goodly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour.”

Lines 137-146.

What general description do we have in these verses? Judging from the author's life, would you think him capable of giving so finished a picture of a country clergyman? What facts of his early life will give an explanation? What persons did Goldsmith probably have in mind? Why do you think so? What incident of his travels in France will illustrate this point? In all his reckless and dissipated career, did he ever retain great respect for his early teachings? For what relative did Goldsmith ever cherish the utmost reverence? What references have we to him in his writings? Illustrate the point by selections from “Citizen of the World.”

Why did Goldsmith write this passage at the particular time he did? Does it bear evidence of personal grief? Will you read, or give in substance, Irving's allusion to this passage? also first part of the dedication of the “Traveler”? From line 137 what ruin is referred to? What does *yonder* mean? Is it common in standard authors? What is its use in Western idiom? Meaning of *copse*, *smiled*? Explain figure of rhetoric. Explain

line 138. Does this really happen when an estate has gone to ruin? Why is *there* used in line 139? Why *torn shrubs*? Why specify the word *shrub* rather than tree, bush, etc.? Force of *disclose*? What is the subject of the lines? verb? Show how the subject and verb are modified. Why *village preacher*? Why speak of one preacher? Would this apply to the villages in this country? Why true even in the large English villages? Give synonymes of the word *preacher*, and explain the use of each. When the English clergy is referred to in older English authors, what sect is meant? What difference in the rank, position, and work of an English and an American clergyman? *Mansion*, give synonyme, sense in this passage. Dispose of lines 141 and 142. Explain them in your own words. What does *passing* mean? Give synonyme. Is it used as in the text at the present day? What salary did the preacher receive? How much money would it be worth to-day? What can you say about the pay of clergymen then and now? Is this line often quoted? When would you appropriately quote it? Explain the figure in line 143. Give a similar figure from Hebrews. What is the sense of the figure as used by Paul? Has this figure become grafted into the popular speech? Explain lines 143 and 144. What word was used in place of *unpracticed* (145) in the "first edition"? Explain the word *fawn*. Explain line 146 in full; *fashioned* and *hour*, explain and illustrate the figures.

Exercise. — Oliver Goldsmith wrote "The Deserted Village." Give orally a few facts about his life and times.

For a life of Goldsmith, see chap. x.

EXERCISES

With the guide analysis of "The Norman Baron" for a model, return to the texts of the following poems: —

Longfellow's Wreck of the Hesperus, p. 8; Southey's Inchcape Rock, p. 16; Wordsworth's We are Seven, p. 19; Bryant's White-footed Deer, p. 21; Tennyson's Dora, p. 24.

Four of the points in the analysis (p. 12) (I., II., VII., VIII.) have already been studied. Return now to these five poems, and study each with reference to the other four points (p. 33) (III., IV., V., VI.). In brief, study these five poems as "The Norman Baron" has just been studied.

SELECTIONS FOR STUDY

The following poems are now to be studied after the plan suggested in our study of "The Norman Baron." In this chapter we have taken another important step in advance. The utmost pains should be taken with each and every detail of study suggested. Attention to details is necessary to the mastery of even a simple English poem.

ROSABELLE

SIR WALTER SCOTT

O LISTEN, listen, ladies gay !
No haughty feat of arms I tell ;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay,
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

"Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !
And, gentle lady, deign to stay !
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day. 5

"The blackening wave is edged with white ;
To inch and rock the sea mews fly ;
The fishers have heard the water sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh. 10

"Last night the gifted seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round lady gay ;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch :
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ? " 15

"'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my lady mother there
Sits lonely in her castle hall.

20

"'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle."

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
'Twas broader than the watch fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

25

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copsewood glen ;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

30

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie ;
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

35

Seemed all on fire, within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale :
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

40

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair,—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

43

And each Saint Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell ; 50
But the sea caves rung, and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

“Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?”
“O I’m the chief of Ulva’s isle,
And this Lord Ullin’s daughter.

“ And fast before her father’s men
Three days we’ve fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

“ His horsemen hard behind us ride ;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover ? ”

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,

“ I'll go, my chief, — I'm ready :

It is not for your silver bright,

But for your winsome lady :

20

“ And, by my word ! the bonny bird

In danger shall not tarry ;

So, though the waves are raging white,

I'll row you o'er the ferry.”

By this the storm grew loud apace,

The water wraith was shrieking ;

And in the scowl of heaven each face

Grew dark as they were speaking.

25

But still as wilder blew the wind,

And as the night grew drearer,

Adown the glen rode armed men,

Their trampling sounded nearer.

30

“ O haste thee, haste ! ” the lady cries,

“ Though tempests round us gather ;

I'll meet the raging of the skies,

But not an angry father.”

35

The boat has left a stormy land,

A stormy sea before her, —

When, oh ! too strong for human hand,

The tempest gathered o'er her.

40

And still they rowed amidst the roar

Of waters fast prevailing.

Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,

His wrath was changed to wailing ;

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade, 45
His child he did discover :
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back ! come back !" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water : 50
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter ! — O my daughter !"

'Twas vain ; the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing :
The waters wild went o'er his child, — 55
And he was left lamenting.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

ROBERT SOUTHEY

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done ;
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green 5
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found ; 10
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head, 15
And with a natural sigh,
“ ’Tis some poor fellow’s skull,” said he,
“ Who fell in the great victory.

“ I find them in the garden,
For there’s many hereabout, 20
And often when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out ;
For many thousand men,” said he,
“ Were slain in the great victory.”

“ Now tell us what ’twas all about,” 25
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
“ Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for.” 30

“ It was the English,” Kaspar cried,
“ That put the French to rout ;
But what they killed each other for,
I could not well make out.
But everybody said,” quoth he, 35
“ That ’twas a famous victory.

“ My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by :
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly ; 40
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a chiding mother then, 45
And new-born infant, died.
But things like that, you know, must be,
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight,
After the field was won, 50
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun ;
But things like that, you know, must be,
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won, 55
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing !"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory. 60

"And everybody praised the Duke,
Who such a fight did win."
"But what good came of it, at last ?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he, 65
"But 'twas a famous victory."

THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS

JOHN G. WHITTIER

TRITEMIUS of Herbipolis, one day,
While kneeling at the altar's foot to pray,
Alone with God, as was his pious choice,
Heard from without a miserable voice,

SELECTIONS FOR STUDY

The following poems are now to be studied after the plan suggested in our study of "The Norman Baron." In this chapter we have taken another important step in advance. The utmost pains should be taken with each and every detail of study suggested. Attention to details is necessary to the mastery of even a simple English poem.

ROSABELLE

SIR WALTER SCOTT

O LISTEN, listen, ladies gay !

No haughty feat of arms I tell ;

Soft is the note, and sad the lay,

That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

" Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !

5

And, gentle lady, deign to stay !

Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,

Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

" The blackening wave is edged with white ;

To inch and rock the sea mews fly ;

10

The fishers have heard the water sprite,

Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

" Last night the gifted seer did view

A wet shroud swathed round lady gay ;

Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch :

15

Why cross the gloomy firth to-day? "

"'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my lady mother there
Sits lonely in her castle hall.

20

"'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide,
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle."

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
'Twas broader than the watch fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

25

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copsewood glen ;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

30

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie ;
Each baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

35

Seemed all on fire, within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale :
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

40

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair,—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

43

And each Saint Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell ; 50
But the sea caves rung, and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

“Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?”
“O I’m the chief of Ulva’s isle,
And this Lord Ullin’s daughter.

“ And fast before her father’s men
Three days we’ve fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

“ His horsemen hard behind us ride ;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover ? ”

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,

“ I’ll go, my chief, — I’m ready :

It is not for your silver bright,

But for your winsome lady :

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“ And, by my word ! the bonny bird

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The water wraith was shrieking ;

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Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,

And as the night grew drearer,

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Their trampling sounded nearer.

“ O haste thee, haste ! ” the lady cries,

“ Though tempests round us gather ;

I’ll meet the raging of the skies,

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But not an angry father.”

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A stormy sea before her, —

When, oh ! too strong for human hand,

The tempest gathered o’er her.

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And still they rowed amidst the roar

Of waters fast prevailing.

Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,

His wrath was changed to wailing ;

SELECTIONS FOR STUDY

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For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover :
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

45

"Come back ! come back !" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water :
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter ! — O my daughter !"

50

'Twas vain ; the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing :
The waters wild went o'er his child, —
And he was left lamenting.

55

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Old Kaspar's work was done ;
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

5

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found ;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large and smooth and round.

10

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head, 15
And with a natural sigh,
" 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
" Who fell in the great victory.

" I find them in the garden,
For there's many hereabout, 20
And often when I go to plow,
The plowshare turns them out ;
For many thousand men," said he,
" Were slain in the great victory."

" Now tell us what 'twas all about," 25
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
" Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for." 30

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" That put the French to rout ;
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I could not well make out.
But everybody said," quoth he, 35
" That 'twas a famous victory.

" My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by :
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly ; 40
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

- "With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then, 45
And new-born infant, died.
But things like that, you know, must be,
At every famous victory.
- "They say it was a shocking sight,
After the field was won, 50
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun ;
But things like that, you know, must be,
After a famous victory.
- "Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won, 55
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing !"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory. 60
- "And everybody praised the Duke,
Who such a fight did win."
"But what good came of it, at last ?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he, 65
"But 'twas a famous victory."

THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS

JOHN G. WHITTIER

TRITEMIUS of Herbipolis, one day,
While kneeling at the altar's foot to pray,
Alone with God, as was his pious choice,
Heard from without a miserable voice,

A sound which seemed of all sad things to tell, 5
As of a lost soul crying out of hell.

Thereat the Abbot paused, the chain whereby
His thoughts went upward broken by that cry ;
And, looking from the casement, saw below
A wretched woman, with gray hair a-flow, 10
And withered hands held up to him, who cried
For alms as one who might not be denied.

She cried, " For the dear love of Him who gave
His life for ours, my child from bondage save, —
My beautiful, brave firstborn, chained with slaves 15
In the Moor's galley, where the sun-smit waves
Lap the white walls of Tunis ! " — " What I can
I give," Tritemius said, " my prayers." — " O man
Of God ! " she cried, for grief had made her bold,
" Mock me not thus ; I ask not prayers, but gold. 20
Words will not serve me, alms alone suffice ;
Even while I speak perchance my firstborn dies."

" Woman ! " Tritemius answered, " from our door
None go unfed ; hence are we always poor :
A single soldo is our only store. 25
Thou hast our prayers, — what can we give thee more ? "

" Give me," she said, " the silver candlesticks
On either side of the great crucifix.
God well may spare them on His errands sped,
Or He can give you golden ones instead." 30

Then spake Tritemius, " Even as thy word,
Woman, so be it ! (Our most gracious Lord,
Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice,
Pardon me if a human soul I prize
Above the gifts upon His altar piled !)
Take what thou askest, and redeem thy child." 35

But his hand trembled as the holy alms
He placed within the beggar's eager palms ;
And as she vanished down the linden shade,
He bowed his head, and for forgiveness prayed. 40

So the day passed, and when the twilight came
He woke to find the chapel all aflame,
And, dumb with grateful wonder, to behold
Upon the altar candlesticks of gold !

LADY CLARE

ALFRED TENNYSON

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn : 5
Lovers long-betrothed were they ;
They two will wed the morrow morn, —
God's blessing on the day !

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair : 10
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare : 15
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thanked !" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair :
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

20

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth : you are my child."

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast, —
I speak the truth, as I live by bread !
I buried her like my own sweet child.
And put my child in her stead."

25

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

30

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life ;
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife."

35

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

40

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said, "Not so ; but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse : 45

"The man will cleave unto his right."

"And he shall have it," the lady replied,

"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear ;

Alas, my child ! I sinned for thee." 50

"O mother, mother, mother !" she said,

"So strange it seems to me !

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,

My mother dear, if this be so ;

And lay your hand upon my head,

And bless me, mother, ere I go." 55

She clad herself in a russet gown, —

She was no longer Lady Clare ;

She went by dale, and she went by down,

With a single rose in her hair. 60

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought

Leapt up from where she lay,

Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,

And followed her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower. 65

"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth !

Why come you drest like a village maid,

That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,

I am but as my fortunes are : 70

I am a beggar born," she said,

"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and in deed ;
Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald, 75
"Your riddle is hard to read."

O and proudly stood she up !
Her heart within her did not fail ;
She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale. 80

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn ;
He turned and kissed her where she stood.
"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the next in blood, —

"If you are not the heiress born, 85
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

SOME QUESTIONS ON LADY CLARE

When was this poem written? and by whom? In what meter is it written? Is the meter appropriate for the poem? and why? Mention other poems by Tennyson written in the same meter. Mention other standard poems in the same meter. Who was this Lady Clare? What was her social rank? At what time of the year does the poem open? What is meant by "the time when lilies blow"? "clouds are highest in the air"? What is a doe? Why was it an appropriate present? Meaning of *trow*? In the second stanza, what is the relation of the second verse to the first? What reason had Lady Clare for speaking of her lover as she does in the third stanza? What does the nurse mean by saying that "all comes round so just and fair"? Had Lady Clare good reason for thinking that her nurse was out of her head? Give the nurse's story in your own words. What was Lady Clare's feeling towards her nurse after this revelation? What did

the nurse counsel Lady Clare to do? What was the reply? Did the fair lady forgive her nurse? What then did Lady Clare do? How did she prepare herself to meet Lord Ronald? What act of the "lily-white doe" adds pathos to the picture? How did Lord Ronald receive her? Why did Lord Ronald speak of "tricks" and "riddle hard to read"? Describe in some detail how Lady Clare told Lord Ronald "all her nurse's tale." How did Lord Ronald receive his lady-love's story? his reply? Why should the nurse have kept the secret so long, and then have revealed it on the day before the wedding? Did Lady Clare act the noble part in thus telling the story to her lover? Why not have kept the secret? Can you draw any moral from this little poem?

ADDITIONAL PIECES FOR STUDY

Longfellow's Paul Revere's Ride, Old Clock on the Stairs; Lowell's Ambrose; Whittier's Mary Garvin; Bayard Taylor's Napoleon at Gotha; Holmes's Deacon's Masterpiece; Byron's Destruction of Sennacherib, Vision of Belshazzar; Bret Harte's John Burns of Gettysburg; Southey's Bishop Bruno, Well of St. Keyne, After Blenheim, God's Judgment on Hatto; Aytoun's Execution of Montrose.

CHAPTER IV

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH AS A MODEL

WE present in this chapter a complete guide analysis, with Tennyson's "The Lord of Burleigh" as a model. Ten points are given as helps to a better understanding of the poem. The exercise in criticism is somewhat difficult; after some practice, however, it will become a source of interest and profit to the pupil.

It is not to be supposed that this, or any other form of an analysis, can be used with every poem. With many pieces, fully one half of the points may be omitted. How many are made use of, and to what extent any one that is made use of is carried, must depend upon circumstances.

GUIDE ANALYSIS: THE LORD OF BURLEIGH

- I. Read the poem carefully and thoughtfully.**
- II. Recite the story of the poem.**
- III. Write a paraphrase of the poem.**
- IV. Divide the poem into parts, or scenes.**
- V. Unity of the parts.**
- VI. Minor details which illustrate the poem.**
- VII. The study of the text.**
- VIII. An exercise in criticism.**
- IX. Memory quotations.**
- X. The author of the poem : Alfred Tennyson.**

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH

ALFRED TENNYSON

In her ear he whispers gayly,
 " If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden, I have watched thee daily,
 And I think thou lov'st me well."
She replies, in accents fainter, 5
 "There is none I love like thee."
He is but a landscape painter,
 And a village maiden she.
He to lips, that fondly falter,
 Presses his without reproof: 10
Leads her to the village altar,
 And they leave her father's roof.
" I can make no marriage present ;
 Little can I give my wife.
Love will make our cottage pleasant, 15
 And I love thee more than life."
They by parks and lodges going
 See the lordly castles stand ;
Summer woods, about them blowing,
 Made a murmur in the land. 20
From deep thought himself he rouses,
 Says to her that loves him well,
" Let us see these handsome houses
 Where the wealthy nobles dwell."
So she goes by him attended, 25
 Hears him lovingly converse,
Sees whatever fair and splendid
 Lay betwixt his home and hers ;
Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
 Parks and ordered gardens great, 30
Ancient homes of lord and lady,
 Built for pleasure and for state.

All he shows her makes him dearer :
Evermore she seems to gaze
On that cottage growing nearer, 35
Where they twain will spend their days.
O but she will love him truly !
He shall have a cheerful home ;
She will order all things duly,
When beneath his roof they come. 40
Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
Till a gateway she discerns
With armorial bearings stately,
And beneath the gate she turns ;
Sees a mansion more majestic 45
Than all those she saw before :
Many a gallant gay domestic
Bows before him at the door.
And they speak in gentle murmur,
When they answer to his call, 50
While he treads with footstep firmer,
Leading on from hall to hall.
And, while now she wonders blindly,
Nor the meaning can divine,
Proudly turns he round and kindly, — 55
“ All of this is mine and thine.”
Here he lives in state and bounty,
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free ;
Not a lord in all the county
Is so great a lord as he. 60
All at once the color flushes
Her sweet face from brow to chin :
As it were with shame she blushes,
And her spirit changed within.
Then her countenance all over 65
Pale again as death did prove ;

But he clasped her like a lover,
And he cheered her soul with love.
So she strove against her weakness,
Though at times her spirits sank : 70
Shaped her heart with woman's meekness
To all duties of her rank :
And a gentle consort made he,
And her gentle mind was such
That she grew a noble lady, 75
And the people loved her much.
But a trouble weighed upon her,
And perplexed her, night and morn,
With the burden of an honor
Unto which she was not born. 80
Faint she grew, and ever fainter,
As she murmured, "O that he
Were once more that landscape painter,
Which did win my heart from me !"
So she drooped and drooped before him, 85
Fading slowly from his side.
Three fair children first she bore him,
Then before her time she died.
Weeping, weeping late and early,
Walking up and pacing down, 90
Deeply mourned the Lord of Burleigh,
Burleigh-house by Stamford-town.
And he came to look upon her,
And he looked at her, and said,
"Bring the dress, and put it on her, 95
That she wore when she was wed."
Then her people, softly treading,
Bore to earth her body, drest
In the dress that she was wed in,
That her spirit might have rest. 100

EXPLANATION OF THE GUIDE ANALYSIS

VIII. *An Exercise in Criticism.* — Some attempt at criticism should be made after a selection has been thoroughly studied. The object of such an exercise is not simply to find fault, or to condemn, but to train the student to express his own opinions upon certain prominent characteristics of the selection under consideration.

It is not to be expected that there should be any learned or critical discussion of æsthetic points; but it is to be hoped that both teacher and pupil, by familiar talks, may form a critical estimate, of more or less value, upon the merits or demerits of ordinary selections from the best English prose and poetry.

For instance, pupils may be required to state in their own language what they consider the author's conception of a particular character to be, or his views on some important point. They may be required to state the impressions produced on them by reading the work, what they think its leading features are, or what they imagine to be the object which its author had in view in writing it. If there be a plot, its probability may be discussed. If the subject of the work be one which has been treated by other writers, the attention of the class should be directed to differences of treatment, and parallel passages should be cited. Numerous topics of a similar character will be suggested by every standard selection; and the discussion of some of them, both orally and by written exercises, will form the best preparation for an attempt at a critical estimate of it.

IX. *Memory Quotations.* — A few lines from each piece

should be thoroughly committed to memory. Committing choice passages to memory is like sowing good seed in the ground, which brings forth, in after years, a harvest both good and plenteous. It requires some little practice for the pupil to select the most suitable lines to commit. Explanation of the passages, both historical, literary, and otherwise, may be made as circumstances demand.¹ Attention should also be paid to a correct and intelligent recitation of every selection.

Each memory quotation should be carefully copied into a notebook used for this purpose, numbered, with the name of author, date of committing, etc. A complete record, ready for use in review and other exercises, is thus kept. These quotations should be frequently reviewed; and occasionally an entire lesson should be devoted solely to reciting aloud, with full explanations and comments, the lines committed during the work of a preceding month or term.

After a little help from the teacher, the number of lines to be committed, and even the choice of quotations, may be wisely left to the good sense of the student. A few moments devoted, during every recitation, to this exercise, is better than taxing the memory with long quotations recited only occasionally.

With advanced classes, some attempt should be made to note similar or parallel extracts from other authors. For instance, the germ of thought in Young's familiar line, —

“And men talk only to conceal the mind,” —

¹ Choice selections from the best American authors conveniently arranged to be committed to memory may be found in Miss Watkins's "Primer of American Literature."

is found in Jeremy Taylor, Butler's "Hudibras," Robert South, and Oliver Goldsmith. Again, familiar moral and religious selections from Shakespeare, with parallel passages from the Bible, are readily found, especially with the help of several works compiled for this purpose.

Even as a few courteous words may serve to introduce us to some person whose subsequent friendship and intimate companionship may prove a lifelong blessing, so may the best thoughts of the best authors be the means of introducing us to the greatest names in our literature. Nay, more: from such humble beginnings may result a deep love for all that is good and true in books, and a sincere and ardent desire to read again and again the glowing pages of standard authors, as the school years glide away, and the cares and responsibilities of after life are taken up.¹

X. *The Author of the Piece.* — The time given to this topic should depend upon the age and capabilities of the student, and the means at hand for obtaining the necessary information. If, in addition to the texts, a manual or history of English literature is used, it is advisable to devote one or more recitations to a study of the life and times of each standard author. The biography, after

¹ "Poems and noble extracts, whether of verse or prose, once reduced into possession and rendered truly our own, may be to us a daily pleasure, — better far than a whole library unused. They come to us in our dull moments, to refresh us as with spring flowers; in our selfish musings, to win us by pure delight from the tyranny of foolish castle building, self-congratulations, and mean anxieties. They may be with us in the workshop, in the crowded streets, by the fireside; sometimes, perhaps, on pleasant hillsides, or by sounding shores. Noble friends and companions, — our own! never intrusive, ever at hand, coming at our call! Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson, — the words of such men do not stale upon us, they do not grow old or cold."

being prepared, may be recited both orally and in the form of an essay.

Half a dozen or more different manuals may be sometimes used. In this case, the leading facts concerning the several authors may be uniformly studied and recited by the aid of an "outline of life." This, prepared beforehand by the teacher, is dictated to the class, or written on the blackboard. The teacher is enabled to fill in the necessary details by familiar talks. The student is expected to take notes, which may be afterwards revised and copied into the notebook.¹

What shall be required, and what omitted, will depend upon the good sense and judgment of the pupil. Try to fix a few important points in English literary history, and to accumulate definite and trustworthy information about a few classic authors.

EXAMPLE

OUTLINE OF LIFE: ROBERT BURNS, 1759-96. — When and where born; early education; farming, and his love of nature; writing poetry while at work on the farm; his early loves; his first volume published; proposes to leave Scotland; dissuaded from the attempt; departure for Edinburgh in 1786; success and popularity; subsequent career;

¹ "In studying the life and times of each author, the student should look up information everywhere; scraps from novels, like Scott's, from reviews and magazines, are not to be despised. The habit of investigating, and writing out results, makes the full man and the exact man at once; it divests composition of ninety-nine parts of its horrors, and it quickens thought ninety-nine times as much as beating the brain for original brilliancies. If, however, books are not to be had, the teacher should give the needed facts and thoughts in a lecture; and the student should take notes, and rewrite." — FRANCIS A. MARCH.

death; personal appearance; his private character; popularity as a man and a poet; the secret of his greatness as a poet; anecdotes.

EXERCISE

With the preceding "Outline of Life" for a guide, prepare both an oral and a written biographical sketch of Robert Burns (see chap. xiv.). Test the work by answering the following questions:—

When and where was Burns born? What celebrated work by Dr. Johnson was published the same year? What great musician died the same year? In what circumstances were Burns's parents? Did his parents give their son any education? Did Burns educate himself to any extent? At what age did he begin to write poetry? What were some of his best early poems? Can you regard Burns as an illustration of the adage, *Poeta nascitur, non fit*? Illustrate this point fully by examples from literary history. Were his early poems popular? How was his first volume received? For what purpose was it published? What induced him to go to Edinburgh? How was he received by the famous men of that city? What effect did this reception have on Burns? To what habit had he become addicted? Did he ever overcome it? What office was given him in 1789? What kind of life did Burns lead after this? Cause of his death? Give particulars concerning his personal appearance. What was Scott's remark on this point? What can you say of the popularity of his songs and poems? popularity as a man? Are his writings popular to-day? How will you account for this popularity? Are his best works in his native dialect, or pure English? Quote a few words and sentences from Burns which have become famous.

EXAMPLE

OUTLINE OF LIFE: JOSEPH ADDISON, 1672-1719.— Birth; school and college life; first attempt at writing; receives pension; travels; literary drudgery in London; "The campaign"; beginning of a brilliant career; "Rosamond" and "The Drummer"; friendship with Steele; the

“Tatler” and “Spectator”; “Cato”; marriage; secretary of state; political and miscellaneous writings; early death; tastes and studies; personal appearance, peculiarities, and noble character; his great contemporaries; secret of his popularity as a man and as an author; anecdotes.

EXERCISE

With the help of the preceding “Outline,” prepare a sketch of Joseph Addison (see chap. xviii.). Test the work by the following questions:—

When and where was Addison born? What do you know about his father? What famous author lived contemporary with Addison? What famous essayist, novelist, writer of fiction, writer of hymns, and two great poets lived in his day? At what great school was he educated? At this school he formed a lifelong friendship with a man always associated with “The Spectator”: who was he? What do you know about his private and literary life? At what university was Addison educated? In what did he distinguish himself? What was his first literary attempt? To whom was this poem addressed? and with what result? What gained for him the attention of the court? How was he rewarded? Receiving a royal pension, where did he travel? While Addison was living in obscurity in London, what memorable victory was gained by a famous soldier? What poem did Addison write to celebrate this victory? What was the effect upon the public and its author? Explain the transient popularity of “The Campaign.” Can you think of any poems which have made their authors well known in a similar way? Why did the popularity of this poem soon cease? What peculiar passage from this poem has saved it from oblivion? The victory of Blenheim was the subject of a popular poem by a great author: what is the poem? and who was the author?

To what political position was Addison chosen after writing this successful poem? What writings followed? How did he win his highest fame? Who was Sir Richard Steele? Give a short account of the origin of the “Tatler” and “Spectator.” What men wrote for these periodicals? During the suspension of the “Spectator,” what tragedy did Addison bring out? What can you say of it as a whole,—of its transient popularity, and the cause for it?

What do you know of his unhappy marriage? What high political office did he now receive? What was the name of his residence? and why has it

been so celebrated? At what age did Addison die? What were some of his peculiarities as a man? as an author? Of all his writings, what have maintained their popularity? In what does the charm consist? Are his paraphrases well known? Are they printed in hymn books of all denominations? Why so?

What was the state of English society when the "Spectator" appeared? How will you explain the enthusiasm with which the "Spectator" was received? How will you account for its present popularity? Do you remember Dr. Johnson's familiar reference to the elegant style of Addison?

EXERCISES

With the guide analysis of "The Lord of Burleigh" for a model, return to the texts of the following poems:—

1. Longfellow's Wreck of the Hesperus. 2. Southey's Inchcape Rock.
3. Wordsworth's We are Seven. 4. Bryant's White-Footed Deer. 5. Tennyson's Dora. 6. Longfellow's Norman Baron. 7. Scott's Rosabelle.
8. Campbell's Lord Ullin's Daughter. 9. Southey's Battle of Blenheim.
10. Whittier's Gift of Tritemius. 11. Tennyson's Lady Clare.

Eight points in the guide analyses of these eleven poems have been explained (pp. 12, 33). Now we are ready to study each of these poems with reference to the two points added to the guide analysis of "The Lord of Burleigh."

WRITTEN EXERCISES

Write a biographical sketch of the following authors, one or more of whose productions we have studied:—

1. HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, author of *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, *The Norman Baron*, etc.
2. ROBERT SOUTHEY, author of *The Inchcape Rock*.
3. WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, author of *We are Seven*.
4. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, author of *The White-Footed Deer*.
5. JOHN G. WHITTIER, author of *The Gift of Tritemius*.

SELECTIONS FOR STUDY

If the plan of study, suggested and explained in the preceding pages, has been carefully carried out in all its essential details, the student is now prepared to take one more step in advance, and to begin work upon longer and more difficult poems. The main thing aimed at in any detailed plan of study is to lead the pupil to clearly and fully understand the meaning of the author, and to appreciate more thoroughly the worth and beauty of his thoughts and language. All helps should be strictly subordinated to this great aim.

The following poems should be studied on the same general plan, modified in its details as circumstances may require.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

ROBERT BROWNING

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon :
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming day ;
With neck out-thrust, — you fancy how, — 5
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, " My plans,
That soar, to earth may fall, 10
Let once my army leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall," —

Out 'twixt the battery smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full galloping ; nor bridle drew 15
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy :
You hardly could suspect — 20
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace 25
We've got you Ratisbon !
The marshal's in the market place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire, 30
Perched him !" The chief's eye flashed ; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed ; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye 35
When her bruised eaglet breathes :
"You're wounded !" — "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said :
"I'm killed, sire !" And his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead. 40

IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

EMMIE

ALFRED TENNYSON

I

OUR doctor had called in another, I never had seen him before,
But he sent a chill to my heart when I saw him come in at the
door,

Fresh from the surgery schools of France and of other lands —
Harsh red hair, big voice, big chest, big merciless hands !
Wonderful cures he had done, oh, yes, but they said too of him, 5
He was happier using the knife than in trying to save the limb ;
And that I can well believe, for he looked so coarse and so red,
I could think he was one of those who would break their jests on
the dead,

And mangle the living dog that had loved him and fawned at his
knee —

Drenched with the hellish oorali — that ever such things should
be !

10

II

Here was a boy — I am sure that some of our children would die
But for the voice of Love, and the smile, and the comforting eye —
Here was a boy in the ward, every bone seemed out of its place —
Caught in a mill and crushed — it was all but a hopeless case :

And he handled him gently enough ; but his voice and his face
were not kind, 15

And it was but a hopeless case, he had seen it and made up his
mind ;

And he said to me roughly, "The lad will need little more of
your care."

"All the more need," I told him, "to seek the Lord Jesus in
prayer :

They are all His children here, and I pray for them all as my own."

But he turned to me, "Ay, good woman, can prayer set a broken bone?"

20

Then he muttered half to himself, but I know that I heard him say,

"All very well — but the good Lord Jesus has had His day."

III

Had? has it come? It has only dawned. It will come by and by.

Oh, how could I serve in the wards if the hope of the world were a lie?

How could I bear with the sights and the loathsome smells of disease,

25

But that He said, "Ye do it to me, when ye do it to these"?

IV

So he went. And we passed to this ward where the younger children are laid.

Here is the cot of our orphan, our darling, our meek little maid; Empty you see just now! We have lost her who loved her so much, —

Patient of pain, though as quick as a sensitive-plant to the touch. Hers was the prettiest prattle; it often moved me to tears.

31

Hers was the gratefulest heart I have found in a child of her years —

Nay, you remember our Emmie; you used to send her the flowers.

How she would smile at 'em, play with 'em, talk to 'em hours after hours!

They that can wander at will where the works of the Lord are revealed,

35

Little guess what joy can be got from a cowslip out of the field;

Flowers to these "spirits in prison" are all they can know of the
spring ;
They freshen and sweeten the wards like the waft of an angel's
wing.
And she lay with a flower in one hand, and her thin hands crossed
on her breast, —
Wan, but as pretty as heart can desire, and we thought her at
rest, 40
Quietly sleeping — so quiet, our doctor said, "Poor little dear !
Nurse, I must do it to-morrow ; she'll never live through it, I
fear."

v

I walked with our kindly old doctor as far as the head of the stair,
Then I returned to the ward ; the child didn't see I was there.

vi

Never since I was nurse had I been so grieved and so vexed ! 45
Emmie had heard him. Softly she called from her cot to the
next, —
"He says I shall never live through it ; O Annie, what shall I
do?"
Annie considered. "If I," said the wise little Annie, "was you,
I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me ; for, Emmie, you
see
It's all in the picture there : 'Little children should come to
Me.'"
50
(Meaning the print that you gave us. I find that it always can
please
Our children, — the dear Lord Jesus with children about His
knees.)
"Yes, and I will," said Emmie, "but then if I call to the Lord,
How should He know that it's me? such a lot of beds in the
ward !"

'That was a puzzle for Annie. Again she considered, and said : 55
" Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave 'em outside on
the bed ;
The Lord has so *much* to see to ! but, Emmie, you tell it Him
plain, —
It's the little girl with her arms lying out on the counterpane."

VII

I had sat three nights by the child, I could not watch her for
four ;
My brain had begun to reel, I felt I could do it no more. 60
That was my sleeping night, but I thought that it never would
pass.
There was a thunderclap once, and a clatter of hail on the glass,
And there was a phantom cry that I heard as I tossed about,
'The motherless bleat of a lamb in the storm and the darkness
without.
My sleep was broken besides with dreams of the dreadful knife, 65
And fears for our delicate Emmie, who scarce would escape with
her life.
Then in the gray of the morning, it seemed she stood by me and
smiled.
And the doctor came at his hour, and we went to see to the child.

VIII

He had brought his ghastly tools : we believed her asleep again,
Her dear, long, lean, little arms lying out on the counterpane. 70
Say that His day is done ! Ah, why should we care what they
say ?
The Lord of the children had heard her, and Emmie had passed
away.

LOCHINVAR

SIR WALTER SCOTT

O YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best,
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none ;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war, 5
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late : 10
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bridesmen and kinsmen, and brothers, and all ;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword 15
(For the poor craven bridegroom spoke never a word),
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied :
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide ; 20
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet ; the knight took it up, 25
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup ;

She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
 With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, —
 “Now tread we a measure!” said young Lochinvar. 30

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
 And the bridemaids whispered, “’Twere better by far 35
 To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
 When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near:
 So light to the croup the fair lady he swung!
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung! 40
 “She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur!”
 They’ll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting ’mong Græmes of the Netherby clan:
 Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
 There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee; 45
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne’er did they see.
 So daring in love and so dauntless in war,
 Have ye e’er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

THE BOBOLINK

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

ANACREON of the meadow,
 Drunk with the joy of spring!
 Beneath the tall pine’s voiceful shadow
 I lie and drink thy jargoning;

My soul is full with melodies, 5
One drop would overflow it,
And send the tears into mine eyes —
But what carest thou to know it?
Thy heart is free as mountain air,
And of thy lays thou hast no care, 10
Scattering them gayly everywhere,
Happy, unconscious poet !

Upon a tuft of meadow grass,
While thy loved one tends the nest,
Thou swayest as the breezes pass, 15
Unburdening thine o'erfull breast
Of the crowded songs that fill it,
Just as joy may choose to will it.
Lord of thy love and liberty,
The blithest bird of merry May, 20
Thou turnest thy bright eyes on me,
That say as plain as eye can say —
“ Here sit we, here in the summer weather,
I and my modest mate together ;
Whatever your wise thoughts may be, 25
Under that gloomy old pine tree,
We do not value them a feather.”

Now, leaving earth and me behind,
Thou beatest up against the wind,
Or, floating slowly down before it, 30
Above thy grass-hid nest thou flutterest
And thy bridal love song utterest,
Raining showers of music o'er it,
Weary never, still thou trillest,
Spring-glad some lays, 35
As of moss-rimmed water brooks
Murmuring through pebbly nooks

In quiet summer days.
My heart with happiness thou fillest,
I seem again to be a boy 40
Watching thee, gay, blithesome lover,
O'er the bending grass tops hover,
Quivering thy wings for joy.
There's something in the apple blossom,
The greening grass and bobolink's song, 45
That wakes again within my bosom
Feelings which have slumbered long.
As long, long years ago I wandered,
I seem to wander even yet.
The hours the idle schoolboy squandered, 50
The man would die ere he'd forget.
O hours that frosty eld deemed wasted,
Nodding his gray head toward my books,
I dearer prize the lore I tasted
With you, among the trees and brooks, 55
Than all that I have gained since then
From learned books or study-withered men.
Nature, thy soul was one with mine,
And, as a sister by a younger brother
Is loved, each flowing to the other, 60
Such love for me was thine.
Or wert thou not more like a loving mother
With sympathy and loving power to heal,
Against whose heart my throbbing head I'd lay
And moan my childish sorrows all away, 65
Till calm and holiness would o'er me steal?
Was not the golden sunset a dear friend?
Found I no kindness in the silent moon,
And the green trees, whose tops did sway and bend,
Low singing evermore their pleasant tune? 70
Felt I no heart in dim and solemn woods—

No loved one's voice in lonely solitudes?
Yes, yes ! unhoodwinked then my spirit's eyes,
Blind leaders had not *taught me* to be wise.

Dear hours ! which now again I overlive, 75
Hearing and seeing with the ears and eyes
Of childhood, ye were bees, that to the hive
Of my young heart came laden with rich prize,
Gathered in fields and woods and sunny dells, to be
My spirit's food in days more wintery. 80
Yea, yet again ye come ! ye come !
And, like a child once more at home
After long sojourning in alien climes,
I lie upon my mother's breast,
Feeling the blessedness of rest, 85
And dwelling in the light of other times.

O ye whose living is not *Life*,
Whose dying is but death,
Song, empty toil, and petty strife,
Rounded with loss of breath ! 90
Go, look on Nature's countenance,
Drink in the blessing of her glance ;
Look on the sunset, hear the wind,
The cataract, the awful thunder ;
Go, worship by the sea ; 95
Then, and then only, shall ye find,
With ever growing wonder,
Man is not all in all to ye ;
Go with a meek and humble soul,
Then shall the scales of self unroll 100
From off your eyes — the weary packs
Drop from your heavy-laden backs ;
And ye shall see,

With reverent and hopeful eyes,
 Glowing with newborn energies,
 How great a thing it is to BE !

105

THE DEFENSE OF LUCKNOW

ALFRED TENNYSON

BANNER of England, not for a season, O banner of Britain, hast
 thou
 Floated in conquering battle, or flapped to the battle cry !
 Never with mightier glory than when we had reared thee on high,
 Flying at top of the roofs in the ghastly siege of Lucknow ;
 Shot through the staff or the halyard, but ever we raised thee
 anew, 5
 And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

Frail were the works that defended the hold that we held with our
 lives, —
 Women and children among us, God help them, our children and
 wives !
 Hold it we might, — and for fifteen days, or for twenty at most.
 “Never surrender, I charge you, but every man die at his post !”
 Voice of the dead whom we loved, — our Lawrence, the best of
 the brave : 11
 Cold were his brows when we kissed him, — we laid him that
 night in his grave.
 “Every man die at his post !” and there hailed on our houses
 and halls
 Death from their rifle bullets, and death from their cannon balls,
 Death in our innermost chamber, and death at our slight barricade,
 Death while we stood with the musket, and death while we stooped
 to the spade, 16

Death to the dying, and wounds to the wounded, for often there
fell,

Striking the hospital wall, crashing through it, their shot and their
shell ;

Death, — for their spies were among us, their marksmen were told
of our best,

So that the brute bullet broke through the brain that could think
for the rest. 20

Bullets would sing by our foreheads, and bullets would rain at our
feet ;

Fire from ten thousand at once of the rebels that girdled us round ;
Death at the glimpse of a finger from over the breadth of a street ;
Death from the heights of the mosque and the palace, and death
in the ground !

Mine? Yes, a mine ! Countermine ! down, down ! and creep
through the hole ; 25

Keep the revolver in hand ! you can hear him, — the murderous
mole !

Quiet, ah, quiet ! wait till the point of the pickaxe be through !
Click with the pick, coming nearer and nearer again than before ;
Now let it speak, and you fire, and the dark pioneer is no more ;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew. 30

Ay, but the foe sprung his mine many times, and it chanced on a
day,

Soon as the blast of that underground thunderclap echoed away,
Dark through the smoke and the sulphur, like so many fiends in
their hell, —

Cannon shot, musket shot, volley on volley, and yell upon yell,
Fiercely on all the defenses our myriad enemy fell. 35

What have they done? where is it? Out yonder. Guard the
Redan !

Storm at the Water-gate ! storm at the Bailey-gate ! storm ! and it
ran

Surging and swaying all round us, as ocean on every side
Plunges and heaves at a bank that is daily drowned by the tide,—
So many thousands that, if they be bold enough, who shall escape?
Kill or be killed, live or die, they shall know we are soldiers and
men ! 41

Ready ! take aim at their leaders ; their masses are gapped with
our grape :

Backward they reel like the wave, like the wave flinging forward
again,

Flying and foiled at the last by the handful they could not subdue ;
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew. 45

Handful of men as we were, we were English in heart and in limb ;
Strong with the strength of the race to command, to obey, to
endure ;

Each of us fought as if hope for the garrison hung but on him ;
Still — could we watch at all points ? We were every day fewer
and fewer.

There was a whisper among us, but only a whisper that passed : 50
“Children and wives, — if the tigers leap into the fold unawares,
Every man die at his post, and the foe may outlive us at last, —
Better to fall by the hands that they love than to fall into theirs !”
Roar upon roar, in a moment two mines by the enemy sprung
Clove into perilous chasms our walls and our poor palisades. 55

Rifleman, true is your heart, but be sure that your hand be as true !
Sharp is the fire of assault, better aimed are your flank fusillades ;
Twice do we hurl them to earth from the ladders to which they
had clung,

Twice from the ditch where they shelter we drive them with hand
grenades ;

And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew. 60

Then on another wild morning another wild earthquake out-tore
Clean from our lines of defense ten or twelve good paces or more.

Rifleman, high on the roof, hidden there from the light of the sun,
One has leapt up on the breach, crying out, "Follow me, follow
me!"

Mark him, he falls! then another, and *him* too, and down goes he. 65
Had they been bold enough then, who can tell but the traitors
. had won?

Boardings and rafters and doors — an embrasure! make way for
the gun!

Now double-charge it with grape! It is charged, and we fire,
and they run!

Praise to our Indian brothers, and let the dark face have his due;
'Thanks to the kindly dark faces who fought with us faithful and
few, — 70

Fought with the bravest among us, and drove them, and smote
them, and slew,

'That ever upon the topmost roof our banner in India blew.

Men will forget what we suffer, and not what we do. We can fight;
But to be soldier all day, and be sentinel all through the night, —
Ever the mine and assault, our sallies, their lying alarms, 75
Bugles and drums in the darkness, and shoutings and soundings to
arms,

Ever the labor of fifty that had to be done by five,
Ever the marvel among us that one should be left alive,
Ever the day with its traitorous death from the loopholes around,
Ever the night with its coffinless corpse to be laid in the ground, 80
Heat like the mouth of hell, or a deluge of cataract skies,
Stench of old offal decaying, and infinite torment of flies,
Thoughts of the breezes of May blowing over an English field,
Cholera, scurvy, and fever, the wound that *would* not be healed,
Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful-pitiless knife, — 85
Torture and trouble in vain, for it never could save us a life,
Valor of delicate women who tended the hospital bed,
Horror of women in travail among the dying and dead,

Grief for our perishing children, and never a moment for grief,
 Toil and ineffable weariness, fluttering hopes of relief; ⁹⁰
 Havelock baffled, or beaten, or butchered for all that we knew,—
 Then day and night, day and night, coming down on the still-
 shattered walls,
 Millions of musket bullets, and thousands of cannon balls, —
 But ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew.

Hark! Cannonade, fusillade! Is it true what was told by the
 scout, — ⁹⁵
 Outram and Havelock breaking their way through the fell muti-
 neers?

Surely the pibroch of Europe is ringing again in our ears!
 All on a sudden the garrison utter a jubilant shout, —
 Havelock's glorious Highlanders answer with conquering cheers.
 Sick from the hospital echo them, women and children come out,
 Blessing the wholesome white faces of Havelock's good fusileers,
 Kissing the war-hardened hand of the Highlander wet with their
 tears.

Dance to the pibroch! — saved, we are saved! is it you? is it you?
 Saved by the valor of Havelock, saved by the blessing of Heaven!
 "Hold it for fifteen days!" we have held it for eighty-seven! ¹⁰⁵
 And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of England blew.

THE BATTLE OF IVRY

LORD MACAULAY

Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from whom all glories are!
 And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
 Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
 Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of
 France!
 And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,;
 Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.

As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy ;
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah, hurrah ! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
Hurrah, hurrah for Ivry and King Henry of Navarre ! 10

Oh, how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array,
With all its priest-led citizens and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears !
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land ; 15
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand ;
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood ;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name and Henry of Navarre. 20

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest ;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye ;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing, 25
Down all our line, in deafening shout, " God save our lord the
King ! "

" And if my standard bearer fall, as fall full well he may, —
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray, —
Press where ye see my white plume shine amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre." 30

Hurrah ! the foes are moving ! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin !
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across St. Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France, 35
Charge for the golden lilies now, — upon them with the lance !

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest ;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre. 40

Now God be praised, the day is ours ! Mayenne hath turned his
rein ;

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter ; the Flemish count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale ;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven
mail.

And then we thought on vengeance ; and all along our van, 45
“ Remember St. Bartholomew,” was passed from man to man.
But out spake gentle Henry then : “ No Frenchman is my foe :
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go.”
Oh ! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre ! 50

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France
to-day ;

And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight ;
And the good Lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white.
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en, — 55
The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
Up with it high, unfurl it wide, that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought His
Church such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest points of
war,

Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre. 60

Ho, maidens of Vienna ! Ho, matrons of Lucerne !
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.

Ho, Philip ! send for charity thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's
souls. 64

Ho, gallant nobles of the League ! look that your arms be bright ;
Ho, burghers of St. Genevieve ! keep watch and ward to-night.
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the
• slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise and the valor of the brave.

Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are !

And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre ! 70

WRITTEN EXERCISES

Write a biographical sketch of the following authors,
one or more of whose productions we have studied :—

1. SIR WALTER SCOTT, author of *Rosabelle* and *Lochinvar*. 2. THOMAS CAMPBELL, author of *Lord Ullin's Daughter*. 3. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, author of *The Bobolink*. 4. ALFRED TENNYSON, author of *Lady Clare* and *Defense of Lucknow*. 5. ROBERT BROWNING, author of *Incident of the French Camp*. 6. LORD MACAULAY, author of *The Battle of Ivry*.

ADDITIONAL PIECES FOR STUDY

Longfellow's *Phantom Ship*, *Falcon of Ser Federigo*, *Birds of Killingworth*, *Bells of Atri* ; Tennyson's *Enoch Arden* ; Whittier's *Conductor Bradley*, *Two Rabbis*, *Legend of St. Mark* ; Bryant's *Planting of the Apple Tree*, *Two Travelers* ; Cowper's *John Gilpin*, *Alexander Selkirk* ; Campbell's *Battle of the Baltic*, *Soldier's Dream*, *Napoleon and the British Sailor*.

CHAPTER V

OUTLINES FOR THE STUDY OF A PROSE SELECTION

THUS far in this book we have confined our attention to the study of standard poems. We are now prepared to begin a similar work in prose selections. To insure good results, some definite plan of study must first be arranged. In a general way prose selections need less methods and devices than poetry to lead pupils to appreciate and admire them.

We present the following guide analysis for the study of a prose selection. Several of its points have been fully explained in the foregoing chapters; hence it will not be necessary to repeat the detailed explanation already given.

GUIDE ANALYSIS FOR THE STUDY OF A PROSE SELECTION

- I. Read the piece carefully and thoughtfully.**
- II. Recite the story of the piece.**
- III. Write a paraphrase of the piece.**
- IV. Divide the selection into parts or scenes.**
- V. The unity of the parts.**
- VI. Minor details which illustrate the piece.**
- VII. The study of the text.**
- VIII. An exercise in criticism.**
- IX. Memory quotations.**
- X. The author of the piece.**

EXPLANATION OF THE GUIDE ANALYSIS

Read the Piece carefully and thoughtfully. — This point has been fully explained. See p. 12.

Recite the Story of the Piece. — In many prose pieces, as in many poems, it is not practicable to attempt to tell the story; in fact, there is oftentimes very little of a "story" to tell. (See p. 12.) Hence, in prose selections this direction may be omitted at the discretion of the teacher.

Write a Paraphrase of the Piece. — In a general way follow the directions as fully explained on p. 33.

Divide the Selection into Parts or Scenes. — See p. 34.

The Unity of the Parts. — Whenever it can be done conveniently, follow the directions as explained on p. 35. In many prose pieces, however, it is not always advisable or practicable.

Minor Details which illustrate the Poem. — There will be found ample material for exact, useful, and interesting study, in a full knowledge of the allusions which occur so plentifully in all standard writings. No difficult point in syntax, prosody, accident, or pronunciation, no variation in manners or customs, no historical or geographical allusion, should be passed over without explanation. Special pains must be taken to get a thorough understanding of the force and character of epithets, the meaning of similes, the expansions of metaphors, and the exact meaning of individual words. See p. 36.

The Study of the Text. — Follow the general directions as given on pp. 13, 36.

An Exercise in Criticism. — (See p. 58.) This is one point upon which it is impossible to give short rules, and

on which, nevertheless, stress should be laid. The amount and completeness of criticism, which can be usefully employed, will depend on the capacity of teacher and pupil; at the same time, no author can be satisfactorily studied unless the student's attention is drawn to his chief peculiarities of thought and language, to the place he occupies in the history of literature, and the influences which seem to have affected him most.

*Memory Quotations.*¹— See p. 58.

The Author of the Piece.—(See p. 14.) The life and times of the author should be studied, and the connection between the characteristic features of the literature of his era, and the general history of the period, developed. Any illustrations of the modes of thought, manners, customs, political views, etc., of the period, that can be drawn from his pages, should be brought to the attention of the class.

Not only the life of the special author whom we are studying, but also the lives of his friends, rivals, and otherwise connected contemporaries, should be carefully examined.

¹ "To what extent shall the memory be called upon in the study of English literature? Not, I think, to commit long passages, whole books, and cantos of poems. Let the pupil absorb as much as possible in frequent reading and in study. Now and then, let a few striking lines, that have been learned by *heart* rather than committed to *memory*, be recited. Do not make a disagreeable task of any such exercise. For, that our pupils may receive the highest and best influence from this study of English literature, it is essential that they love it, and retain only pleasant memories of the hours spent at school in the society of its best authors."—L. R. WILLISTON.

A METHOD OF CLASS EXERCISES IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

[Arranged by Homer B. Sprague]

The following excellent suggestions may prove helpful.

1. At the beginning of the daily exercise, or as often as need be, require a statement of—

(a) The main object of the author in the whole poem, oration, play, or other production, of which to-day's lesson is a part.

(b) The object of the author in this particular canto, chapter, act, or other division of the main work.

2. Read or recite from memory (or have the pupils do it) the finest part or parts of the last lesson. The elocutionary talent of the class should be utilized here, so that the author may appear at his best.

3. Require at times (often enough to keep the whole fresh in memory) a *résumé* of the "argument," story, or succession of topics, up to the present lesson.

4. Let the student read aloud the sentence, paragraph, or lines, now (or previously) assigned. The appointed portion should have some unity.

5. If the passage is fine, let the student interpret exactly the meaning by substituting his own words; explain peculiarities. This paraphrase should often be in writing.

6. Immediate object of the author in these lines? Is this object relevant? important? appropriate in *this* place?

7. Ingredients (particular thoughts) that make up the passage? Are they in good taste? just? natural? well arranged? sufficient? superfluous?

8. Point out other merits or defects; anything noteworthy as regards nobleness of principle or sentiment, grace, delicacy, beauty, rhythm, sublimity, wit, wisdom, humor, *naïveté*, kindness, pathos, energy, concentrated truth, logical force, originality, allusions, kindred passages, principles illustrated, etc.

SELECTIONS FOR STUDY

The following prose selections, taken from the works of standard authors, are now to be studied somewhat after the plan suggested in the preceding guide analysis. Other pieces equally good may be readily found in advanced reading books or works of selections.

Every good teacher will have a method of his own for handling a prose piece in the class room; hence it is not to be supposed that the preceding plan, and its suggestions, will be literally followed. We have simply undertaken to suggest some general principles of method, together with a few practical hints of details, rather than to dictate any formal course of procedure.

THE VOYAGE

WASHINGTON IRVING

[From "The Sketch Book"]

"Ships, ships, I will descree you

Amidst the main,

I will come and try you,

What you are protecting,

And projecting,

What's your end and aim.

One goes abroad for merchandise and trading,

Another stays to keep his country from invading,

A third is coming home with rich and wealthy lading.

Halloo! my fancie, whither wilt thou go?" — OLD POEM.

To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. The temporary absence of worldly scenes and employments produces a state of mind pecul-

ially fitted to receive new and vivid impressions. The vast space of waters that separates the hemispheres is like a blank page in existence. There is no gradual transition by which, as in Europe, the features and population of one country blend almost imperceptibly with those of another. From the moment you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacancy until you step on the opposite shore, and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world.

In traveling by land there is a continuity of scene, and a connected succession of persons and incidents, that carry on the story of life, and lessen the effect of absence and separation. We drag, it is true, "a lengthening chain," at each remove of our pilgrimage; but the chain is unbroken, we can trace it back link by link, and we feel that the last still grapples us to home. But a wide sea voyage severs us at once. It makes us conscious of being cast loose from the secure anchorage of settled life, and sent adrift upon a doubtful world. It interposes a gulf, not merely imaginary, but real, between us and our homes, — a gulf subject to tempest and fear and uncertainty, rendering distance palpable, and return precarious.

Such, at least, was the case with myself. As I saw the last blue line of my native land fade away like a cloud in the horizon, it seemed as if I had closed one volume of the world and its contents, and had time for meditation before I opened another. That land, too, now vanishing from my view, which contained all most dear to me in life, — what vicissitudes might occur in it, what changes might take place in me, before I should visit it again! Who can tell, when he sets forth to wander, whither he may be driven by the uncertain currents of existence, or when he may return, or whether it may ever be his lot to revisit the scenes of his childhood?

I said that at sea all is vacancy: I should correct the expression. To one given to daydreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea voyage is full of subjects for meditation; but

then they are the wonders of the deep and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes. I delighted to loll over the quarter-railing, or climb to the maintop, of a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea ; to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peering above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own ; to watch the gentle undulating billows, rolling their silver volumes as if to die away on those happy shores.

There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe with which I looked down, from my giddy height, on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols, — shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship ; the grampus slowly heaving his huge form above the surface ; or the ravenous shark, darting like a specter through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me, — of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys, of the shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth, and of those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

Sometimes a distant sail, gliding along the edge of the ocean, would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world, hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence ! What a glorious monument of human invention, which has in a manner triumphed over wind and wave ; has brought the ends of the world into communion ; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the North all the luxuries of the South ; has diffused the light of knowledge and the charities of cultivated life ; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which Nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier !

We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, everything that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of

a ship that must have been completely wrecked ; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months ; clusters of shellfish had fastened about it, and long seaweeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, is the crew ? Their struggle has long been over, — they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest, — their bones lie whitening among the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end. What sighs have been wafted after that ship ! what prayers offered up at the deserted fireside of home. How often has the mistress, the wife, the mother, pored over the daily news, to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep ! How has expectation darkened into anxiety, — anxiety into dread, — and dread into despair ! Alas ! not one memento may ever return for love to cherish. All that may ever be known is that she sailed from her port, “and was never heard of more !”

The sight of this wreck, as usual, gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms which will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer voyage. As we sat round the dull light of a lamp in the cabin, that made the gloom more ghastly, every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was particularly struck with a short one related by the captain.

“As I was once sailing,” said he, “in a fine stout ship across the Banks of Newfoundland, one of those heavy fogs which prevail in those parts rendered it impossible for us to see far ahead even in the daytime ; but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of the ship. I kept lights at the masthead, and a constant watch forward

to look out for fishing smacks, which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the Banks. The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of 'A sail ahead!' It was scarcely uttered before we were upon her. She was a small schooner, at anchor, with her broadside towards us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light. We struck her just amidships. The force, the size, and weight of our vessel bore her down below the waves. We passed over her, and were hurried on our course. As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches rushing from her cabin; they just started from their beds to be swallowed shrieking by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that bore it to our ears swept us out of all farther hearing. I shall never forget that cry! It was some time before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack had anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired signal guns, and listened if we might hear the halloo of any survivors; but all was silent, — we never saw or heard anything of them more."

I confess these stories, for a time, put an end to all my fine fancies. The storm increased with the night. The sea was lashed into tremendous confusion. There was a fearful, sullen sound of rushing waves and broken surges. Deep called unto deep. At times the black volume of clouds overhead seemed rent asunder by flashes of lightning, which quivered along the foaming billows, and made the succeeding darkness doubly terrible. The thunders bellowed over the wild waste of waters, and were echoed and prolonged by the mountain waves. As I saw the ship staggering and plunging among these roaring caverns, it seemed miraculous that she regained her balance, or preserved her buoyancy. Her yards would dip into the water: her bow was almost buried beneath the waves. Sometimes an impending surge appeared ready to over-

whelm her, and nothing but a dexterous movement of the helm preserved her from the shock.

When I retired to my cabin, the awful scene still followed me. The whistling of the wind through the rigging sounded like funereal wailings. The creaking of the masts, the straining and groaning of bulkheads, as the ship labored in the weltering sea, were frightful. As I heard the waves rushing along the sides of the ship, and roaring in my very ear, it seemed as if Death were raging round this floating prison, seeking for his prey ; the mere starting of a nail, the yawning of a seam, might give him entrance.

A fine day, however, with a tranquil sea and favoring breeze, soon put all these dismal reflections to flight. It is impossible to resist the gladdening influence of fine weather and fair wind at sea. When the ship is decked out in all her canvas, every sail swelled, and careering gayly over the curling waves, how lofty, how gallant she appears, — how she seems to lord it over the deep !

I might fill a volume with the reveries of a sea voyage, — for with me it is almost a continual reverie, — but it is time to get to shore.

It was a fine sunny morning when the thrilling cry of “ Land ! ” was given from the masthead. None but those who have experienced it can form an idea of the delicious throng of sensations which rush into an American’s bosom when he first comes in sight of Europe. There is a volume of associations with the very name. It is the land of promise, teeming with everything of which his childhood has heard, or on which his studious years have pondered.

From that time until the moment of arrival, it was all feverish excitement. The ships of war, that prowled like guardian giants along the coast ; the headlands of Ireland, stretching out into the channel ; the Welsh mountains, towering into the clouds, — all were objects of intense interest. As we sailed up the Mersey, I reconnoitered the shores with a telescope. My eye dwelt with delight on neat cottages, with their trim shrubberies and green

grass-plots. I saw the moldering ruin of an abbey overrun with ivy, and the taper spire of a village church rising from the brow of a neighboring hill : all were characteristic of England.

The tide and wind were so favorable that the ship was enabled to come at once to the pier. It was thronged with people ; some idle lookers-on, others eager expectants of friends or relatives. I could distinguish the merchant to whom the ship was consigned. I knew him by his calculating brow and restless air. His hands were thrust into his pockets ; he was whistling thoughtfully, and walking to and fro, a small space having been accorded him by the crowd, in deference to his temporary importance. There were repeated cheerings and salutations interchanged between the shore and the ship, as friends happened to recognize each other. I particularly noticed one young woman of humble dress, but interesting demeanor. She was leaning forward from among the crowd ; her eye hurried over the ship as it neared the shore, to catch some wished-for countenance. She seemed disappointed and agitated, when I heard a faint voice call her name. It was from a poor sailor who had been ill all the voyage, and had excited the sympathy of every one on board. When the weather was fine, his messmates had spread a mattress for him on deck in the shade ; but of late his illness had so increased, that he had taken to his hammock, and only breathed a wish that he might see his wife before he died.

He had been helped on deck as we came up the river, and was now leaning against the shrouds, with a countenance so wasted, so pale, and so ghastly, that it is no wonder even the eye of affection did not recognize him. But at the sound of his voice her eye darted on his features, it read at once a whole volume of sorrow ; she clasped her hands, uttered a faint shriek, and stood wringing them in silent agony.

All now was hurry and bustle,—the meeting of acquaintances, the greeting of friends, the consultations of men of business. I alone was solitary and idle. I had no friend to meet, no

cheering to receive. I stepped upon the land of my forefathers, but felt that I was a stranger in the land.

QUESTIONS ON IRVING'S "VOYAGE"

[Prepared by Homer B. Sprague]

What is the gulf that a voyage interposes between us and our homes? What words describe it? "Whither he may be driven." Why is *whither* better than *where*? Which of them means *to* what place? Which of them means *at* or *in* what place? "I said that at sea all is vacancy." Quote any previous passage containing this idea. What were some of the amusements of the voyage? Daydreaming? Looking down "on the monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols"? Watching a distant sail? Contemplating the object seen at a distance,—the mast of a wrecked ship? Story-telling? Any other? "Expectation, anxiety, dread, despair:" which expresses the strongest feeling? How are the words arranged? Define a climax. What "has brought the ends of the earth into communion"? How? Narrate in your own words the captain's story. Point out the most pathetic expressions in it. What does Irving say of the ship during the storm? Explain "how she seems to lord it over the deep!" Contrast that with the description of her course during the storm. What were objects of interest as the ship approached the shore? At what point did they land? Describe the crowd on the pier. Who was the most important person there? What pathetic incident is told? "I stepped upon the land of my forefathers." Who? Why land of my *forefathers*? Express the idea of the last sentence in other words.

Select nautical words or phrases in this sketch. Was the voyage made in a steamer, or in a sailing vessel? Give reasons for the answer. What is the general character of this sketch? Description? Commit to memory the paragraph beginning, "We one day descried some shapeless object," etc. Select and commit to memory any other passage in the piece. Give your reason for your selection. What is the simple subject in the first sentence in this sketch? The entire subject?

EXERCISE

Write a biographical sketch of Washington Irving.
(See chap. viii.)

Test the work by answering the following questions:—

QUESTIONS ON IRVING AND THE "SKETCH BOOK"

Mention some facts in the early life of Irving. Mention a noteworthy incident of his infancy. How did Irving conduct himself at school? How did he lay a foundation for his literary career? What can you tell of his youthful rambles about Manhattan Island? What use did he afterward make of this information? What profession did he choose? What can you say of his first trip abroad? Mention some of the famous men he met. What did he try to do on his return? What was his first literary work? The "Salmagundi Papers," and their success? Mention the romantic episode which colored all his after life. What was Irving's first decided literary success? Give some details about the work, and the reception it received. What sent Irving to Europe for the second time, in 1815? With what success? What induced him to adopt literature as a profession? What lucrative offers did he decline? When was the first number of the "Sketch Book" published? How was Irving forced to protect his interests in England? In what way did Scott help Irving? How was the "Sketch Book" received? What famous literary persons became Irving's friends? What was his second work, and how received? His third, in 1824? Where did Irving now take up his residence? What works followed during the next six years, 1826-32? When did Irving return to America? What extended tour did he make? with what literary result? Where did Irving select a home for himself? Did the place become a celebrated literary resort? What famous persons made pilgrimages to "Sunnyside"? What literary labors followed shortly after his return? What great honor was conferred upon Irving in 1842? How did Irving pass the last years of his life? What was his last literary labor? When and where did Irving die? Where buried? What tributes were paid to his memory? What was the secret of Irving's popularity as a writer? What can you say of him as a man? The prominent characteristics of his works? What led Irving to write and publish the "Sketch Book"? Mention the titles of the different sketches. Which one is your favorite? Why? Are some of the papers founded upon the actual experience of the author? Which one has been dramatized? by whom? for whom? Why was the book so popular in England? What was the state of American literature at the time it was written?

WILLIAM THE SILENT

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

[From the "Rise of the Dutch Republic," vol. 1]

THE history of the rise of the Netherland Republic has been at the same time the biography of William the Silent. This, while it gives unity to the narrative, renders an elaborate description of his character superfluous. That life was a noble Christian epic; inspired with one great purpose from its commencement to its close; the stream flowing ever from one fountain with expanding fullness, but retaining all its original purity. A few general observations are all which are necessary by way of conclusion.

In person, Orange was above the middle height, perfectly well made and sinewy, but rather spare than stout. His eyes, hair, beard, and complexion were brown. His head was small, symmetrically shaped, combining the alertness and compactness characteristic of the soldier, with the capacious brow furrowed prematurely with the horizontal lines of thought, denoting the statesman and the sage. His physical appearance was, therefore, in harmony with his organization, which was of antique model. Of his moral qualities, the most prominent was his piety. He was more than anything else a religious man. From his trust in God he ever derived support and consolation in the darkest hours. Implicitly relying upon Almighty wisdom and goodness, he looked danger in the face with a constant smile, and endured incessant labors and trials with a serenity which seemed more than human. While, however, his soul was full of piety, it was tolerant of error. Sincerely and deliberately himself a convert to the Reformed Church, he was ready to extend freedom of worship to Catholics on the one hand, and to Anabaptists on the other; for no man ever felt more keenly than he that the reformer who becomes in his turn a bigot is doubly odious.

His firmness was allied to his piety. His constancy in bearing the whole weight of struggle as unequal as men have ever undertaken was the theme of admiration even to his enemies. The rock in the ocean, "tranquil among raging billows," was the favorite emblem by which his friends expressed their sense of his firmness. . . .

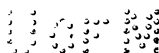
His intellectual faculties were various, and of the highest order. He had the exact, practical, and combining qualities which make the great commander; and his friends claimed that in military genius he was second to no captain in Europe. This was, no doubt, an exaggeration of partial attachment, but it is certain that the Emperor Charles had an exalted opinion of his capacity for the field. His fortification of Philippeville and Charlemont, in the face of the enemy; his passage of the Meuse in Alva's sight; his unfortunate but well-ordered campaign against that general; his sublime plan of relief, projected and successfully directed at last from his sick bed, for the besieged city of Leyden, — will always remain monuments of his practical military skill.

Of the soldier's great virtues — constancy in disaster, devotion to duty, hopefulness in defeat — no man ever possessed a larger share. He arrived, through a series of reverses, at a perfect victory. He planted a free commonwealth under the very battery of the Inquisition, in defiance of the most powerful empire existing. He was, therefore, a conqueror in the loftiest sense, for he conquered liberty and a national existence for a whole people. The contest was long, and he fell in the struggle; but the victory was to the dead hero, not to the living monarch. It is to be remembered, too, that he always wrought with inferior instruments. His troops were usually mercenaries, who were but too apt to mutiny upon the eve of battle, while he was opposed by the most formidable veterans of Europe, commanded successively by the first captains of the age. That with no lieutenant of eminent valor or experience, save only his brother Louis, and with none at all after that chieftain's death, William of Orange should succeed

in baffling the efforts of Alva, Requesens, Don John of Austria, and Alexander Farnese, — men whose names are among the most brilliant in the military annals of the world, — is in itself sufficient evidence of his warlike ability. At the period of his death he had reduced the number of obedient provinces to two ; only Artois and Hainault acknowledging Philip, while the other fifteen were in open revolt, the greater part having solemnly forsworn their sovereign.

The supremacy of his political genius was entirely beyond question. He was the first statesman of the age. The quickness of his perception was only equaled by the caution which enabled him to mature the results of his observations. His knowledge of human nature was profound. He governed the passions and sentiments of a great nation as if they had been but the keys and chords of one vast instrument ; and his hand rarely failed to evoke harmony even out of the wildest storms. The turbulent city of Ghent, which could obey no other master, which even the haughty emperor could only crush without controlling, was ever responsive to the master hand of Orange. His presence scared away Imbize and his batlike crew, confounded the schemes of John Casimir, frustrated the wiles of Prince Chimay ; and, while he lived, Ghent was what it ought always to have remained, the bulwark, as it had been the cradle, of popular liberty. After his death it became its tomb.

Ghent, saved thrice by the policy, the eloquence, the self-sacrifices of Orange, fell, within three months of his murder, into the hands of Parma. The loss of this most important city, followed in the next year by the downfall of Antwerp, sealed the fate of the Southern Netherlands. Had the prince lived, how different might have been the country's fate ! If seven provinces could dilate, in so brief a space, into the powerful commonwealth which the republic soon became, what might not have been achieved by the united seventeen ? — a confederacy which would have united the adamantine vigor of the Batavian and Frisian races with the



subtler, more delicate, and more graceful national elements in which the genius of the Frank, the Roman, and the Romanized Celt were so intimately blended. As long as the father of the country lived, such a union was possible. His power of managing men was so unquestionable, that there was always a hope, even in the darkest hour ; for men felt implicit reliance, as well on his intellectual resources as on his integrity.

This power of dealing with his fellow-men he manifested in the various ways in which it has been usually exhibited by statesmen. He possessed a ready eloquence — sometimes impassioned, oftener argumentative, always rational. His influence over his audience was unexampled in the annals of that country or age ; yet he never condescended to flatter the people. He never followed the nation, but always led her in the path of duty and of honor, and was much more prone to rebuke the vices than to pander to the passions of his hearers. He never failed to administer ample chastisement to parsimony, to jealousy, to insubordination, to intolerance, to infidelity, wherever it was due ; nor feared to confront the states or the people in their most angry-hours, and to tell them the truth to their faces. This commanding position he alone could stand upon ; for his countrymen knew the generosity which had sacrificed his all for them, the self-denial which had eluded rather than sought political advancement, whether from king or people, and the untiring devotion which had consecrated a whole life to toil and danger in the cause of their emancipation. While, therefore, he was ever ready to rebuke, and always too honest to flatter, he at the same time possessed the eloquence which could convince or persuade. He knew how to reach both the mind and the heart of his hearers. His orations, whether extemporaneous or prepared ; his written messages to the States-General, to the provincial authorities, to the municipal bodies ; his private correspondence with men of all ranks, from emperors and kings down to secretaries, and even children, all show an easy flow of language, a fullness of thought, a power of expression rare

in that age, a fund of historical allusion, a considerable power of imagination, a warmth of sentiment, a breadth of view, a directness of purpose, — a range of qualities, in short, which would in themselves have stamped him as one of the master minds of his century, had there been no other monument to his memory than the remains of his spoken or written eloquence. The bulk of his performances in this department was prodigious. Not even Philip was more industrious in the cabinet. Not even Granville held a more facile pen. He wrote and spoke equally well in French, German, or Flemish ; and he possessed, besides, Spanish, Italian, Latin. The weight of his correspondence alone would have almost sufficed for the common industry of a lifetime ; and, although many volumes of his speeches and letters have been published, there remain in the various archives of the Netherlands and Germany many documents from his hand which will probably never see the light. If the capacity for unremitted intellectual labor in an honorable cause be the measure of human greatness, few minds could be compared to the “large composition” of this man. The efforts made to destroy the Netherlands by the most laborious and painstaking of tyrants were counteracted by the industry of the most indefatigable of patriots.

Thus his eloquence, oral or written, gave him almost boundless power over his countrymen. He possessed, also, a rare perception of human character, together with an iron memory which never lost a face, a place, or an event, once seen or known. He read the minds, even the faces, of men, like printed books. No man could overreach him, excepting only those to whom he gave his heart. He might be mistaken where he had confided, never where he had been distrustful or indifferent. He was deceived by Renneberg, by his brother-in-law Van den Berg, by the Duke of Anjou. Had it been possible for his brother Louis or his brother John to have proved false, he might have been deceived by them. He was never outwitted by Philip, or Granville, or Don John, or Alexander of Parma. Anna of Saxony was false to him, and

entered into correspondence with the royal governors and with the king of Spain ; Charlotte of Bourbon, or Louisa de Coligny, might have done the same, had it been possible for their natures also to descend to such depths of guile.

He possessed, too, that which to the heathen philosopher seemed the greatest good, — the sound mind in the sound body. His physical frame was after death found so perfect that a long life might have been in store for him, notwithstanding all which he had endured. The desperate illness of 1574, the frightful gunshot wound inflicted by Jaureguy in 1582, had left no traces. The physicians pronounced that his body presented an aspect of perfect health. His temperament was cheerful. At table, the pleasures of which, in moderation, were his only relaxation, he was always animated and merry ; and this jocoseness was partly natural, partly intentional. In the darkest hours of his country's trial he affected a serenity which he was far from feeling ; so that his apparent gayety at momentous epochs was even censured by dullards, who could not comprehend its philosophy, nor applaud the flippancy of William the Silent.

He went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrows upon his shoulders, with a smiling face. Their name was the last word upon his lips, save the simple affirmative with which the soldier who had been battling for the right all his lifetime, commended his soul in dying "to his great Captain, Christ." The people were grateful and affectionate ; for they trusted the character of their "Father William," and not all the clouds which calumny could collect ever dimmed to their eyes the radiance of that lofty mind to which they were accustomed, in their darkest calamities, to look for light. As long as he lived, he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation ; and when he died the little children cried in the streets.

THE VISION OF MIRZA

JOSEPH ADDISON

[From "The Spectator," No. 159, Saturday, Sept. 1, 1711]

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled "The Visions of Mirza," which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them, and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word, as follows:—

On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and, passing from one thought to another, Surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius, and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before

made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature ; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies ; follow me."

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, "Cast thine eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." — "I see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it." — "The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity." — "What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?" — "What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now," said he, "this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it." — "I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide." — "The bridge thou seest," said he, "is human life ; consider it attentively." Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number to about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches, but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now

beheld it. "But tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it." — "I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it." As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trapdoors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were, indeed, some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled, and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes, and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sank.

The genius seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend." Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time?"

I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants ; and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches." "These," said the genius, "are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life."

I here fetched a deep sigh. "Alas," said I, "man was made in vain ! how is he given away to misery and mortality ! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death !" The genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity, but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it." I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it ; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers ; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to those happy seats ; but the genius told me there was no passage to them except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. "The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst

see, are more in number than the sands on the seashore ; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them. Every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza ! habitations worth contending for ? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward ? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence ? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him." I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, "Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant." The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating ; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long, hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

BOB CRATCHIT'S CHRISTMAS DINNER

CHARLES DICKENS

[From the "Christmas Carol"]

THEN up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap, and make a goodly show for sixpence ; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also

brave in ribbons, while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collars nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes bubbling up knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl; "and had to clear away this morning, mother."

"Well, never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself; and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter, exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder.

Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame !

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming !" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits ; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day !"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke, so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms ; while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the washhouse, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool beside the fire ; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs—as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby—compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the

rarest of all birds, a feathered phenomenon to which a black swan was a matter of course ; and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy ready beforehand in a little saucepan, hissing hot ; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor ; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce ; Martha dusted the hot plates ; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table ; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and, mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast ; but when she did, and when the long-expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried " Hurrah ! "

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family ; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last ! Yet every one had had enough ; and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows ! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone, — too nervous to bear witnesses, — to take the pudding up, and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough ! Suppose it should break in turning out ! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose, — a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid ! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo ! A great deal of steam ! The pudding was out of the

copper. A smell like a washing day ! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating house and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that ! That was the pudding ! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered — flushed, but smiling proudly — with the pudding, like a speckled cannon ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half a quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding ! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it ; but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one ; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass, — two tumblers and a custard cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done ; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed : —

“A merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us !”

Which all the family reëchoed.

“God bless us every one !” said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him. Bob Cratchit told them how he had a situation

in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly. The two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the idea of Peter's being a man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the fire from between his collars, as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favor when he came into the receipt of that bewildering income. Martha, who was a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them what kind of work she had to do, and how many hours she worked at a stretch, and how she meant to lie abed to-morrow morning for a good long rest; to-morrow being a holiday she passed at home. Also, how she had seen a countess and a lord some days before; and how the lord "was much about as tall as Peter." At which Peter pulled up his collars so high that you couldn't have seen his head if you had been there. All this time the chestnuts and the jug went round and round; and by and by they had a song, about a lost child traveling in the snow, from Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed.

There was nothing of high mark in this. They were not a handsome family; they were not well dressed; their shoes were far from being waterproof; their clothes were scanty; and Peter might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a pawn-broker's. But they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time; and when they faded, and looked happier yet in the bright sprinklings of the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had his eye upon them, and especially on Tiny Tim, until the last.

ABDICATION OF CHARLES THE FIFTH

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT

[From the "History of Philip 11.," vol. 1]

PREPARATIONS were then made for conducting the ceremony of abdication with all the pomp and solemnity suited to so august an occasion. The great hall of the royal palace of Brussels was selected for the scene of it. The walls of the spacious apartment were hung with tapestry, and the floor was covered with rich carpeting. A scaffold was erected at one end of the room, to the height of six or seven steps. On it was placed a throne, or chair of state, for the Emperor, with other seats for Philip and for the great Flemish lords who were to attend the person of their sovereign. Above the throne was suspended a gorgeous canopy, on which were emblazoned the arms of the ducal house of Burgundy. In front of the scaffolding, accommodations were provided for the deputies of the provinces, who were to be seated on benches arranged according to their respective rights of precedence.

On the 25th of October, the day fixed for the ceremony, Charles the Fifth executed an instrument by which he ceded to his son the sovereignty of the Netherlands. Mass was then performed; and the Emperor, accompanied by Philip and a numerous retinue, proceeded in state to the great hall, where the deputies were already assembled.

Charles was at this time in the fifty-sixth year of his age. His form was slightly bent, — but it was by disease more than by time, — and on his countenance might be traced the marks of anxiety and rough exposure; yet it still wore that majesty of expression so conspicuous in his portraits by the inimitable pencil of Titian. His hair, once of a light color, approaching to yellow, had begun to turn before he was forty, and, as well as his beard, was now gray. His forehead was broad and expansive, his nose aquiline.

I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants ; and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches." "These," said the genius, "are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life."

I here fetched a deep sigh. "Alas," said I, "man was made in vain ! how is he given away to misery and mortality ! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death !" The genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity, but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it." I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it ; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers ; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to those happy seats ; but the genius told me there was no passage to them except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. "The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst

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[From the "Christmas Carol"]

THEN up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap, and make a goodly show for sixpence ; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also

less than forty. Four times he had crossed the Spanish seas, and eight times the Mediterranean. He had shrunk from no toil while he had the strength to endure it ; but a cruel malady had deprived him of that strength. Conscious of his inability to discharge the duties of his station, he had long since come to the resolution to relinquish it. From this he had been diverted only by the situation of his unfortunate parent and by the inexperience of his son. These objections no longer existed ; and he should not stand excused in the eye of Heaven or of the world if he should insist on still holding the reins of government when he was incapable of managing them, — when every year his incapacity must become more obvious.

He begged them to believe that this, and no other motive, induced him to resign the scepter which he had so long swayed. They had been to him dutiful and loving subjects, and such, he doubted not, they would prove to his successor. Above all things, he besought them to maintain the purity of the faith. If any one, in these licentious times, had admitted doubts into his bosom, let such doubts be extirpated at once. “I know well,” he concluded, “that, in my long administration, I have fallen into many errors and committed some wrongs. But it was from ignorance ; and, if there be any here whom I have wronged, they will believe that it was not intended, and grant me their forgiveness.”

While the Emperor was speaking, a breathless silence pervaded the whole audience. Charles had ever been dear to the people of the Netherlands, — the land of his birth. They took a national pride in his achievements, and felt that his glory reflected a peculiar luster on themselves. As they now gazed for the last time on that revered form, and listened to the parting admonitions from his lips, they were deeply affected, and not a dry eye was to be seen in the assembly.

After a short interval, Charles, turning to Philip, who, in an attitude of deep respect, stood awaiting his commands, thus addressed him : “If the vast possessions which are now bestowed

on you had come by inheritance, there would be abundant cause for gratitude. How much more when they come as a free gift in the lifetime of your father ! But, however large the debt, I shall consider it all repaid if you only discharge your duty to your subjects. So rule over them that men shall commend and not censure me for the part I am now acting. Go on as you have begun. Fear God ; live justly ; respect the laws ; above all, cherish the interests of religion ; and may the Almighty bless you with a son to whom, when old and stricken with disease, you may be able to resign your kingdom with the same good will with which I now resign mine to you."

As he ceased, Philip, much affected, would have thrown himself at his father's feet, assuring him of his intention to do all in his power to merit such goodness ; but Charles, raising his son, tenderly embraced him, while the tears flowed fast down his cheeks. Every one, even the most stoical, was touched by this affecting scene ; "and nothing," says one who was present, "was to be heard throughout the hall but sobs and ill-suppressed moans." Charles, exhausted by his efforts, and deadly pale, sank back upon his seat ; while, with feeble accents, he exclaimed, as he gazed on his people, "God bless you ! God bless you !"

After these emotions had somewhat subsided, Philip arose, and, delivering himself in French, briefly told the deputies of the regret which he felt at not being able to address them in their native language, and to assure them of the favor and high regard in which he held them. This would be done for him by the Bishop of Arras.

This was Anthony Perrennot, better known as Cardinal Granvelle, son of the famous minister of Charles the Fifth, and destined himself to a still higher celebrity as the minister of Philip the Second. In clear and fluent language, he gave the deputies the promise of their new sovereign to respect the laws and liberties of the nation ; invoking them, on his behalf, to aid him with their counsels, and, like royal vassals, to maintain the authority of the

law in his dominions. After a suitable response from the deputies, filled with sentiments of regret for the loss of their late monarch, and with those of loyalty to their new one, the Regent Mary formally abdicated her authority, and the session closed. So ended a ceremony which, considering the importance of its consequences, the character of the actors, and the solemnity of the proceedings, is one of the most remarkable in history. That the crown of the monarch is lined with thorns, is a trite maxim ; and it requires no philosophy to teach us that happiness does not depend on station. Yet, numerous as are the instances of those who have waded to a throne through seas of blood, there are but few who, when they have once tasted the sweets of sovereignty, have been content to resign them ; still fewer who, when they have done so, have had the philosophy to conform to their change of condition, and not to repent it. Charles, as the event proved, was one of these few.

On the sixteenth day of January, 1556, in the presence of such of the Spanish nobility as were at the court, he executed the deeds by which he ceded the sovereignty of Castile and Aragon, with their dependencies, to Philip.

The last act that remained for him to perform was to resign the crown of Germany in favor of his brother Ferdinand. But this he consented to defer for some time longer, at the request of Ferdinand himself, who wished to prepare the minds of the electoral college for this unexpected transfer of the imperial scepter. But, while Charles consented to retain for the present the title of Emperor, the real power and the burden of sovereignty would remain with Ferdinand.

At the time of abdicating the throne of the Netherlands, Charles was still at war with France. He had endeavored to negotiate a permanent peace with that country ; and, although he failed in this, he had the satisfaction, on the 5th of February, 1556, to arrange a truce for five years, which left both powers in the possession of their respective conquests. In the existing state of

these conquests, the truce was by no means favorable to Spain. But Charles would have made even larger concessions, rather than leave the legacy of a war to his less experienced successor.

Having thus completed all his arrangements, by which the most powerful prince of Europe descended to the rank of a private gentleman, Charles had no longer reason to defer his departure ; and he proceeded to the place of embarkation. He was accompanied by a train of Flemish courtiers, and by the foreign ambassadors, to the latter of whom he warmly commended the interests of his son. A fleet of fifty-six sail was riding at anchor in the port of Flushing, ready to transport him and his retinue to Spain. From the imperial household, consisting of seven hundred and sixty-two persons, he selected a hundred and fifty as his escort ; and accompanied by his sisters, after taking an affectionate farewell of Philip, whose affairs detained him in Flanders, on the 17th of September he sailed from the harbor of Flushing.

The passage was a boisterous one ; and Charles, who suffered greatly from his old enemy the gout, landed, in a feeble state, at Laredo, in Biscay, on the 28th of the month. Scarcely had he left the vessel when a storm fell with fury on the fleet, and did some mischief to the shipping in the harbor. The pious Spaniard saw in this the finger of Providence, which had allowed no harm to the squadron till its royal freight had been brought safely to the shore.

On landing, Charles complained, and with some reason, of the scanty preparations that had been made for him. Philip had written several times to his sister, the regent, ordering her to have everything ready for the Emperor on his arrival. Joanna had accordingly issued her orders to that effect. But promptness and punctuality are not virtues of the Spaniard. Some apology may be found for their deficiency in the present instance ; as Charles himself had so often postponed his departure from the Low Countries, that, when he did come, the people were, in a

manner, taken by surprise. That the neglect was not intentional, is evident from their subsequent conduct.

Charles, whose weakness compelled him to be borne in a litter, was greeted everywhere on the road like a sovereign returning to his dominions. At Burgos, which he entered amidst the ringing of bells and a general illumination of the town, he passed three days, experiencing the hospitalities of the great constable, and receiving the homage of the Northern lords, as well as of the people, who thronged the route by which he was to pass. At Torquemada, among those who came to pay their respects to their former master was Gasca, the good president of Peru. He had been sent to America to suppress the insurrection of Gonzalo Pizarro, and restore tranquillity to the country. In the execution of this delicate mission he succeeded so well that the Emperor, on his return, had raised him to the see of Plasencia; and the excellent man now lived in his diocese, where, in the peaceful discharge of his episcopal functions, he probably enjoyed far greater contentment than he could have derived from the dazzling but difficult post of an American viceroy.

From Torquemada, Charles slowly proceeded to Valladolid, where his daughter, the Regent Joanna, was then holding her court. Preparations were made for receiving him in a manner suited to his former rank. But Charles positively declined these honors, reserving them for his two sisters, the queens of France and Hungary, who accordingly made their entrance into the capital in great state, on the day following that on which their royal brother had entered it with the simplicity of a private citizen.

He remained here some days, in order to recover from the fatigue of his journey; and although he took no part in the festivities of the court, he gave audience to his ancient ministers, and to such of the Castilian grandees as were eager to render him their obeisance. At the court he had also the opportunity of seeing his grandson Carlos, the heir of the monarchy; and his quick eye, it is said, in this short time saw enough in the prince's deportment to fill him with ominous forebodings.

Charles prolonged his stay fourteen days in Valladolid, during which time his health was much benefited by the purity and the dryness of the atmosphere. On his departure, his royal sisters would have borne him company, and even have fixed their permanent residence near his own. But to this he would not consent; and taking a tender farewell of every member of his family, — as one who was never to behold them again, — he resumed his journey. He took with him a number of followers, mostly menials, to wait on his person.

The place he had chosen for his retreat was the monastery of Yuste, in the Province of Estremadura, not many miles from Plasencia. On his way thither he halted near three months at Jaramilla, the residence of the Count of Oropesa, waiting there for the completion of some repairs that were going on in the monastery, as well as for the remittance of a considerable sum of money, which he was daily expecting. This he required chiefly to discharge the arrears due to some of his old retainers; and the failure of the remittance has brought some obloquy on Philip, who could so soon show himself unmindful of his obligations to his father. But the blame should rather be charged on Philip's ministers than on Philip, absent as he was at that time from the country, and incapable of taking personal cognizance of the matter. Punctuality in his pecuniary engagements was a virtue to which neither Charles nor Philip — the masters of the Indies — could at any time lay claim. But the imputation of parsimony, or even indifference, on the part of the latter, in his relations with his father, is fully disproved by the subsequent history of that monarch at the convent of Yuste.

This place had attracted his eye many years before, when on a visit to that part of the country, and he had marked it for his future residence. The convent was tenanted by monks of the strictest order of St. Jerome. But, however strict in their monastic rule, the good fathers showed much taste in the selection of their ground, as well as in the embellishment of it. It lay in a wild,

romantic country, embosomed among hills that stretch along the northern confines of Estremadura. The building, which was of great antiquity, had been surrounded by its inmates with cultivated gardens, and with groves of orange, lemon, and myrtle, whose fragrance was tempered by the refreshing coolness of the waters that gushed forth in abundance from the rocky sides of the hills. It was a delicious retreat; and by its calm seclusion, and the character of its scenery, was well suited to withdraw the mind from the turmoil of the world, and dispose it to serious meditation. Here the monarch, after a life of restless ambition, proposed to spend the brief remainder of his days, and dedicate it to the salvation of his soul. He could not, however, as the event proved, close his heart against all sympathy with mankind, nor refuse to take some part in the great questions which then agitated the world.

A CHASE IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

[From "The Pilot"]

AN involuntary cry of pleasure burst from the lips of Katherine, as she followed his directions, and first beheld the frigate through the medium of the fluctuating colors of the morning. The undulating outlines of the lazy ocean, which rose and fell heavily against the bright boundary of the heavens, was without any relief to distract the eye as it fed eagerly on the beauties of the solitary ship. She was riding sluggishly on the long seas, with only two of her lower and smaller sails spread, to hold her in command; but her tall masts and heavy yards were painted against the fiery sky in strong lines of deep black, while even the smallest cord in the mazes of her rigging might be distinctly traced, stretching from spar to spar with the beautiful accuracy of a picture. At moments, when her huge hull rose on a billow, and was lifted against the background

of sky, its shape and dimensions were brought into view ; but these transient glimpses were soon lost as it settled into the trough, leaving the waving spars bowing gracefully toward the waters, as if about to follow the vessel into the bosom of the deep. As a clearer light gradually stole on the senses, the delusion of colors and distance vanished together, and when a flood of day preceded the immediate appearance of the sun, the ship became plainly visible within a mile of the cutter, her black hull checkered with ports, and her high, tapering masts exhibiting their proper proportions and hues.

* * * * *

"The fog rises !" cried Griffith ; "give us but the wind for an hour, and we shall run her out of gunshot."

"These nineties are very fast off the wind," returned the captain, in a low tone, that was intended only for the ears of his first lieutenant and the pilot ; "and we shall have a struggle for it."

The quick eye of the stranger was glancing over the movements of his enemy, while he answered : —

"He finds we have the heels of him already ! he is making ready, and we shall be fortunate to escape a broadside ! Let her yaw a little, Mr. Griffith ; touch her lightly with the helm ; if we are raked, sir, we are lost !"

The captain sprang on the taffrail of his ship with the activity of a younger man, and in an instant he perceived the truth of the other's conjecture.

Both vessels now ran for a few minutes, keenly watching each other's motions, like two skillful combatants ; the English ship making slight deviations from the line of her course, and then, as her movements were anticipated by the other, turning as cautiously in the opposite direction, until a sudden and wide sweep of her huge bows told the Americans plainly on which tack to expect her. Captain Munson made a silent but impressive gesture with his arm, as if the crisis were too important for speech, which indicated to the

watchful Griffith the way he wished the frigate sheered, to avoid the weight of the impending danger. Both vessels whirled swiftly up to the wind, with their heads towards the land; and as the huge black side of the three-decker, checkered with its triple batteries, frowned full upon her foe, it belched forth a flood of fire and smoke, accompanied by a bellowing roar, that mocked the surly moanings of the sleeping ocean. The nerves of the bravest man in the frigate contracted their fibers as the hurricane of iron hurtled by them, and each eye appeared to gaze in stupid wonder, as if tracing the flight of the swift engines of destruction. But the voice of Captain Munson was heard in the din, shouting, while he waved his hat earnestly in the required direction, "Meet her! meet her with the helm, boy! meet her, Mr. Griffith, meet her!"

Griffith had so far anticipated this movement as to have already ordered the head of the frigate to be turned in its former course, when, struck by the unearthly cry of the last tones uttered by his commander, he bent his head, and beheld the venerable seaman driven through the air, his hat still waving, his gray hair floating in the wind, and his eye set in the wild look of death.

* * * * *

The ship which the American frigate had now to oppose was a vessel of near her own size and equipage; and when Griffith looked at her again, he perceived that she had made her preparations to assert her equality in manful fight.

Her sails had been gradually reduced to the usual quantity, and, by certain movements on her decks, the lieutenant and his constant attendant, the pilot, well understood that she only wanted to lessen her distance a few hundred yards to begin the action.

"Now spread everything," whispered the stranger.

Griffith applied the trumpet to his mouth, and shouted, in a voice that was carried even to his enemy, "Let fall — out with your booms — sheet home — hoist away of everything!"

The inspiring cry was answered by a universal bustle. Fifty men

flew out on the dizzy heights of the different spars, while broad sheets of canvas rose as suddenly along the masts, as if some mighty bird were spreading its wings. The Englishman instantly perceived his mistake, and he answered the artifice by a roar of artillery. Griffith watched the effects of the broadside with an absorbing interest as the shot whistled above his head ; but when he perceived his masts untouched, and the few unimportant ropes only that were cut, he replied to the uproar with a burst of pleasure.

A few men were, however, seen clinging with wild frenzy to the cordage, dropping from rope to rope, like wounded birds fluttering through a tree, until they fell heavily into the ocean, the sullen ship sweeping by them in a cold indifference. At the next instant the spars and masts of their enemy exhibited a display of men similar to their own, when Griffith again placed the trumpet to his mouth, and shouted aloud, " Give it to them ; drive them from their yards, boys ; scatter them with your grape : unreeve their rigging ! "

The crew of the American wanted but little encouragement to enter on this experiment with hearty good will, and the close of his cheering words was uttered amid the deafening roar of his own cannon. The pilot had, however, mistaken the skill and readiness of their foe ; for, notwithstanding the disadvantageous circumstances under which the Englishman increased his sail, the duty was steadily and dexterously performed.

The two ships were now running rapidly on parallel lines, hurling at each other their instruments of destruction with furious industry, and with severe and certain loss to both, though with no manifest advantage in favor of either. Both Griffith and the pilot witnessed with deep concern this unexpected defeat of their hopes ; for they could not conceal from themselves that each moment lessened their velocity through the water, as the shot of the enemy stripped the canvas from the yards, or dashed aside the lighter spars in their terrible progress.

" We find our equal here," said Griffith to the stranger. " The

ninety is heaving up again like a mountain ; and if we continue to shorten sail at this rate, she will soon be down upon us ! ”

“ You say true, sir,” returned the pilot, musing ; “ the man shows judgment as well as spirit ; but — ”

He was interrupted by Merry, who rushed from the forward part of the vessel, his whole face betokening the eagerness of his spirit and the importance of his intelligence.

“ The breakers ! ” he cried, when nigh enough to be heard amid the din ; “ we are running dead on a ripple, and the sea is white not two hundred yards ahead.”

The pilot jumped on a gun, and bending to catch a glimpse through the smoke, he shouted, in those close, clear, piercing tones that could be even heard among the roaring of the cannon : —

“ Port, port your helm ! we are on the Devil’s Grip ! Pass up the trumpet, sir ; port your helm, fellow ; give it them, boys — give it to the proud English dogs ! ”

Griffith unhesitatingly relinquished the symbol of his rank, fastening his own firm look on the calm but quick eye of the pilot, and gathering assurance from the high confidence he read in the countenance of the stranger. The seamen were too busy with their cannon and their rigging to regard the new danger ; and the frigate entered one of the dangerous passes of the shoals, in the heat of a severely contested battle. The wondering looks of a few of the older sailors glanced at the sheets of foam that flew before them, in doubt whether the wild gambols of the waves were occasioned by the shot of the enemy, when suddenly the noise of cannon was succeeded by the sullen wash of the disturbed element, and presently the vessel glided out of her smoky shroud, and was boldly steering in the center of the narrow passages.

For ten breathless minutes longer the pilot continued to hold an uninterrupted sway, during which the vessel ran swiftly by ripples and breakers, by streaks of foam and darker passages of deep water, when he threw down his trumpet, and exclaimed : —

“ What threatened to be our destruction has proved our salvation.

Keep yonder hill crowned with wood, one point open from the church tower at its base, and steer east by north ; you will run through these shoals on that course in an hour, and by so doing you will gain five leagues of your enemy, who will have to double their trail." . . .

Every officer in the ship, after the breathless suspense of uncertainty had passed, rushed to those places where a view might be taken of their enemies. The ninety was still steering boldly onward, and had already approached the two-and-thirty, which lay a helpless wreck, rolling on the unruly seas, that were rudely tossing her on their wanton billows. The frigate last engaged was running along the edge of the ripple, with her torn sails flying loosely in the air, her ragged spars tottering in the breeze, and everything above her hull exhibiting the confusion of a sudden and unlooked-for check to her progress. The exulting taunts and mirthful congratulations of the seamen, as they gazed at the English ships, were, however, soon forgotten in the attention that was required to their own vessel. The drums beat the retreat, the guns were lashed, the wounded again removed, and every individual able to keep the deck was required to lend his assistance in repairing the damages of the frigate and securing her masts.

The promised hour carried the ship safely through all the dangers, which were much lessened by daylight ; and by the time the sun had begun to fall over the land, Griffith, who had not quitted the deck during the day, beheld his vessel once more cleared of the confusion of the chase, and ready to meet another foe.

THE FAMOUS TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS

LORD MACAULAY

[From the "Essay on Warren Hastings"]

IN the meantime the preparations for the trial had proceeded rapidly, and on the 13th of February, 1788, the sittings of the court commenced. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more gorgeous with jewelry and cloth-of-gold, more attractive to grown-up children, than that which was then exhibited at Westminster ; but perhaps there never was a spectacle so well calculated to strike a highly cultivated, a reflecting, an imaginative mind. All the various kinds of interest which belong to the near and to the distant, to the present and to the past, were collected on one spot and in one hour. All the talents and all the accomplishments which are developed by liberty and civilization were now displayed, with every advantage that could be derived both from coöperation and from contrast. Every step in the proceedings carried the mind either backward, through many troubled centuries, to the days when the foundations of our Constitution were laid ; or far away, over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars, worshipping strange gods, and writing strange characters from right to left. The High Court of Parliament was to sit, according to forms handed down from the days of the Plantagenets, on an Englishman accused of exercising tyranny over the lord of the holy city of Benares and over the ladies of the princely house of Oude.

The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, — the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall

where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The avenues were lined with grenadiers. The streets were kept clear by cavalry. The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshaled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms. The judges, in their vestments of state, attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords, three fourths of the Upper House as the Upper House then was, walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The junior baron present led the way, Lord Heathfield, recently ennobled for his memorable defense of Gibraltar against the fleets and armies of France and Spain. The long procession was closed by the Duke of Norfolk, earl marshal of the realm, by the great dignitaries, and by the brothers and sons of the King. Last of all came the Prince of Wales, conspicuous by his fine person and noble bearing. The gray old walls were hung with scarlet. The long galleries were crowded by an audience such as has rarely excited the fears or the emulation of an orator. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art. There were seated round the Queen the fair-haired young daughters of the house of Brunswick. There the ambassadors of great kings and commonwealths gazed with admiration on a spectacle which no other country in the world could present. There Siddons, in the prime of her majestic beauty, looked with emotion on a scene surpassing all the imitations of the stage. There the historian of the Roman Empire thought of the days when Cicero pleaded the cause of Sicily against Verres, and when, before a senate which still retained some show of freedom, Tacitus thundered against the oppressor of Africa. There were seen, side by side, the greatest painter and the greatest scholar of the age. The spectacle had lured Reynolds from that easel which has preserved to us the thoughtful foreheads of so many writers and statesmen,

and the sweet smiles of so many noble matrons. It had induced Parr to suspend his labors in that dark and profound mine from which he had extracted a vast treasure of erudition. There were the members of that brilliant society which quoted, criticised, and exchanged repartees under the rich peacock hangings of Mrs. Montague. And there the ladies whose lips, more persuasive than those of Fox himself, had carried the Westminster election against palace and treasury, shone round Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

The sergeants made proclamation. Hastings advanced to the bar, and bent his knee. The culprit was, indeed, not unworthy of that great presence. He had ruled an extensive and populous country, had made laws and treaties, had sent forth armies, had set up and pulled down princes; and in his high place he had so borne himself that all had feared him, that most had loved him, and that hatred itself could deny him no title to glory except virtue. He looked like a great man, and not like a bad man. A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect, a high and intellectual forehead, a brow pensive but not gloomy, a mouth of inflexible decision, a face pale and worn, but serene, on which was written, as legibly as under the picture in the council-chamber at Calcutta, *Mens æqua in arduis*, — such was the aspect with which the great proconsul presented himself to his judges.

His counsel accompanied him, — men all of whom were afterwards raised by their talents and learning to the highest posts in their profession.

But neither the culprit nor his advocates attracted so much notice as the accusers. In the midst of the blaze of red drapery a space had been fitted up with green benches and tables for the Commons. The managers, with Burke at their head, appeared in full dress. The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox, generally so regardless of his appearance, had paid to

the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword. Pitt had refused to be one of the conductors of the impeachment, and his commanding, copious, and sonorous eloquence was wanting to that great muster of various talents. Age and blindness had unfitted Lord North for the duties of a public prosecutor; and his friends were left without the help of his excellent sense, his tact, and his urbanity. But in spite of the absence of these two distinguished members of the Lower House, the box in which the managers stood contained an array of speakers such as perhaps had not appeared together since the great age of Athenian eloquence. There were Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides. There was Burke, ignorant indeed, or negligent, of the art of adapting his reasonings and his style to the capacity and taste of his hearers, but in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. There, with eyes reverentially fixed on Burke, appeared the finest gentleman of the age, his form developed by every manly exercise, his face beaming with intelligence and spirit, — the ingenious, the chivalrous, the high-souled Windham. Nor, though surrounded by such men, did the youngest manager pass unnoticed. At an age when most of those who distinguish themselves in life are still contending for prizes and fellowships at college, he had won for himself a conspicuous place in Parliament. No advantage of fortune or connection was wanting that could set off to the height his splendid talents and his unblemished honor. The charges and the answers of Hastings were first read. The ceremony occupied two whole days, and was rendered less tedious than it would otherwise have been by the silver voice and just emphasis of Cowper, the clerk of the court, a near relation of the amiable poet. On the third day Burke rose. Four sittings were occupied by his opening speech, which was intended to be a general introduction to all the charges. With an exuberance of thought and a splendor of diction which more than satisfied the highly raised expectation of the audience,

he described the character and institutions of the natives of India, recounted the circumstances in which the Asiatic empire of Britain had originated, and set forth the constitution of the company and of the English presidencies. Having thus attempted to communicate to his hearers an idea of Eastern society as vivid as that which existed in his own mind, he proceeded to arraign the administration of Hastings as systematically conducted in defiance of morality and public law. The energy and pathos of the great orator extorted expressions of unwonted admiration from the stern and hostile chancellor, and for a moment seemed to pierce even the resolute heart of the defendant. The ladies in the galleries, unaccustomed to such displays of eloquence, excited by the solemnity of the occasion, and perhaps not unwilling to display their taste and sensibility, were in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Handkerchiefs were pulled out, smelling bottles were handed round, hysterical sobs and screams were heard, and Mrs. Sheridan was carried out in a fit. At length the orator concluded. Raising his voice till the old arches of Irish oak resounded, "Therefore," said he, "hath it with all confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, that I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons' House of Parliament, whose trust he has betrayed. I impeach him in the name of the English nation, whose ancient honor he has sullied. I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden underfoot, and whose country he has turned into a desert. Lastly, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every age, in the name of every rank, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of all!"

When the deep murmur of various emotions had subsided, Mr. Fox rose to address the Lords respecting the course of proceeding to be followed. The wish of the accusers was that the court would bring to a close the investigation of the first charge before the second was opened. The wish of Hastings, and of his counsel, was that the managers should open all the charges, and produce

all the evidence for the prosecution, before the defense began. The Lords retired to their own House to consider the question. The division showed which way the inclination of the tribunal leaned. A majority of near three to one decided in favor of the course for which Hastings contended.

When the court sat again, Mr. Fox, assisted by Mr. Grey, opened the charge respecting Cheyte Sing, and several days were spent in reading papers and hearing witnesses. The next article was that relating to the Princesses of Oude. The conduct of this part of the case was intrusted to Sheridan. The curiosity of the public to hear him was unbounded. His sparkling and highly finished declamation lasted two days, but the hall was crowded to suffocation during the whole time. It was said that fifty guineas had been paid for a single ticket.

June was now far advanced. The session could not last much longer, and the progress which had been made in the impeachment was not very satisfactory. There were twenty charges. On two only of these had even the case for the prosecution been heard, and it was now a year since Hastings had been admitted to bail.

The interest taken by the public in the trial was great when the court began to sit, and rose to the height when Sheridan spoke on the charge relating to the Begums. From that time the excitement went down fast. The spectacle had lost the attraction of novelty. The great displays of rhetoric were over.

WRITTEN EXERCISES

Write a biographical sketch of the following authors, one or more selections from whose works we have read:—

1. JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. 2. CHARLES DICKENS. 3. WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT. 4. JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

ADDITIONAL PROSE SELECTIONS FOR STUDY

Bulwer's *Siege of Granada*; Wirt's *Blind Preacher*; Dickens's *Death of Little Paul Dombey* (*Dombey and Son*, chap. xvi.), *The Tempest* (*David Copperfield*, chap. lv.), *Death of Little Nell* (*Old Curiosity Shop*, chaps. lxxi., lxxii.); Motley's *Abdication of Charles V.* (*Dutch Republic*, vol. i.), *Sir Philip Sidney* (*United Netherlands*, vols. i. and ii.), *Battle of Ivry* (*Netherlands*, vol. iii.); Prescott's *Battle of Lepanto* (*Philip II.*), *Last Triumph of the Inca* (*Conquest of Peru*); Bancroft's description of the battle of Bunker Hill; Cooper's *Battle between the Ariel and the Alacrity* (*Pilot*).

CHAPTER VI

OUTLINE COURSE OF STUDY IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

"It is better to have a thorough acquaintance with one writer's works, than a superficial knowledge of the writings of many authors."—ARTHUR GILMAN.

"There is a growing conviction that much time is wasted in the class room by attempting to learn about too many authors."—TRUMAN J. BACKUS.

"The number of authors is of very little consequence in comparison with the thoroughness and completeness of the work done."—H. H. MORGAN.

GENERAL PLAN OF STUDY

AFTER the pupil has been drilled by the study of a number of simple prose and poetical selections, and is prepared to enter upon the study of an author in detail, some general plan should be adopted by the teacher in order properly to balance his work. In mapping out a proposed course of study, we submit the following general plan:—

- I. A course of study based upon the study of the texts of a few representative authors.
- II. Collateral study.
- III. Manual study.
- IV. Essays on general topics.
- V. Essays on special topics.
- VI. Supplementary reading.

I. — REPRESENTATIVE AUTHORS

The authors who have been selected as representatives of our literature are : —

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| I. LONGFELLOW. | IX. HOLMES. |
| II. IRVING. | X. SCOTT. |
| III. WHITTIER. | XI. TENNYSON. |
| IV. GOLDSMITH. | XII. ADDISON. |
| V. BRYANT. | XIII. BYRON. |
| VI. GRAY. | XIV. COWPER. |
| VII. HAWTHORNE. | XV. SHAKESPEARE. |
| VIII. BURNS. | XVI. MILTON. |
| XVII. WORDSWORTH. | |

Authors for Additional Study

In addition to the preceding seventeen representative authors, the following classic writers may be studied as circumstances may permit. The relative order in which they may be taken up depends in a great measure upon the age and capabilities of the class. It has not been deemed advisable to consider in the book the lives of these authors, nor are any extended selections given, chiefly from lack of space.

- | | |
|----------|------------|
| BACON. | CHAUCER. |
| POPE. | DICKENS. |
| DRYDEN. | LOWELL. |
| SPENSER. | MACAULAY. |
| COOPER. | THACKERAY. |
| EMERSON. | PRESCOTT. |
| MOTLEY. | LAMB. |

There are several reasons why these authors have been chosen as the basis of a systematic course of instruction in English literature.

First, they are American and British classic authors.

Secondly, they represent every period in the history of our literature.

Thirdly, they are the most suitable and profitable for class-room purposes.

The order in which these authors have been arranged is somewhat arbitrary. It is generally admitted that the less difficult standard authors should be studied first. Beginning with Longfellow, Irving, and Whittier, the student is better prepared to appreciate the worth of Burns, Addison, and Goldsmith. Milton and Shakespeare will remain closed books to him who has not been well drilled in the less difficult authors.

It is not, of course, necessary that the order of our "Representative Authors," or any other particular order, should be rigidly followed. The arrangement in this book is such that the several authors may be taken up in any order that may be deemed best. The all-important point is to have a certain number of centers to work from,—a certain number of foundation stones to our building, a certain number of pegs on which to hang up our literary work.

The keynote to the whole is:—

Study systematically the texts of a few standard authors; that is, study authors,—what they have written, and not about them.

All the rest of our work should be made subordinate to this.

II. — COLLATERAL STUDY

In connection with the regular work on the representative authors, some time may, now and then, be given to reading certain selections from authors whose writings cannot be studied in detail in the present course. For instance, we cannot afford to devote much time to Dry-

AMERICAN

The authors who
of our literature are

- I. LOWELL
- II. IRVING
- III. WHITTIER
- IV. GOLDEN
- V. BROWN
- VI. COLE
- VII. HOWARD
- VIII. BAKER

In addition to the
following classic
The relative order
measure upon the
deemed advisable
are any extended

There are
chosen as
in English
First, the
Secondly
our literature

of both methods. Any one of the many excellent texts will answer every purpose, with some help from the teacher in arranging the subjects, omitting unnecessary important details, and harmonizing the whole by a selection of topics specially adapted to the needs of each class. A text-book on the history of English literature will prove useful as a work of reference, or a kind of compendium, to obtain facts concerning the life and times of authors, for dates, tables, historical data, and general information not otherwise easily obtained.¹

The following manuals are admirably adapted for classroom use : —

Lord Brooke's *Primer of English Literature*. Gilman's *First Steps in English Literature*. Brander Matthews's *Introduction to American Literature*. Brooks's *Primer of American Literature*.

IV.—ESSAYS ON GENERAL TOPICS

There are many points of general interest in English literature which may be selected as the subjects of essays. Each essay should be written by each member of the class at the same time, and should be read and discussed at a given date. Instead of written essays, the same object may be accomplished by familiar talks or discussions. It is not expected, nor to be desired, that the young student should write an elaborate essay, or discuss profoundly these subjects; but one thing is sure, — that, with judicious and kindly advice and tact on the part of the teacher, many important facts can be brought out by these topics.

A text-book amplified by the intelligent pupil, under the direction of the teacher, becomes a means of exciting discussion, of giving life to the study, of stimulating thought in a most agreeable way, and of begetting energy in the study." — GILMAN'S *First Steps in English Literature*.

den or Pope in our formal course: yet, with an advanced class, time could be spared, perhaps, for "Alexander's Feast," or "Essay on Man." A few recitations devoted to the "Vicar of Wakefield," or selections from Charles Dickens, will do much to relieve the monotony of everyday routine work.

Examples. — 1. Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*. 2. Collins's *Ode to Evening*. 3. Wordsworth's *Intimations of Immortality*. 4. Keats's *Eve of St. Agnes*. 5. Shelley's *Skylark*. 6. Selections from *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Vicar of Wakefield*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and Thomson's *Seasons*. 7. Selections from Dickens and Charles Lamb.

III. — MANUAL STUDY

In addition to the study of a few representative authors, the pupil should have some acquaintance with the *history* of English literature as a whole, — its origin, growth, and gradual development. To this should be added a critical study of the various influences which have molded the opinions and modified the literary career of the great writers of any particular period.¹

The student may thus become familiar with the leading points in the history of our literature by occasional lessons from some manual, by oral instruction, or by a combina-

¹ "A very attractive and instructive way of studying literature is to select some great book or some great author as a nucleus round which to group one's knowledge of the writers of a period. If, for example, one studies that universally delightful book, Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' and follows up the clues which its perusal suggests, a very competent knowledge of a large part of the literature of the eighteenth century may be acquired.

"Few more interesting literary studies could be suggested than, taking Shakespeare as a center, to mark wherein he differed from his predecessors and contemporaries, how far he availed himself of what they had done, how far he influenced them, and how far he was influenced by them, and to trace the whole course of the Elizabethan drama from its first dim drawings to its melancholy but not inglorious close." — HENRY J. NICOLL.

tion of both methods. Any one of the many excellent manuals will answer every purpose, with some help from the teacher in arranging the subjects, omitting unnecessary or unimportant details, and harmonizing the whole by a series of topics specially adapted to the needs of each class.

A text-book on the history of English literature will also prove useful as a work of reference, or a kind of commentary, to obtain facts concerning the life and times of minor authors, for dates, tables, historical data, and general information not otherwise easily obtained.¹

The following manuals are admirably adapted for classroom use :—

Stopford Brooke's *Primer of English Literature*. Gilman's *First Steps in English Literature*. Brander Matthews's *Introduction to American Literature*. Watkins's *Primer of American Literature*.

IV.—ESSAYS ON GENERAL TOPICS

There are many points of general interest in English literature which may be selected as the subjects of essays. These essays should be written by each member of the class at the same time, and should be read and discussed on a given date. Instead of written essays, the same object may be accomplished by familiar talks or discussions.

It is not expected, nor to be desired, that the young student should write an elaborate essay, or discuss profoundly these subjects ; but one thing is sure, — that, with a little kindly advice and tact on the part of the teacher, very many important facts can be brought out by these general topics.

¹ "The text-book amplified by the intelligent pupil, under the direction of the experienced teacher, becomes a means of exciting discussion, of giving life to the recitations, of stimulating thought in a most agreeable way, and of begetting enthusiasm for the study." — GILMAN'S *First Steps in English Literature*.

Examples. — 1. Anglo-Saxon literature and scholars. 2. Chaucer's place in English literature. 3. English reformers and martyrs. 4. English satire. 5. English humorists. 6. Novelists of the eighteenth century; nineteenth century. 7. Best allegories in prose and poetry. 8. King Alfred and his writings. 9. Period of English literature between Chaucer and Spenser. 10. Rise and progress of the English drama. 11. The Saxon element of our language. 12. English lyric poetry. 13. Famous letter writers. 14. The best sonnets. 15. Select English ballads. 16. The English Bible in English literature. 17. Some well-known hymns. 18. Women as contributors to English literature. 19. The best biographies in our literature. 20. Distinguishing characteristics of the Elizabethan period of English literature.

Illustration

OUTLINE FOR TOPIC NO. 18. — Twelve leading female writers; the time in which they lived; why they were famous. Who was Lady Montague? Lady Jane Grey? Hannah More, and her influence upon the times. Who was Fanny Burney? Maria Edgeworth? Mary Somerville? Mary Russell Mitford? Who wrote "Jane Eyre"? The famous female novelists of to-day, English and American. Mrs. Jameson? Who was Mrs. Browning? Who was "George Eliot"? Mrs. Mulock-Craik? Jean Ingelow? Mrs. H. B. Stowe? The leading female writers of America?

V. — ESSAYS ON SPECIAL TOPICS

In most of our schools, pupils are required to prepare and read before the class or school, at stated times, an essay or "composition" on some given subject. To the members of the class in English literature may be assigned at this time topics of a literary character which have a direct bearing upon the study. We give below a few subjects for illustration; others will readily suggest themselves.

Examples. — 1. Something about Wycliffe and his Bible. 2. In his happy old age, Chaucer reads his exquisite story of Griselda to a group of friends. 3. Imaginary interview between Spenser and Raleigh. 4. Shakespeare reads a play before Queen Elizabeth. 5. Milton's visit to Galileo. 6. The old miracle plays and moralities. 7. Historical value of "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," etc. 8. Dr. Johnson at Mrs. Thrale's tea table. 9. An even-

ing with Goldsmith in his attic. 10. Goldsmith and his friends at the club. 11. With Bunyan in prison at Bedford. 12. Charles Lamb and his friends. 13. The best works of fiction I have ever read. 14. Shall I read novels? 15. What I know of Dickens as a writer. 16. Some of my favorite books. 17. How I spent a day at Abbotsford, with Sir Walter Scott; at Farringford, with Tennyson; at Sunnyside, with Irving; at Oak Knolls, with Whittier. 18. A stroll through London streets with Dickens, during which he points out some of his original characters. 19. What the "Jessamy Bride" told me about Goldsmith. 20. Famous books written in prison.

NOTE.—For a list of topics, both general and special, see chap. xxiv.

VI.—SUPPLEMENTARY READING

It will add greatly to the interest and the profit of any course of study in English literature, to supplement the regular work by a judicious amount of additional or collateral reading. This supposes a practical knowledge of suitable books on the part of the teacher, and a taste for healthful reading on the part of the young student.

It is not necessary to read the whole of a book: certain parts which have a special bearing on the topic under consideration are sufficient. For instance, chap. xiii. of Boswell's *Life of Dr. Johnson* has an interesting account of Oliver Goldsmith; two chapters in Fields's "*Yesterdays with Authors*" have delightful pen pictures of Dickens and Hawthorne; Irving's "*Visit to Abbotsford*" will naturally be read in connection with one of Scott's novels.

There are a few works, aside from formal text and reference books, easily found in most school and public libraries, and of special interest to the student who is disposed to supplement the work mapped out in this book by appropriate and suggestive reading.

EXAMPLES

Donald G. Mitchell's *About Old Story Tellers*; Kate Sanborn's *Home Pictures of English Poets*; Arvine's *Cyclopedia of Literary Anecdotes*; Fields's *Yesterdays with Authors*; Homes and Haunts of our (American) Elder Poets; Wolfe's *Literary Shrines*; A *Literary Pilgrimage*; Morse's *Life of Dr. Holmes*; Holmes's *Life of Emerson*; *Life of Motley*; Pickard's *Life of Whittier*; Harrison's *Early Victorian Literature*; Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare*.

NOTE. — One caution is necessary: Do not refer to many books. Consult only a few and well-chosen books, or parts of works. Let such select parts bear directly on the special subject under consideration.

VII.—SYLLABUS OF A COURSE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

The following course of study is intended to aid the student in mapping out his future work in English literature. It can be easily abridged or extended to meet the requirements of any particular class. For instance, if only one term is given to the subject, it would be useless to attempt to study the text of Shakespeare, Milton, or Byron. Under these circumstances, it would be advisable to select only five or six representative authors,¹ and study thoroughly one or more of their productions, devoting one recitation every week to reading *about* the other authors, writing essays, etc. If two terms are allowed for English literature, select ten authors, and arrange the rest of the work as before.

Two important things must be kept in mind in planning a course of study: first, *the time in hours, and recitations allowed for the subject*; and, secondly, *the age and capabilities of the class*.

¹ "The authors should be relatively few, and they should be representative. With our authors once decided upon, they should be grouped so as to bring together those who were contemporary, and we shall then be ready to state the

SYLLABUS

1.—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, 1807-1882

1. **Selections to Study.**—*Wreck of the Hesperus*; *Norman Baron*; *Village Blacksmith*; *Beleaguered City*; *Goblet of Life*; *Footsteps of Angels*; *The Reaper and the Flowers*; Sir Humphrey Gilbert; Building of the Ship; The Lighthouse; Phantom Ship; Children's Hour; Fire of Driftwood.

NOTE.—Titles of pieces printed in Italics indicate that the texts of such selections are given in this book.

2. **Collateral Study.**—Dickens's Christmas Carol. Selections from two of Dickens's novels. From David Copperfield: Ark at Yarmouth (chap. iii.), Little Em'ly (last third of chap. xxi.), The Tempest (chap. lv.). From Old Curiosity Shop: Death of the Little Scholar (chap. xxv.), The Old Sexton (chaps. liii. and liv.), Death and Burial of Little Nell (chaps. lxxi. and lxxii.).
3. **Manual Study.**—Three great writers of recent fiction: Charles Dickens, William M. Thackeray, George Eliot.
4. **Supplementary Reading.**—Samuel Longfellow's Life of Henry W. Longfellow; Austin's Longfellow: His Life, Works, and Friendships; Harrison's Early Victorian Literature; George Eliot's Silas Marner (Eclectic English Classics).

2.—WASHINGTON IRVING, 1783-1859

1. **Selections to Study.**—From The Sketch Book: *The Voyage*; *Christmas Eve*; *Return of Rip Van Winkle*; *Ichabod Crane in Search of a Sweetheart*; Rural Funerals; Mutability of Literature; The Widow and her Son; The Broken Heart; Westminster Abbey.
2. **Collateral Study.**—Selections from Prescott; Selections from Motley.
3. **Manual Study.**—American historians: Prescott, Motley, Bancroft.
4. **Supplementary Reading.**—C. D. Warner's Life of Irving.
5. **Editions.**—Selection from Irving's Sketch Book (Eclectic English Classics). Irving's Tales of a Traveler (Eclectic English Classics).

3.—JOHN G. WHITTIER, 1807-1892

1. **Selections to Study.**—*Gift of Tritemius*; *Frost Spirit*; *Lines on a Portrait*; *The Huskers*; Snow-bound; Skipper Ireson's Ride; Trust; Three Bells; Eternal Goodness.

influences at work in any era. When one has studied the representative authors of any period, the influences which affected the time in which they lived, and the influence which they exerted upon their own and subsequent times, he has properly studied literature."

2. **Collateral Study.** — Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography (Eclectic English Classics).
3. **Manual Study.** — Benjamin Franklin.
4. **Supplementary Reading.** — Pickard's Life of John G. Whittier; McMaster's Life of Benjamin Franklin.

4. — OLIVER GOLDSMITH, 1728-1774

1. **Selections to Study.** — *Deserted Village*; *Traveler*; Selections from Vicar of Wakefield.
2. **Collateral Study.** — Selections from Swift's Gulliver's Travels; Selections from De Foe's Robinson Crusoe (Eclectic School Readings).
3. **Manual Study.** — First great writers of fiction: De Foe, Richardson, Swift, Fielding, Sterne, Smollett, Dr. Johnson.
4. **Supplementary Reading.** — Irving's Life of Goldsmith; chap. xiii. of Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson; Macaulay's Essay on Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson (Eclectic English Classics).
5. **Editions.** — Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.

5. — WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, 1794-1878

1. **Selections to Study.** — *The White-footed Deer*; *To a Waterfowl*; *Death of the Flowers*; *Thanatopsis*; *Hymn to the North Star*; *Green River*; *Evening Wind*; *Crowded Street*; *Autumn Woods*; *Fringed Gentian*; *Summer Wind*; *The Past*; *Planting of the Apple Tree*.
2. **Collateral Study.** — Edgar A. Poe's *Raven*, *The Gold Bug*; Lowell's *Vision of Sir Launfal*.
3. **Manual Study.** — Edgar A. Poe, N. P. Willis, Fitz-Greene Halleck, James Russell Lowell.
4. **Supplementary Reading.** — John Bigelow's *Life of Bryant*; Symington's *Sketch of Bryant*; Woodberry's *Life of Poe*.
5. **Editions.** — Alden's *Studies in Bryant* (Select Poems).

6. — THOMAS GRAY, 1716-1771

1. **Selections to Study.** — *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*; *The Bard*; *Progress of Poesy*.
2. **Collateral Study.** — Macaulay's *Essay on Warren Hastings*; *Burke's Conciliation with American Colonies* (Eclectic English Classics); *Macaulay's Second Essay on Chatham* (Eclectic English Classics).
3. **Manual Study.** — Macaulay, Edmund Burke.
4. **Supplementary Reading.** — Gosse's *Life of Gray*.
5. **Editions.** — Gray's *Select Poems* (Eclectic English Classics).

7.—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, 1804-1864

1. **Selections to Study.**—From the Twice-Told Tales: *Little Annie's Ramble*; Gentle Boy; Sister Years; Edward Fane's Rosebud. From Mosses from an Old Manse: The Old House; A Select Party; Celestial Railroad; Intelligence Office; Earth's Holocaust. From Snow Image and Twice-Told Tales: Snow Image; Great Stone Face; Canterbury Pilgrims; Wives of the Dead; Little Daffydownilly.
2. **Collateral Study.**—Ralph Waldo Emerson's poem on Monadnoc; Essay on American Scholars, Self-reliance, and Compensation (Eclectic English Classics); Cooper's Pilot (Eclectic English Classics).
3. **Manual Study.**—James Fenimore Cooper, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Bayard Taylor, Henry Thoreau, Ralph Waldo Emerson.
4. **Supplementary Reading.**—Julian Hawthorne's Life of Hawthorne; Lounsbury's Life of James Fenimore Cooper.

8.—ROBERT BURNS, 1759-1796

1. **Selections to Study.**—*Cotter's Saturday Night*; To a Mouse; To a Mountain Daisy; Banks of Doon; *Highland Mary*; To Mary in Heaven.
2. **Collateral Study.**—Collins's Ode to Evening; Shelley's Skylark; Keats's Eve of St. Agnes.
3. **Manual Study.**—Collins, Shelley, Keats.
4. **Supplementary Reading.**—Shairp's Life of Burns; Carlyle's Essay on Burns (Eclectic English Classics).
5. **Editions.**—Burns's Select Poems (Eclectic English Classics).

9.—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1809-1894

1. **Selections to Study.**—*Last Leaf*; *My Aunt*; *Lexington*; Living Temple; Under the Violets; Chambered Nautilus; Old Ironsides; Stethoscope Song; Deacon's Masterpiece; Hymn of Trust; Voyage of the Good Ship Union; Union and Liberty.
2. **Collateral Study.**—Webster's Bunker Hill Monument Orations (Eclectic English Classics).
3. **Manual Study.**—Daniel Webster, John G. Saxe.
4. **Supplementary Reading.**—Morse's Life of Holmes; Holmes's Sketch of Motley.

10.—SIR WALTER SCOTT, 1771-1832

1. **Selections to Study.**—*Rosabelle*; *Lochinvar*; *Jeanie Deans pleading for her Sister's Life*, from Heart of Mid Lothian; *The Escape from the Cliffs*, from the Antiquary. Selections from Ivanhoe, Talisman, Kenilworth.

2. **Collateral Study.** — Campbell's *Battle of the Baltic*, and *Lochiel's Warning*.
3. **Manual Study.** — Thomas Campbell.
4. **Supplementary Reading.** — Hutton's *Life of Scott*; Donald G. Mitchell's *Old Story Tellers*.
5. **Editions.** — Scott's *Ivanhoe*; *Marmion*; *Lady of the Lake*; *The Abbot*; *Woodstock* (*Eclectic English Classics*).

11. — ALFRED TENNYSON, 1809-1892

1. **Selections to Study.** — *Dora*; *Lady Clare*; *Lord of Burleigh*; *In the Children's Hospital*; *Defense of Lucknow*; *Ulysses*; *Sir Galahad*; *Lotus Eaters*; *Morte D'Arthur*; *Enoch Arden*; *Death of the Old Year*; *St. Agnes' Eve*; *Sea Dreams*; *Lady of Shalott*; *Margaret*; *Blackbird*; *Godiva*; *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*; *Selections from Princess*.
2. **Collateral Study.** — Select Poems from Mrs. Browning; Select Poems from Robert Browning.
3. **Manual Study.** — Mrs. Browning, Robert Browning, Jean Ingelow.
4. **Supplementary Reading.** — Hallam Tennyson's *Life of Alfred Tennyson*; Van Dyke's *Poetry of Tennyson*; Fields's *Yesterdays with Authors*.
5. **Editions.** — Tennyson's *Princess* (*Eclectic English Classics*).

12. — JOSEPH ADDISON, 1672-1719

1. **Selections to Study.** — From the *Spectator*: *Vision of Mirza* (No. 159); *Sir Roger in the Country* (No. 106); *Sir Roger at Church* (No. 112); *Death of Sir Roger* (No. 517); *Sir Roger at Westminster Abbey* (No. 329); *On the Use of Time* (No. 93); *Immortality* (No. 111); *Laughter and Ridicule* (No. 249); *Tale of Marraton* (No. 50); *Dreams* (No. 487); *On the Idea of God* (No. 531); *Cheerfulness* (No. 381); *Time and Eternity* (No. 575).
2. **Collateral Study.** — Dryden's *Palamon and Arcite* (*Eclectic English Classics*); Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*; Pope's *Essay on Man and Rape of the Lock* (*Eclectic English Classics*).
3. **Manual Study.** — Dryden, Steele, Lady Montague, Pope.
4. **Supplementary Reading.** — Macaulay's *Essay on Addison* (*Eclectic English Classics*).
5. **Editions.** — *Sir Roger de Coverley Papers* (*Eclectic English Classics*).

13. — LORD BYRON, 1788-1824

1. **Selections to Study.** — *Prisoner of Chillon*. Selections from *Childe Harold*:
1. *Good Night* (Canto I.); 2. *Lake Lemn* (Canto III., stanza 85);

3. Waterloo (Canto III., stanza 21); 4. Gibbon and Voltaire (Canto III., stanza 105); 5. Venice (Canto IV., stanza 1); 6. A Woman's Grace (Canto IV., stanza 99); 7. Time (Canto IV., stanza 130); 8. Gladiator (Canto IV., stanza 140); 9. Apostrophe to the Ocean (Canto IV., stanza 179).
2. **Collateral Study.** — Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* (Eclectic English Classics).
3. **Manual Study.** — Coleridge, Robert Southey.
4. **Supplementary Reading.** — Macaulay's *Essay on Byron*; Southey's *Life of Nelson* (Eclectic English Classics).
5. **Editions.** — Byron's *Select Poems* (Eclectic English Classics).

14. — WILLIAM COWPER, 1731-1800

1. **Selections to Study.** — *On Receipt of my Mother's Picture*; John Gilpin; Alexander Selkirk; Religious Hymns.
2. **Collateral Study.** — Selections from Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*; Selections from Cowper's *Letters*.
3. **Manual Study.** — John Bunyan. *Great Historians*: Hume, Gibbon, Robertson.
4. **Supplementary Reading.** — Goldwin Smith's *Life of Cowper*; Macaulay's *Essay on Bunyan*.

15. — WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, 1564-1616

1. **Selections to Study.** — (See chap. xxi., p. 322.)
2. **Collateral Study.** — Selections from Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, and Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his own Humor*; Chaucer's *Prologue and Knight's Tale* (Eclectic English Classics).
3. **Manual Study.** — Chaucer. Elizabethan dramatists: Marlowe, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Ford, Webster.
4. **Supplementary Reading.** — Charles Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*; Mrs. Jameson's *Characteristics of Shakespeare's Women*; Hudson's *Life, Art, and Characters of Shakespeare*; Dowden's *Shakespeare Primer*; Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare*.
5. **Editions.** — Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*; *Twelfth Night*; *Merchant of Venice*; *Midsummer Night's Dream*; *As You Like It*; *Macbeth*; *Hamlet* (Eclectic English Classics).

16. — JOHN MILTON, 1608-1674

1. **Selections to Study** — *Lycidas*; *Comus*; I. *Allegro*; II. *Penseroso*.
2. **Collateral Study.** — Spenser's *Prothalamion*; Bacon's *Essays on Studies, Death, Goodness, Cunning*.

3. **Manual Study.** — Lord Bacon, Edmund Spenser. Great theologians: Isaac Barrow, Jeremy Taylor, Tillotson, South, Fuller.
4. **Supplementary Reading.** — Macaulay's Essay on Milton; W. E. Channing's Essay on Milton (Eclectic English Classics).
5. **Editions.** — Milton's L'Allegro; Il Penseroso; Comus; Lycidas (Eclectic English Classics). Milton's Paradise Lost, Book I. and II. (Eclectic English Classics).

17. — WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1770-1850

1. **Selections to Study.** — *Intimations of Immortality*; *Laodamia*; Tintern Abbey; Character of the Happy Warrior; Yarrow Visited.
2. **Collateral Study.** — Shelley's Cloud; Keats's Grecian Urn; Selections from Moore's Irish Melodies; De Quincey's Revolt of the Tartars (Eclectic English Classics).
3. **Manual Study.** — Keats, Shelley, Moore, Hood, Mrs. Hemans, De Quincey.
4. **Supplementary Reading.** — Charles Lamb's Essays of Elia; Shairp's Essay on Wordsworth; Barry Cornwall's Sketch of Charles Lamb; Myers's Life of Wordsworth; Hudson's Studies in Wordsworth.
5. **Editions.** — Wordsworth's Select Poems (Eclectic English Classics).

REPRESENTATIVE AUTHORS

"After the pupil has become familiar with the process, and can readily analyze the passages he reads with regard to the merit of the thought, the aptness of the expression, and the congruity of the parts, he may proceed to the eminent authors of our language, to whose writings a higher veneration is due. Here he would find it no longer necessary to follow step by step the process to which he had been trained; but the merit of the thought and the force of the expression would be perceived by him at a glance, just as an eye accustomed to the machinery of watches perceives the ingenious construction and the exquisite workmanship of a chronometer, without separating the parts." — WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

CHAPTER VII

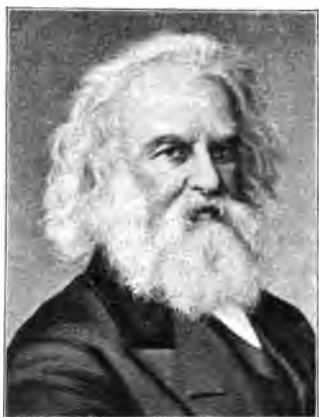
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, 1807-1882

"He has composed poems which will live as long as the language in which they are written." — JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

"His poetry expresses a universal sentiment, in the simplest and most melodious manner." — GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

IN the city of Cambridge, Mass., a few miles from Boston, lived one of America's most distinguished poets, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. This famous author was born in Portland, Me., in 1807, and graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825, in the same class with Nathaniel Hawthorne. Shortly after graduation, he was appointed professor of modern languages at Bowdoin College, and was allowed leave of absence to continue his studies in Europe. On his return, he entered upon the duties of his professorship, and in the meantime translated from the Spanish the "*Coplas de Manrique*," and furnished several articles

for the "North American Review." "Outre Mer" was his first original work, and was published in 1835. One year later, he was chosen professor of modern languages in Harvard University, and, before entering upon his duties, again went abroad, and was absent for two years.



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In 1839 appeared his romance "Hyperion," a book glowing with poetic thought, and instinct with poetic expression. In the same year was published "Voices of the Night," a collection of his most widely known poems. It contained "The Psalm of Life," "The Reaper and the Flowers," "The Beleaguered City," and other poems, which were very popular, and marked Longfellow as a poet of the first rank. The

publication of another volume of "Ballads and Other Poems," two years later, established his fame, including, as it did, "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "Excelsior," and "The Village Blacksmith."

He resigned his professorship in 1854, but continued to reside at Cambridge. For over a half century Longfellow was a most industrious contributor to American literature, and is universally recognized as one of the greatest and most popular poets of our time. He died in 1882. It has been said that "the poetry of Longfellow is a gospel of good will set to music. It has carried sweetness and light to

thousands of homes. It is blended with our holiest affections and our immortal hopes."

Longfellow resided in the "Craigie House," Cambridge, a mansion famous as being the headquarters of Washington during the Revolution. He was of medium height, well made, with no sign of age in figure or walk. His head and face were eminently poetic, his forehead broad, benignant, and full. The great charm of his face centered in his eyes; of an unclouded blue, deep set, under overhanging brows, they had an indescribable expression of thought and tenderness. Though seamed with many wrinkles, his face was rarely without the rosy hue of health, and appeared that of a much younger man, but for its frame of snow-white hair. Hair and whiskers were long, abundant, and wavy, and gave the poet the look of a patriarch.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands :
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms 5
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can, 10
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low. 15

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor. 20

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice. 25 30

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes. 35

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose. 40

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

45

THE BELEAGUERED CITY

I HAVE read, in some old, marvelous tale,
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of specters pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

5

White as a sea fog landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen ;
And with a sorrowful, deep sound,
The river flowed between.

10

No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum, nor sentry's pace :
The mistlike banners clasped the air,
As clouds with clouds embrace.

15

But, when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmed air.

20

Down the broad valley fast and far
The troubled army fled :
Up rose the glorious morning star,
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvelous heart of man, 25
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
In Fancy's misty light, 30
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle ground
The spectral camp is seen ;
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound, 35
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice, nor sound is there,
In the army of the grave ;
No other challenge breaks the air
But the rushing of Life's wave. 40

And when the solemn and deep church bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar 45
The spectral camp is fled ;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghastly fears are dead.

THE GOBLET OF LIFE

FILLED is Life's goblet to the brim ;
And though my eyes with tears are dim,
I see its sparkling bubbles swim,
And chant a melancholy hymn
With solemn voice and slow. 5

No purple flowers, no garlands green,
Conceal the goblet's shade or sheen,
Nor maddening draughts of Hippocrene,
Like gleams of sunshine, flash between
Thick leaves of mistletoe. 10

This goblet, wrought with curious art,
Is filled with waters that upstart
When the deep fountains of the heart,
By strong convulsions rent apart,
Are running all to waste. 15

And as it mantling passes round,
With fennel is it wreathed and crowned,
Whose seed and foliage sun-imbrowned
Are in its waters steeped and drowned,
And give a bitter taste. 20

Above the lowly plants it towers,
The fennel, with its yellow flowers,
And in an earlier age than ours
Was gifted with the wondrous powers
Lost vision to restore. 25

It gave new strength, and fearless mood ;
And gladiators, fierce and rude,
Mingled it in their daily food ;
And he who battled and subdued,
A wreath of fennel wore. 30

Then in Life's goblet freely press
The leaves that give it bitterness,
Nor prize the colored waters less,
For in thy darkness and distress
New light and strength they give !

35

And he who has not learned to know
How false its sparkling bubbles show,
How bitter are the drops of woe
With which its brim may overflow, —
He has not learned to live.

40

The prayer of Ajax was for light ;
Through all that dark and desperate fight,
The blackness of that noonday night,
He asked but the return of sight,
To see his foeman's face.

45

Let our unceasing, earnest prayer
Be, too, for light, — for strength to bear
Our portion of the weight of care
That crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race.

50

O suffering, sad humanity !
O ye afflicted ones, who lie
Steeped to the lips in misery,
Longing, and yet afraid to die,
Patient, though sorely tried !

55

I pledge you in this cup of grief,
Where floats the fennel's bitter leaf !
The Battle of our Life is brief,
The alarm, — the struggle, — the relief, —
Then sleep we side by side.

60

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS

WHEN the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight ;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted, 5
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire light
Dance upon the parlor wall ;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door ; 10
The belovèd, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more ;

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished, 15
Weary with the march of life !

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more ! 20

And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep 25
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

commissioned to make some translations from the Spanish, he took up his residence in Madrid. To this residence in Spain we are indebted for some of his most charming works, as, "Life of Columbus," "Conquest of Granada," "The Alhambra," "Mahomet and his Successors," and "Spanish Papers." He returned to America in 1832. During the next ten years were published "Astoria," "Adventures of Captain Bonneville," and "Wolfert's Roost." In 1842 Irving was appointed minister to Spain. His "Life of Goldsmith" was published four years later, after his return home. His last and most carefully written work was the "Life of Washington," in five volumes.

Irving's last years were spent at "Sunnyside," his delightful residence at Tarrytown on the Hudson, in the midst of the beautiful scenes which he has immortalized. Irving died Nov. 28, 1859, the same year with Prescott, the historian, and Macaulay. A friend who saw much of our author in his latter days thus describes him: "He had dark-gray eyes, a handsome straight nose which might perhaps be called large, a broad, high, full forehead, and a small mouth. I should call him of medium height, — about five feet and nine inches, — and inclined to be a trifle stout. His smile was exceedingly genial, lightening up his whole face, and rendering it very attractive; while, if he were about to say anything humorous, it would beam forth from his eyes even before his words were spoken."

In one of his charming "Easy Chair" essays, George William Curtis says, "Irving was as quaint a figure as the Diedrich Knickerbocker in the preliminary advertisement of the History of New York. Thirty years ago he might have been seen on an autumnal afternoon, tripping with an elastic step along Broadway, with low quartered shoes

neatly tied, and a Talma cloak, — a short garment like the cape of a coat. There was a chirping, cheery, old-school air in his appearance, which was undeniably Dutch, and most harmonious with the association of his writing. He seemed, indeed, to have stepped out of his own books; and the cordial grace and humor of his address, if he stopped for a passing chat, were delightfully characteristic. He was then our most famous man of letters, but he was simply free from all self-consciousness and assumption and dogmatism."

CHRISTMAS EVE

[From "Christmas Eve," in *The Sketch Book*]

As we approached the house we heard the sound of music, and now and then a burst of laughter from one end of the building. This, Bracebridge said, must proceed from the servants' hall, where a great deal of revelry was permitted, and even encouraged, by the Squire, throughout the twelve days of Christmas, provided everything was done conformably to ancient usage. Here were kept up the old games of hoodman blind, shoe the wild mare, hot cockles, steal the white loaf, bob apple, and snapdragon; the Yule clog and Christmas candle were regularly burned; and the mistletoe, with its white berries, hung up to the imminent peril of all the pretty housemaids.

So intent were the servants upon their sports, that we had to ring repeatedly before we could make ourselves heard. On our arrival being announced, the Squire came out to receive us, accompanied by his two other sons, — one a young officer in the army, home on leave of absence; the other an Oxonian, just from the university. The Squire was a fine, healthy-looking old gentleman, with silver hair curling lightly round an open, florid counte-

nance ; in which the physiognomist, with the advantage like myself of a previous hint or two, might discover a singular mixture of whim and benevolence.

The family meeting was warm and affectionate. As the evening was far advanced the Squire would not permit us to change our traveling dresses, but ushered us at once to the company, which was assembled in a large old-fashioned hall. It was composed of different branches of a numerous family connection, where there were the usual proportion of old uncles and aunts, comfortable married dames, superannuated spinsters, blooming country cousins, half-fledged striplings, and bright-eyed boarding-school hoidens. They were variously occupied : some at a round game of cards, others conversing around the fireplace ; at one end of the hall was a group of young folks, some nearly grown up, others of a more tender and budding age, fully engrossed by a merry game ; and a profusion of wooden horses, penny trumpets, and tattered dolls, about the floor, showed traces of a troop of little fairy beings, who, having frolicked through a happy day, had been carried off to slumber through a peaceful night.

While the mutual greetings were going on between young Bracebridge and his relatives, I had time to scan the apartment. I have called it a hall, for so it had certainly been in old times, and the Squire had evidently endeavored to restore it to something of its primitive state. Over the heavy projecting fireplace was suspended a picture of a warrior in armor, standing by a white horse, and on the opposite wall hung a helmet, buckler, and lance. At one end an enormous pair of antlers were inserted in the wall, the branches serving as hooks on which to suspend hats, whips, and spurs ; and in the corners of the apartment were fowling pieces, fishing rods, and other sporting implements. The furniture was of the cumbrous workmanship of former days ; though some articles of modern convenience had been added, and the oaken floor had been carpeted, so that the whole presented an odd mixture of parlor and hall.

The grate had been removed from the wide, overwhelming fireplace, to make way for a fire of wood, in the midst of which was an enormous log glowing and blazing, and sending forth a vast volume of light and heat ; this I understood was the Yule clog which the Squire was particular in having brought in and illumined on a Christmas eve according to ancient custom.

It was really delightful to see the old Squire seated in his hereditary elbow chair by the hospitable fireside of his ancestors, and looking around him like the sun of a system, beaming warmth and gladness to every heart. Even the very dog that lay stretched at his feet, as he lazily shifted his position and yawned, would look fondly up in his master's face, wag his tail against the floor, and stretch himself again to sleep, confident of kindness and protection. There is an emanation from the heart in genuine hospitality which cannot be described, but is immediately felt, and puts the stranger at once at his ease. I had not been seated many minutes by the comfortable hearth of the worthy old cavalier, before I found myself as much at home as if I had been one of the family.

Supper was announced shortly after our arrival. It was served up in a spacious oaken chamber, the panels of which shone with wax, and around which were several family portraits decorated with holly and ivy. Besides the accustomed lights, two great wax tapers, called Christmas candles, wreathed with green, were placed on a highly polished buffet among the family plate. The table was abundantly spread with substantial fare ; but the Squire made his supper of frumenty, a dish made of wheat cakes boiled in milk with rich spices, being a standing dish in old times for Christmas eve.

The supper had disposed every one to gayety, and an old harper was summoned from the servants' hall, where he had been strumming all the evening, and to all appearance comforting himself with some of the Squire's home-brewed. He was a kind of hanger-on, I was told, of the establishment, and, though ostensibly

a resident of the village, was oftener to be found in the Squire's kitchen than his own home : the old gentleman being fond of the sound of "harp in hall."

The dance, like most dances after supper, was a merry one ; some of the older folks joined in it, and the Squire himself figured down several couple with a partner with whom, he affirmed, he had danced at every Christmas for nearly half a century.

The party broke up for the night with the kind-hearted old custom of shaking hands. As I passed through the hall, on my way to my chamber, the dying embers of the Yule clog still sent forth a dusky glow ; and had it not been the season when "no spirit dares stir abroad," I should have been half tempted to steal from my room at midnight, and peep whether the fairies might not be at their revels about the hearth.

My chamber was in the old part of the mansion, the ponderous furniture of which might have been fabricated in the days of the giants. The room was paneled with cornices of heavy carved work, in which flowers and grotesque faces were strangely intermingled, and a row of black-looking portraits stared mournfully at me from the walls. The bed was of rich, though faded, damask with a lofty tester, and stood in a niche opposite a bow window. I had scarcely got into bed, when a strain of music seemed to break forth in the air just below the window. I listened, and found it proceeded from a band, which I concluded to be the waits from some neighboring village. They went round the house playing under the windows. I drew aside the curtains to hear them more distinctly. The moonbeams fell through the upper part of the casement, partially lighting up the antiquated apartments. The sounds as they receded became more soft and ærial, and seemed to accord with the quiet and moonlight. I listened and listened ; they became more and more tender and remote, and, as they gradually died away, my head sunk upon the pillow, and I fell asleep.

RETURN OF RIP VAN WINKLE

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Rip is an indolent, good-natured fellow, living in a village on the Hudson. While shooting among the Kaatskill Mountains he meets with a mysterious party engaged in rolling ninepins, drinks deeply of the liquor they furnish him, and falls into a deep sleep which lasts twenty years, during which the Revolutionary War takes place. After awaking, Rip returns to the village, which he finds busied with an election.

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He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears. He called loudly for his wife and children. The lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn; but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats; and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall, naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap; and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes. All this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, "GENERAL WASHINGTON."

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens — elections — members of Congress — liberty — Bunker's Hill — heroes of seventy-six — and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question, when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels; and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"—"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders. "A Tory! a Tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order, and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well, who are they? Name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in

the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war. Some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point ; others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know — he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand, — war — Congress — Stony Point. He had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain ; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

"God knows!" exclaimed he, at his wit's end ; "I'm not myself — I'm somebody else — that's me yonder — no — that's somebody else got into my shoes — I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain ; and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am."

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper also about securing the gun, and keeping the old

fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name; but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since,—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:—

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since. She broke a blood vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"young Rip Van Winkle once, old Rip Van Winkle now!—Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed: "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor! Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues

in their cheeks ; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head, — upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years with his crew of the Half-moon ; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain ; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her. She had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm ; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits. He soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time, and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

CHAPTER IX

JOHN G. WHITTIER, 1807-1892

"There is a rush of passion in his verse which sweeps everything along with it."
— E. P. WHIPPLE.

"His poetry bursts from the soul with the fire and energy of an ancient prophet. His noble simplicity of character is the delight of all who know him." — W. ELLERY CHANNING.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, the celebrated Quaker poet, was born in Haverhill, Mass., in 1807. His parents belonged to that middle class of New England farmers who are neither rich nor poor. By incessant toil and self-denial a good and honest living was gained, and an honorable name established. Like so many sons of poor farmers, Whittier worked on the farm until he was eighteen, after which he attended the Haverhill Academy for several years. He always had a keen desire to improve himself by private study and reading; and, although his educational opportunities were meager, he trained himself to write well and acceptably for the local newspapers. By his youthful contributions to the press he gained the friendship of William Lloyd Garrison, the well-known anti-slavery speaker and editor, and through his influence Whittier began to edit a political paper in Boston. Afterwards he took charge of a literary weekly at Hartford, Conn., and, later, an antislavery journal at Philadelphia. He was for many years associate editor of the "National Era" at Washington.

In 1831 he returned to his native town, and devoted himself for several years to farming, and in the meantime served several terms in the Massachusetts Legislature as a representative from Haverhill. He was one of the original members of the American Antislavery Society, and,



JOHN G. WHITTIER

having been chosen its secretary, took up his residence in Philadelphia, and resided there until 1840, when he returned home. In this same year he settled in Amesbury, a flourishing town a few miles from Haverhill, and continued to make this place his home for the rest of his life. During his last years Mr. Whittier resided most of his time with friends at "Oak Knolls" in Danvers, Mass. His first volume, "Legends of New England

in Prose and Verse," was published in 1831, soon followed by "Voices of Freedom," which gave him his first reputation. These volumes were followed, at frequent intervals, by many works, mostly poems. "His poems," says one of his critics, "are among the æsthetic treasures of every intelligent family as far as the English language is spoken. They are recited in every school, and quoted from many a platform and pulpit. Their influences range widely, and always for good."

Usually it was not long after he conceived a poetical idea before he reduced it to writing. He wrote only when

the mood seized him, and then he wrote as if fired with inspiration, losing all consciousness of time and things, going out of himself as it were, and becoming part and parcel of his subject. His first draft suffered little subsequent alteration, and the various editions of his works represent little or no time spent in revision.

In stature Mr. Whittier was like his ancestors, tall, — measuring six feet or more, — of slender build, but straight as an arrow; a fine-looking man, with high forehead, a fine face, a quiet smile, dark, piercing eyes, and hair once black, but in age thinned and gray. He dressed in a suit of black, cut in Quaker fashion, and his speech was characterized to a slight extent by the peculiarities of the people whose form of service and creed he preferred to any other.

Mr. Whittier died in 1892.

THE FROST SPIRIT

HE comes — he comes — the Frost Spirit comes ! You may trace
his footsteps now

On the naked woods, and the blasted fields, and the brown hill's
withered brow.

He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees where their pleasant
green came forth,

And the winds, which follow wherever he goes, have shaken them
down to earth.

He comes — he comes — the Frost Spirit comes ! from the frozen
Labrador ;

From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which the white bear
wanders o'er, —

Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the luckless forms
below
In the sunless cold of the atmosphere into marble statues grow !

He comes — he comes — the Frost Spirit comes ! on the rushing
Northern blast,
And the dark Norwegian pines have bowed as his fearful breath
went past. 10
With an unscorched wing he has hurried on, where the fires of
Hecla glow
On the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient ice below.

He comes — he comes — the Frost Spirit comes ! and the quiet
lake shall feel
The torpid touch of his glazing breath, and ring to the skater's
heel ;
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks, or sang to the
leaning grass, 15
Shall bow again to their winter chain, and in mournful silence
pass.

He comes — he comes — the Frost Spirit comes ! let us meet him
as we may,
And turn with the light of the parlor fire his evil power away ;
And gather closer the circle round, when that fire light dances
high,
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as his sounding wing
goes by ! 20

LINES ON A PORTRAIT

How beautiful ! That brow of snow,
That glossy fall of fair brown tresses,
The blue eye's tranquil heaven below,
The hand whereon the fair cheek presses,
Half shadowed by a falling curl 5
Which on the temple's light reposes —
Each finger like a line of pearl
Contrasted with the cheek's pure roses !
There, as she sits beneath the shade
By vine and rose-wreathed arbor made, 10
Tempering the light which, soft and warm,
Reveals her full and matchless form,
In thoughtful quietude, she seems
Like one of Raphael's pictured dreams,
Where blend in one all-radiant face 15
The woman's warmth — the angel's grace !

Well — I can gaze upon it now,
As on some cloud of autumn's even,
Bathing its pinions in the glow
And glory of the sunset heaven — 20
So holy and so far away
That love without desire is cherished,
Like that which lingers o'er the clay
Whose warm and breathing life has perished,
While yet upon its brow is shed 25
The mournful beauty of the dead !
And I can look on her as one
Too pure for aught save gazing on —
An idol in some holy place,
Which man may kneel to, not caress — 30

Or melting tone of music heard
From viewless lip or unseen bird.

I know her not. And what is all
Her beauty to a heart like mine,
While memory yet hath power to call 35
Its worship from a stranger shrine?
Still midst the weary din of life
The tones I love, my ear has met ;
'Midst lips of scorn and brows of strife
The smiles I love are lingering yet ! 40
The hearts in sun and shadow known —
The kind hands lingering in our own —
The cords of strong affection spun
By early deeds of kindness done —
The blessed sympathies which bind 45
The spirit to its kindred mind, —
Oh, who would leave these tokens tried
For all the stranger world beside?

THE HUSKERS

It was in mild October, and the long autumnal rain
Had left the summer harvest fields all green with grass again ;
'The first sharp frosts had fallen, leaving all the woodlands gay
With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the meadow flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the sun rose broad and
red, 5
At first a rayless disk of fire, he brightened as he sped ;
Yet, even his noontide glory fell chastened and subdued
On the cornfields and the orchards, and softly pictured wood.

and all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the night,
he wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow light ; 10
tramping through the painted beeches, he glorified the hill ;
and, beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter, greener still.

and shouting boys in woodland haunts caught glimpses of that sky,
checked by the many-tinted leaves, and laughed, they knew not
why ;
and schoolgirls, gay with aster flowers, beside the meadow
brooks, 15
tingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of sweet looks.

From spire and barn, looked westerly the patient weathercocks ;
on even the birches on the hill stood motionless as rocks.
No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's dropping shell,
and the yellow leaves among the boughs, low rustling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested ; the stubble fields lay dry, 21
where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the pale green waves
of rye ;
it still, on gentle hill slopes, in valleys fringed with wood,
ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn crop stood.

Went low, by autumn's wind and rain, through husks that, dry and
sere, 25
unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the yellow ear ;
beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a verdant fold,
and glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's sphere of gold.

Where wrought the busy harvesters ; and many a creaking wain
drew slowly to the long barn floor its load of husk and grain ; 30
all broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sank down, at last,
and like a merry guest's farewell, the day in brightness passed.

And lo ! as through the western pines, on meadow, stream, and
pond,

Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all afire beyond,
Slowly o'er the Eastern sea bluffs a milder glory shone, 35
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into one !

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed away,
And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil shadows lay ;
From many a brown old farmhouse, and hamlet without name,
Their milking and their home tasks done, the merry huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitchforks in the mow, 41
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant scene below ;
The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears before,
And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown cheeks glimmering
o'er.

Half hidden in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart, 45
Talking their old times over, the old men sat apart ;
While, up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling in its shade,
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy children
played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden young and fair,
Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of soft brown hair, 50
The master of the village school, sleek of hair and smooth of
tongue,
To the quaint tune of some old psalm, a husking ballad sung.

THE CORN SONG

High heap the farmer's wintry hoard !
Heap high the golden corn !
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn !

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine ; 60

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers, 65
Our plows their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain,
Beneath the sun of May, 70
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June,
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon 75
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with Autumn's moonlit eves,
Its harvest time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home. 80

There, richer than the fabled gift,
Apollo showered of old,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk, 85
Around their costly board ;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
By homespun beauty poured !

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth 90
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls !

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain, 95
Our wealth of golden corn !

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,
The wheat field to the fly : 100

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod ;
Still let us, for His golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God !

CHAPTER X

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, 1728-1774

"No man was more foolish when he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had."—DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"He was a friend to virtue, and in his most playful pages never forgets what is due to it. A gentleness, delicacy, and purity of feeling distinguish whatever he wrote, and bear a correspondence to a generosity of disposition which knew no bounds but his last guinea."—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born in a little village called Pallas, or Pallasmore, in the county of Longford, Ireland, in 1728. His father was a poor Protestant clergyman, whose income during the earlier portion of his life did not exceed forty pounds a year. This amiable and worthy man has been immortalized in the writings of his illustrious son, being the antitype of the "man in black" in "The Citizen of the World," the "Dr. Primrose" of "The Vicar of Wakefield," and the "village preacher" of "The Deserted Village." Oliver was the fifth in a family of eight children, so it was impossible for his father to afford to give him the advantages of a liberal education; but his uncle Contarine furnished the necessary money to enable the future poet to attend in succession the universities of Dublin, Edinburgh, and Leyden. The poet's first teacher, however, was the schoolmistress of the little village of Lissoy, which is supposed to be the "sweet Auburn" of his verses.

Passing in succession through one or two inferior schools, Goldsmith entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a sizar, in 1745. At Dublin, the young poet's career was idle and irregular. The prescribed studies of the college he detested, while he evinced a strong proclivity for getting into debt, scrapes, and difficulties generally. More than once his uncle Contarine opened his purse to assist his thriftless nephew, who occasionally was forced to write



OLIVER GOLDSMITH

and sing street ballads to keep himself from starving. He left Dublin in 1749, and spent a year or two in idleness, alternating with irresolute and vain attempts to settle down, first as a schoolmaster, and then as a lawyer. His uncle sent him to Edinburgh to study medicine; and from Edinburgh he proceeded to Leyden, where he remained only a year, and then set off to make, on foot, the tour of the European Continent, and with no resources

whatever except a guinea and a flute. In this destitute manner Goldsmith proceeded through Flanders, France, Switzerland, and Italy.

After his return to England he made the friendship of Dr. Johnson, and published "*The Traveler*" (1764), which brought him both money and celebrity. Encouraged by this success, and by the kindly interest taken in him by such men as Pitt, Burke, and Sir Joshua Rey-

nolds, Goldsmith produced in succession his celebrated domestic novel, "The Vicar of Wakefield"; his two comedies, "The Good-natured Man" and "She Stoops to Conquer"; and "The Deserted Village."

These were all in an encouraging degree successful; but nothing could teach their unfortunate author the virtues of caution, self-restraint, and self-respect. He continued to be borne down by debt, and his life remained as darkly checkered as ever. He died in the prime of life, in 1774, of a fever produced by his irregular mode of living and intense mental anxiety. He was buried in the graveyard of the Temple Church, Fleet Street, London, where a flagstone still marks his grave; and in Westminster Abbey there is a monument to his memory, inscribed with a Latin epitaph from the pen of Dr. Johnson.

The poetry of Goldsmith is simple in expression, and full of quiet tenderness, while his lines are easy and melodious. In his prose works he is considered to have come very near the perfection of Addison's style.

- Washington Irving thus describes Goldsmith's personal appearance: "In stature he was somewhat under the middle size, and his body was strongly built. His forehead was low, and more prominent than is usual; his complexion pallid; his face almost round, and pitted with the smallpox. His first appearance was, therefore, by no means captivating: yet the general lineaments of his countenance bore the stamp of intellect, and exhibited traces of deep thinking; and when he grew easy and cheerful in company, he relaxed into such a display of good humor as soon removed every unfavorable impression."

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

SWEET Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain ;
 Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed :
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease, 5
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
 How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endeared each scene !
 How often have I paused on every charm,
 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm, 10
 The never failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whispering lovers made !
 How often have I blest the coming day, 15
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
 And all the village train, from labor free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old surveyed ; 20
 And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
 And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired ;
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown 25
 By holding out to tire each other down ;
 The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
 While secret laughter tittered round the place ;
 The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove : 30

These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like these,
 With sweet succession, taught even toil to please :
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed :
 These were thy charms — but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn, 35
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ;
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green :
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain. 40
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way ;
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest ;
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies, 45
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries ;
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall ;
 And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
 Far, far away thy children leave the land. 50

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made :
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride, 55
 When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
 When every rood of ground maintained its man ;
 For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
 Just gave what life required, but gave no more : 60
 His best companions, innocence and health ;
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered : trade's unfeeling train
 Usurp the land and dispossess the swain ;

Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose, 65
 Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
 And every want to opulence allied,
 And every pang that folly pays to pride.
 Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
 Those calm desires that asked but little room, 70
 Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
 Lived in each look, and brightened all the green ;
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour, 75
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds
 Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
 And, many a year elapsed, return to view
 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew, 80
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
 In all my griefs, — and God has given my share, —
 I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown, 85
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;
 To husband out life's taper at the close,
 And keep the flame from wasting by repose :
 I still had hopes (for pride attends us still)
 Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill, 90
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt and all I saw ;
 And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past, 95
 Here to return — and die at home at last.

O blest retirement ! friend to life's decline,
 Retreats from care, that never must be mine,

How happy he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labor with an age of ease ; 100
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly !
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep ;
No surly porter stands in guilty state 105
To spurn imploring famine from the gate ;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend ;
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way ; 110
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow, 115
The mingling notes came softened from below ;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school, 120
The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind, —
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail, 125
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled, —
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring : 130
She, wretched matron, forced in age for bread
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,

To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;
She only left of all the harmless train, 135
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild, —
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose. 140
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place ;
Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power, 145
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train ;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain : 150
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay, 155
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ; 160
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side ;
But in his duty prompt at every call, 165
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all ;

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way. 170

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise, 175
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray. 180

The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed ; 185
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed :
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm, 190
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule, 195
The village master taught his little school.

A man severe he was, and stern to view ;
I knew him well, and every truant knew :
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ; 200

Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught, 205
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew :
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge : 210
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For, even though vanquished, he could argue still ;
While words of learnèd length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew, 215
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the signpost caught the passing eye, 220
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace 225
The parlor splendors of that festive place :
The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door ;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ; 230
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;
The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay ;

While broken teacups, wisely kept for show, 235
Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendors ! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall ?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart. 240

Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;

No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad, shall prevail ;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear, 245
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear ;

The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest. 250

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train ;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art ;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play, 255
The soul adopts, and owns their firstborn sway ;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.

But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed — 260
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;
And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey 265
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.

Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
 And shouting Folly hails them from her shore ; 270
 Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world around.
 Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
 That leaves our useful products still the same.
 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride 275
 Takes up a space that many poor supplied ;
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds :
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
 Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth ; 280
 His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green :
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies ;
 While thus the land adorned for pleasure all 285
 In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorned and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slight's every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes ; 290
 But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of dress, —
 Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed : 295
 In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed,
 But verging to decline, its splendors rise ;
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise :
 While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band, 300
 And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
 The country blooms — a garden and a grave.

Where, then, ah ! where, shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits strayed 305
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped — what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share ; 310
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;
To see those joys the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.

Here while the courtier glitters in brocade, 315
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;
Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign
Here, richly decked, admits the gorgeous train : 320
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.

Sure, scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !
Sure these denote one universal joy !
Are these thy serious thoughts? — Ah, turn thine eyes 325
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.

She once, perhaps, in village plenty blessed,
Has wept at tales of innocence distressed ;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn : 330

Now lost to all, her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And pinched with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town, 335
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, — thine, the loveliest train, —
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread ! 340
Ah, no ! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charmed before 345
The various terrors of that horrid shore ;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day ;
Those matted woods, where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ; 350
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around ;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey, 355
And savage men more murderous still than they ;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green, 360
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.
Good Heaven ! what sorrows gloomed that parting day,
That called them from their native walks away ;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past, 365
Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,
And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main,
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Returned and wept, and still returned to weep. 370

The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe ;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears, 375
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.

With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose, 380
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear,
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury ! thou cursed by Heaven's decree, 385
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee !
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasure only to destroy !
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigor not their own. 390
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe ;
Till, sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun, 395
And half the business of destruction done ;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale, 400
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there ;

And piety with wishes placed above, 405
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade ;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame ; 410
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride ;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
Thou found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so ;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel, 415
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well !
Farewell, and O ! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliff, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow, 420
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigors of the inclement clime ;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain ;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain ;
Teach him that states of native strength possessed, 425
Though very poor, may still be very blessed ;
That Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labored mole away ;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky. 430

THE TRAVELER ;

OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld or wandering Po ;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door ;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies, 5
A weary waste expanding to the skies ;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravel'd fondly turns to thee ;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain. 10

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend.
Blest be that spot where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their ev'ning fire :
Blest that abode where want and pain repair, 15
And every stranger finds a ready chair :
Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ; 20
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wand'ring spent and care ;
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue 25
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view ;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies ;

My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own. 30

Even now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend ;
And plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear ;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide, 35
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine ?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain ? 40
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man ;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.

Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendor crown'd ; 45
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round ;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale ;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale ;
For me your tributary stores combine :
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine. 50

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er ;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still :
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise, 55
Pleas'd with each good that Heaven to man supplies :
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small ;
And oft I wish amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd 60
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But where to find that happiest spot below
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone 65
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own ;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease :
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine, 70
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam ;
His first, best country ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare, 75
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Tho' patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind ;
As different good, by Art or Nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even. 80
Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at Labor's earnest call :
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side ;
And though the rocky crested summits frown, 85
These rocks by custom turn to beds of down.
From Art more various are the blessings sent ;
Wealth, commerce, honor, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest. 90
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails
And honor sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the favorite happiness attends, 95
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends :

Till, carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies : 100
Here for a while my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind ;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends, 105
Bright as the summer, Italy extends :
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride ;
While oft some temple's mold'ring tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene. 110

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes were found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground ;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear, 115
Whose bright succession decks the varied year ;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die ;
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ; 120
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear ; 125
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign :
Though poor, luxurious ; though submissive, vain ;
Though grave, yet trifling ; zealous, yet untrue ;
And ev'n in penance planning sins anew. 130

All evils here contaminate the mind
 That opulence departed leaves behind ;
 For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date
 When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state ;
 At her command the palace learnt to rise, 135
 Again the long-fallen column sought the skies,
 The canvas glow'd, beyond e'en nature warm,
 The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form ;
 Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
 Commerce on other shores display'd her sail ; 140
 While naught remain'd of all that riches gave,
 But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave :
 And late the nation found with fruitless skill
 Its former strength was but plethoric ill.
 Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied 145
 By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride ;
 From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
 An easy compensation seem to find.
 Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
 The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade, 150
 Processions form'd for piety and love,
 A mistress or a saint in every grove.
 By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd ;
 The sports of children satisfy the child.
 Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control, 155
 Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul ;
 While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
 In happier meanness occupy the mind :
 As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
 Defac'd by time and tottering in decay, 160
 There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
 The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed ;
 And, wond'ring man could want the larger pile,
 Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey, 165
 Where rougher climes a nobler race display ;
 Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread,
 And force a churlish soil for scanty bread.
 No product here the barren fields afford,
 But man and steel, the soldier and his sword : 170
 No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
 But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May :
 No Zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.
 Yet, still, even here content can spread a charm, 175
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
 Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,
 He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed ; 180
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
 To make him loathe his vegetable meal ;
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
 Each wish contracting fits him to the soil.
 Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose, 185
 Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes ;
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep ;
 Or drives his venturous plowshare to the steep ;
 Or seeks the den where snow tracks mark the way,
 And drags the struggling savage into day. 190
 At night returning, every labor sped,
 He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;
 Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
 His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze ;
 While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard, 195
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board :
 And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ; 200
 And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
 Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest, 205
 Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
 So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
 But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd ;
 Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd. 210
 Yet let them only share the praises due :
 If few their wants, their pleasures are but few ;
 For every want that stimulates the breast
 Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest ;
 Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies 215
 That first excites desire, and then supplies ;
 Unknown to them, with sensual pleasures cloy,
 To fill the languid pause with finer joy ;
 Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
 Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame. 220
 Their level life is but a smold'ring fire,
 Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire ;
 Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
 On some high festival of once a year,
 In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire, 225
 Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow :
 Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low ;
 For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
 Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run, 230
 And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
 Fall blunted from each indurated heart.

Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
 May sit, like falcons, cower'ing on the nest ;
 But all the gentler morals, such as play
 Thro' life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way, 235
 These, far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
 To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
 I turn ; and France displays her bright domain. 240
 Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
 Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
 How often have I led thy sportive choir,
 With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire ?
 Where shading elms along the margin grew, 245
 And freshen'd from the wave the Zephyr flew ;
 And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
 But mocked all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,
 Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
 And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour. 250

Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
 Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
 And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
 Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore.
 So blest a life these thoughtless realms display ; 255
 Thus idly busy rolls their world away ;
 Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
 For honor forms the social temper here.
 Honor, that praise which real merit gains,
 Or even imaginary worth obtains, 260
 Here passes current : paid from hand to hand,
 It shifts in splendid traffic round the land ;
 From courts to camps, to cottages, it strays,
 And all are taught an avarice of praise.
 They please, are pleas'd ; they give to get esteem ; 265
 Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise ;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought, 270
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace, 275
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace ;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year ;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause. 280

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide, 285
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow ;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore. 290
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile :
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain, — 295
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain. 300

Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
 With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
 Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
 Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts :
 But view them closer, craft and fraud appear ; 305
 E'en liberty itself is barter'd here.

At gold's superior charms all freedom flies ;
 The needy sell it, and the rich man buys ;
 A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
 Here wretches seek dishonorable graves, 310
 And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
 Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens ! how unlike their Belgic sires of old,
 Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold ;
 War in each breast, and freedom on each brow : 315
 How much unlike the sons of Britain now !

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
 And flies where Britain courts the western spring ;
 Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
 And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide. 320
 There all around the gentlest breezes stray ;
 There gentle music melts on every spray ;
 Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
 Extremes are only in the master's mind !

Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state, 325
 With daring aims irregularly great ;
 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
 I see the lords of human kind pass by ;
 Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
 By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand, 330
 Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
 True to imagin'd right, above control,
 While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
 And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here ; 335
 Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear :
 Too blest indeed, were such without alloy :
 But foster'd even by Freedom ills annoy :
 That independence Britons prize too high
 Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie ; 340
 The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
 All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown.
 Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
 Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd ;
 Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar, 345
 Represt ambition struggles round her shore,
 Till, overwrought, the general system feels
 Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
 As duty, love, and honor fail to sway, 350
 Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
 Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
 Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
 And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown :
 Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms, 355
 The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,
 Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
 Where kings have toil'd and poets wrote for fame,
 One sink of level avarice shall lie,
 And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonor'd die. 360

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
 I mean to flatter kings, or court the great :
 Ye powers of truth that bid my soul aspire,
 Far from my bosom drive the low desire.
 And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel 365
 The rabble's rage and tyrant's angry steel ;
 Thou transitory flower, alike undone
 By proud contempt or favor's fostering sun,

Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure !
 I only would repress them to secure : 370
 For just experience tells, in every soil,
 That those who think must govern those that toil ;
 And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach
 Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
 Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow, 375
 Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
 Who think it freedom when a part aspires !
 Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
 Except when fast approaching danger warms ; 380
 But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
 Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
 When I behold a factious band agree
 To call it freedom when themselves are free,
 Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw, 385
 Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law,
 The wealth of climes where savage nations roam
 Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home,
 Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
 Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart ; 390
 Till half a patriot, half a coward, grown,
 I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour
 When first ambition struck at regal power ;
 And thus polluting honor in its source, 395
 Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
 Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
 Her useful sons exchang'd for useless ore,
 Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
 Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste ? 400
 Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
 Lead stern depopulation in her train,

And over fields where scattered hamlets rose
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call 405
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main ; 410
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests and through dangerous ways,
Where beasts with man divided empire claim, 415
And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim ;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go, 420
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centers in the mind :
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose, 425
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure ; 430
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find :
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel, 435
Luke's iron crown, and Damiens' bed of steel,

To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience all our own.

EDMUND BURKE

HERE lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much ;
Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind ;
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote ;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining ;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit ;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit,
For a patriot too cool, for a drudge disobedient,
And too fond of the right to pursue the expedient.
In short 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

From "Retaliation."

CHAPTER XI

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, 1794-1878

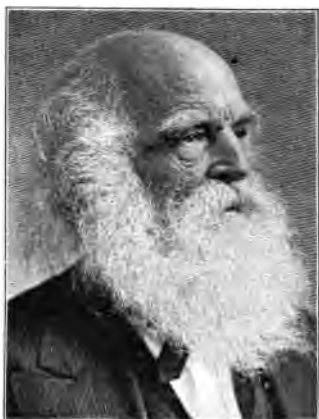
"Bryant's writings transport us into the depths of the solemn primeval forest to the shores of the lonely lake, the banks of the wild, nameless stream, or the brow of the rocky upland, rising like a promontory from amidst a wide ocean of foliage; while they shed around us the glories of a climate fierce in its extremes, but splendid in all its vicissitudes." — IRVING.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, who may be said to share with Longfellow and Whittier the first place among the great poets in America, was born at Cummington, Mass., in 1794. He was carefully educated by his father, who seems to have been a man of more than ordinary attainments. While even a boy, Bryant was remarkable for his poetical abilities. At the age of ten he made translations from the Latin authors, which were published; and at thirteen he wrote "The Embargo," a long poem of some merit. He entered Williams College, remained there only two years, and then began to study law.

After being admitted to the bar, he continued to practice law for several years in Great Barrington, Mass., but removed to New York City in 1825, and devoted himself solely to literary work. The publication of "Thanatopsis," at the age of nineteen, gave him an enviable rank as a poet. This remarkable poem has continued to be a favorite ever since it was first published. Bryant became connected with the New York "Evening Post" in 1826, and

continued for over fifty years to be associated with this paper as part owner and editorial contributor. During the winter he lived in New York City, but in summer he had a beautiful home at Roslyn, Long Island.

While Bryant attained his reputation principally on account of his poetry, he ranks high as a writer of prose. He led a remarkably busy life; for in addition to writing most carefully elaborated poems year after year, books of travels, translations, orations, and addresses, he was an industrious editorial writer for the "Evening Post," a part ownership in which paper made him one of the richest authors of modern times.



WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Bryant was a most careful and painstaking writer. Aside from his uncollected editorials, and his translations of Homer, the whole body of his writings is not large. One volume of moderate size contains all his poems. Bryant was always a stern critic of his own work, and did not hesitate to revise his manuscript over and over again. For many years the venerable poet was one of the most familiar figures in the streets of New York. His hair and beard were snowy white, and his overhanging eyebrows and deep-set eyes gave him an air of intense thought. Bryant always lived in the most methodical and exact manner. He took long walks every day, and never omitted his morning bath and his exercise before

breakfast with Indian clubs. His food was of the simplest character, mostly fruit and vegetables, rarely using even tea and coffee.

TO A WATERFOWL

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye 5
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink 10
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care 15
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast, —
The desert and illimitable air, —
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere ;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near. 20

And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven 25
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight, 30
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove the withered leaves lie dead ;
They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay, 5
And from the wood top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprung
and stood

In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood ?
Alas ! they all are in their graves : the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours. 10
The rain is falling where they lie ; but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The windflower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier rose and the orchis died amid the summer's glow ;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood, 15
And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on
men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade,
and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days will
come,

To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home ; 20
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees
are still,

And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died, — 25
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.
In the cold, moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief ;
Yet not unmeet it was that one like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers. 30

HYMN TO THE NORTH STAR

THE sad and solemn night
Hath yet her multitude of cheerful fires ;
The glorious host of light
Walk the dark hemisphere till she retires ;
All through her silent watches, gliding slow, 5
Her constellations come, and climb the heavens, and go.

Day, too, hath many a star.
To grace his gorgeous reign, as bright as they ;
Through the blue fields afar,
Unseen, they follow in his flaming way : 10
Many a bright lingerer, as the eve grows dim,
Tells what a radiant troop arose and set with him.

And thou dost see them rise,
Star of the Pole ! and thou dost see them set.

Alone, in thy cold skies, 15
Thou keep'st thy old unmoving station yet,
Nor join'st the dances of that glittering train,
Nor dipp'st thy virgin orb in the blue western main.

There, at morn's rosy birth,
Thou lookest meekly through the kindling air, 20
And eve that round the earth
Chases the day, beholds thee watching there ;
There noontide finds thee, and the hour that calls
The shapes of polar flame to scale heaven's azure walls.

Alike, beneath thine eye, 25
The deeds of darkness and of light are done ;
High towards the star-lit sky
Towns blaze, the smoke of battle blots the sun,
The night storm on a thousand hills is loud,
And the strong wind of day doth mingle sea and cloud. 30

On thine unaltering blaze,
The half-wrecked mariner, his compass lost,
Fixes his steady gaze,
And steers, undoubting, to the friendly coast ;
And they who stray in perilous wastes, by night, 35
Are glad when thou dost shine to guide their footsteps right.

And, therefore, bards of old,
Sages, and hermits of the solemn wood,
Did in thy beams behold
A beauteous type of that unchanging good, 40
That bright eternal beacon, by whose ray
The voyager of time should shape his heedful way.

THANATOPSIS

To him who in the love of Nature holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language : for his gayer hours
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
 And eloquence of beauty ; and she glides 5
 Into his darker musings with a mild
 And gentle sympathy that steals away
 Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
 Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
 Over thy spirit, and sad images 10
 Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
 And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
 Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,
 Go forth, unto the open sky, and list
 To Nature's teachings, while from all around — 15
 Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —
 Comes a still voice : Yet a few days, and thee
 The all-beholding sun shall see no more
 In all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground,
 Where thy pale form was laid with many tears, 20
 Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
 Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
 Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
 And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
 Thine individual being, shalt thou go 25
 To mix forever with the elements ;
 To be a brother to the insensible rock,
 And to the sluggish clod which the rude swain
 Turns with his share and treads upon. The oak
 Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold. 30

Yet not to thy eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world, — with kings,
The powerful of the earth, — the wise, the good, 35
Fair forms and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun ; the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
The venerable woods ; rivers that move 40
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green ; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun, 45
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings 50
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings, — yet the dead are there.
And millions in those solitudes, since first 55
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep : the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest ; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe 60
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom ; yet all these shall leave

Their mirth and their employments, and shall come 65
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men —
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man — 70
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.
So live that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take 75
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch 80
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

CHAPTER XII

THOMAS GRAY, 1716-1771

"Of all English poets, Gray was the most finished artist. He attained the highest degree of splendor of which poetical style seemed to be capable." — SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

THOMAS GRAY was born in Cornhill, London, in 1716. His father was a scrivener and exchange broker, whose unamiable character occasioned his separation from his wife, who seems to have had nothing in common with her brutal husband. Borne down by blighted affections and straitened circumstances, she struggled bravely to bring up respectably her family of eleven children. To the tender but unflinching devotion of this heroic woman, Thomas Gray owed his liberal education.

In 1734 Gray went to Cambridge; but the routine of university life, and its necessary associations, proved extremely uncongenial. With the studies too, at least as there taught, he had no sympathy. Mathematics he had little liking for under any circumstances; but even classical studies, of which he was passionately fond, lost much of their charm when doled out to him in prosy lectures.

The life of the mild and melancholy student was a subject of wonder, mingled with ridicule, to the students of Cambridge. At length, in 1756, the irritating annoyances and practical jokes to which these young men subjected the poet caused him to seek permanent refuge in

Pembroke Hall. A constitutional melancholy, but always lovable rather than misanthropic, as time wore on, settled down darker and darker upon the poet's life. His depression of spirits is only too faithfully indicated in a letter written in 1757. "As to myself," he writes, "I cannot boast at present either of my spirits, my situation, my employment, or fertility. The days and nights pass, and I am never the nearer to anything but that to which we are all tending." The "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" was given to the world in 1750, and was at once admired and appreciated. At least eight years were spent by Gray in elaborating it.

In 1757 the poet laureate, Cibber, died; and the laurel with its emoluments was offered to Gray, but he declined the proffered honor. In 1768 he was appointed professor of modern history at Cambridge. Although he was a laborious student, and enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most learned men in Europe, yet he was a failure as a college professor. He could only work when instinct and impulse led him, and that was not towards a very effective discharge of the duties of his position. For six years he had been unable to read with one eye, while the other was bewildered with floating spots. He was not to suffer a long sickness. He died suddenly in the college hall, during dinner, July 24, 1771.



THOMAS GRAY

When we consider his vast learning and unwearied application, the literary treasures which Gray has bequeathed to the world are few in number. Besides the immortal "Elegy," his principal works are "The Bard," "The Progress of Poesy," "Ode to Eton College," poetical compositions in Latin, and translations from various languages. Had Gray written more, he would have stood higher as an author; but he will be always remembered as a splendid lyric poet, whose productions are marked by dignified language and finished grace.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight, 5
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
 The moping owl does to the moon complain 10
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell forever laid, 15
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed. 20

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield, 25
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield !
 How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ; 30
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
 Await alike the inevitable hour. 35
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise. 40

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid 45
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll ; 50
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, 55
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton, here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood. 60

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes, —

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone 65
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind, —

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame, 70
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
 Along the cool sequestered vale of life 75
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. 80

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply ;
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey, 85
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ; 90
 Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of the unhonored dead
 Dost in these lines their artless tales relate ;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led, 95
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say, —
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn. 100

“There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn, 105
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove ;
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

“One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree : 110
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he :

“The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay 115
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown ;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own. 120

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose, 125
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

CHAPTER XIII

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, 1804-1864

There is Hawthorne, with genius so shrinking and rare
That you hardly at first see the strength that is there;
A frame so robust, with a nature so sweet,
So earnest, so graceful, so solid, so fleet,
Is worth a descent from Olympus to meet."

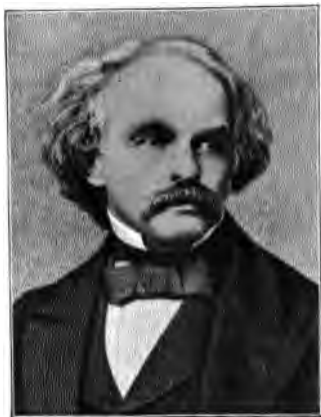
— LOWELL.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, a brilliant and original master of English prose writing, was born in Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804. On account of feeble health, he lived during his youth on a farm in Maine. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825, in the same class with Longfellow. He began to write at an early age. His first publication was a collection of stories he had written for periodicals, entitled "Twice-told Tales," published in 1837. This work, at first, made no impression on the public. A second volume appeared in 1842.

From 1838 to 1841 he held a position in the Boston Customhouse, afterwards a similar place in Salem. His "Blithedale Romance" appeared in 1852. Shortly after, he married and went to live in Concord, Mass., in the old parsonage which he has made historic by his "Mosses from an Old Manse." In 1846, while living at Salem, he wrote his best-known romance, "The Scarlet Letter," which established his reputation. It is the most powerful and picturesque work of the kind in American literature.

After losing his office at Salem, he removed to Lenox, Mass., where he wrote his "House of the Seven Gables." After his friend and classmate, Franklin Pierce, became President, Hawthorne was appointed consul to Liverpool. Upon his return home, "The Marble Faun" was published. He wrote at different times several juvenile works, as the "Wonder Book," "Tanglewood Tales," "True Stories from History and Biography," all of which bear the im-

press of the genius of their author. During the last few years of his life, his health was delicate. He died suddenly at Plymouth, N. H., in 1864, while on a journey with ex-President Pierce.



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Hawthorne is regarded as one of the foremost writers of prose in English literature. His genius was unique. In his peculiar field, he stands alone. He delighted to depict in his marvelous style the dark side of human nature. He loved to

delineate and to lay bare the intricacies of human passion.

Hawthorne was a shy and reserved man, but possessed of many kind and lovable traits. His intimate friends cherished him with loving admiration and sincere friendship. He had a strong physical frame, and a tall stature. He had broad shoulders, a deep chest, and a massive head. His gray-blue eyes were large and lustrous. His hair was dark brown, and of remarkable fineness; his skin delicate, giving unusual softness to his complexion.

In all business matters he was the soul of honor. His fault was that he attributed to other people a sense of honor equal to his own.

LITTLE ANNIE'S RAMBLE

[From "Twice-told Tales"]

DINGDONG! Dingdong! Dingdong!

The town-crier has rung his bell at a distant corner, and little Annie stands on her father's doorsteps, trying to hear what the man with the loud voice is talking about. Let me listen too. Oh! he is telling the people that an elephant, and a lion, and a royal tiger, and a horse with horns, and other strange beasts from foreign countries have come to town, and will receive all visitors who choose to wait upon them. Perhaps little Annie would like to go. Yes; and I can see that the pretty child is weary of this wide and pleasant street, with the green trees flinging their shade across the quiet sunshine, and the pavements and the sidewalks all as clean as if the housemaid had just swept them with her broom. She feels that impulse to go strolling away—that longing after the mystery of the great world—which many children feel, and which I felt in my childhood. Little Annie shall take a ramble with me. See! I do but hold out my hand, and like some bright bird in the sunny air, with her blue silk frock fluttering upwards from her white pantalets, she comes bounding on tiptoe across the street.

Smooth back your brown curls, Annie, and let me tie on your bonnet, and we will set forth. What a strange couple to go on their rambles together! One walks in black attire, with a measured step, and a heavy brow, and his thoughtful eyes bent down, while the gay little girl trips lightly along, as if she were forced to keep hold of my hand, lest her feet should dance away from the

earth. Yet there is sympathy between us. If I pride myself on anything, it is because I have a smile that children love ; and, on the other hand, there are few grown ladies that could entice me from the side of little Annie ; for I delight to let my mind go hand in hand with the mind of a sinless child. So, come, Annie ; but if I moralize as we go, do not listen to me ; only look about you, and be merry.

Now we turn the corner. Here are hacks with two horses, and stagecoaches with four, thundering to meet each other, and trucks and carts moving at a slower pace, being heavily laden with barrels from the wharves, and here are rattling gigs, which perhaps will be smashed to pieces before our eyes. Hitherward, also, comes a man trundling a wheelbarrow along the pavement. Is not little Annie afraid of such a tumult ? No ; she does not even shrink closer to my side, but passes on with fearless confidence, a happy child amidst a great throng of grown people, who pay the same reverence to her infancy that they would to extreme old age. Nobody jostles her ; all turn aside to make way for little Annie ; and, what is most singular, she appears conscious of her claim to such respect. Now her eyes brighten with pleasure ! A street musician has seated himself on the steps of yonder church, and pours forth his strains to the busy town, a melody that has gone astray among the tramp of footsteps, the buzz of voices, and the war of passing wheels. Who heeds the poor organ grinder ? None but myself and little Annie, whose feet begin to move in unison with the lively tune, as if she were loath that music should be wasted without a dance. But where would Annie find a partner ? Some have the gout in their toes, or the rheumatism in their joints ; some are stiff with age ; some feeble with disease ; some are so lean that their bones would rattle, and others of such ponderous size that their agility would crack the flagstones ; but many, many have leaden feet, because their hearts are far heavier than lead. It is a sad thought that I have chanced upon. What a company of dancers should we be ! For I, too, am a gentle-

man of sober footsteps, and therefore, little Annie, let us walk sedately on.

It is a question with me, whether this giddy child or my sage self have most pleasure in looking at the shop windows. We love the silks of sunny hue, that glow within the darkened premises of the spruce dry goods men ; we are pleasantly dazzled by the burnished silver, and the chased gold, the rings of wedlock, and the costly love ornaments, glistening at the window of the jeweler ; but Annie, more than I, seeks for a glimpse of her passing figure in the dusty looking-glasses at the hardware stores. All that is bright and gay attracts us both.

Here is a shop to which the recollections of my boyhood, as well as present partialities, give a peculiar magic. How delightful to let the fancy revel on the dainties of a confectioner ; those pies, with such white and flaky paste, their contents being a mystery, whether rich mince, with whole plums intermixed, or piquant apple, delicately rose-flavored ; those cakes, heart-shaped or round, piled in a lofty pyramid ; those sweet little circlets, sweetly named kisses ; those dark, majestic masses, fit to be bridal loaves at the wedding of an heiress, mountains in size, their summits deeply snow-covered with sugar ! Then the mighty treasures of sugar-plums, white and crimson and yellow, in large glass vases ; and candy of all varieties ; and those little cockles, or whatever they are called, much prized by children for their sweetness, and more for the mottoes which they inclose, by love-sick maids and bachelors. Oh ! my mouth waters, little Annie, and so doth yours ; but we will not be tempted, except to an imaginary feast ; so let us hasten onward, devouring the vision of a plum cake.

Here are pleasures, as some people would say, of a more exalted kind, in a window of a bookseller. Is Annie a literary lady ? Yes ; she is deeply read in Peter Parley's tomes, and has an increasing love for fairy tales, though seldom met with nowadays, and she will subscribe next year to the *Juvenile Miscellany*. But, truth to tell, she is apt to turn away from the printed page,

and keep gazing at the pretty pictures, such as the gay-colored ones which make this shop window the continual loitering place of children. What would Annie think if, in the book which I mean to send her on New Year's Day, she should find her sweet little self, bound up in silk or morocco, with gilt edges, there to remain till she become a woman grown, with children of her own to read about their mother's childhood ! That would be very queer.

Little Annie is weary of pictures, and pulls me onward by the hand, till suddenly we pause at the most wondrous shop in all the town. Oh, my stars ! Is this a toyshop, or is it fairyland ? For here are gilded chariots, in which the king and queen of the fairies might ride side by side, while their courtiers, on these small horses, should gallop in triumphal procession before and behind the royal pair. Here, too, are dishes of china ware, fit to be the dining set of those same princely personages, when they make a regal banquet in the stateliest hall of their palace, full five feet high, and behold their nobles feasting adown the long perspective of the table. Betwixt the king and queen should sit my little Annie, the prettiest fairy of them all. Here stands a turbaned Turk, threatening us with his saber, like an ugly heathen as he is, and next a Chinese mandarin who nods his head at Annie and myself. Here we may review a whole army of horse and foot, in red and blue uniforms, with drums, fifes, trumpets, and all kinds of noiseless music : they have halted on the shelf of this window, after their weary march from Lilliput. But what cares Annie for soldiers ? No conquering queen is she, neither a Semiramis nor a Catharine ; her whole heart is set upon that doll, who gazes at us with such a fashionable stare. This is the little girl's true plaything. Though made of wood, a doll is a visionary and ethereal personage, endowed by childish fancy with a peculiar life ; the mimic lady is a heroine of romance, an actor and a sufferer in a thousand shadowy scenes, the chief inhabitant of that wild world with which children ape the real one. Little

Annie does not understand what I am saying, but looks wishfully at the proud lady in the window. We will invite her home with us as we return. Meantime, good-by, Dame Doll! A toy yourself, you look forth from your window upon many ladies that are also toys, though they walk and speak, and upon a crowd in pursuit of toys, though they wear grave visages. Oh, with your never closing eyes, had you but an intellect to moralize on all that flits before them, what a wise doll would you be! Come, little Annie, we shall find toys enough, go where we may.

Now we elbow our way among the throng again. It is curious, in the most crowded part of a town, to meet with living creatures that had their birthplace in some far solitude, but have acquired a second nature in the wilderness of men. Look up, Annie, at that canary bird, hanging out of the window in his cage. Poor little fellow! his golden feathers are all tarnished in this smoky sunshine. He would have glistened twice as brightly among the summer islands; but still he has become a citizen in all his tastes and habits, and would not sing half so well without the uproar that drowns his music. What a pity that he does not know how miserable he is! There is a parrot, too, calling out, "Pretty Poll! pretty Poll!" as we pass by. Foolish bird, to be talking about her prettiness to strangers, especially as she is not a pretty Poll, though gaudily dressed in green and yellow! If she had said, "Pretty Annie," there would have been some sense in it. See that gray squirrel at the door of the fruit shop, whirling round and round so merrily within his wire wheel. Being condemned to the treadmill, he makes it an amusement. Admirable philosophy!

Here comes a big, rough dog, a countryman's dog, in search of his master; smelling at everybody's heels, and touching little Annie's hand with his cold nose, but hurrying away, though she would fain have patted him. Success to your search, Fidelity! And there sits a great yellow cat upon a window sill, — a very corpulent and comfortable cat, gazing at this transitory world

with owl's eyes, and making pithy comments, doubtless, or what appear such to the silly beast. Oh, sage puss, make room for me beside you, and we will be a pair of philosophers !

Here we see something to remind us of the town-crier and his dingdong bell. Look ! look at that great cloth spread out in the air, pictured all over with wild beasts, as if they had met together to choose a king, according to their custom in the days of *Æsop*. But they are choosing neither a king nor a president, else we should hear a most horrible snarling ! They have come from the deep woods and the wild mountains and the desert sands and the polar snows, only to do homage to my little Annie. As we enter among them, the great elephant makes us a bow, in the best style of elephantine courtesy, bending lowly down his mountain bulk, with trunk abased, and leg thrust out behind. Annie returns the salute, much to the gratification of the elephant, who is certainly the best-bred monster in the caravan. The lion and the lioness are busy with two beef bones. The royal tiger, the beautiful, the untamable, keeps pacing his narrow cage with a haughty step, unmindful of the spectators, or recalling the fierce deeds of his former life, when he was wont to leap forth upon such inferior animals, from the jungles of Bengal.

Here we see the very same wolf, — do not go near him, Annie, — the selfsame wolf that devoured little Red Riding Hood and her grandmother. In the next cage, a hyena from Egypt, who has doubtless howled around the Pyramids, and a black bear from our own forests, are fellow-prisoners and most excellent friends. Are there any two living creatures who have so few sympathies that they cannot possibly be friends ? Here sits a great white bear, whom common observers would call a very stupid beast, though I perceive him to be only absorbed in contemplation. He is thinking of his voyages on an iceberg, and of his comfortable home in the vicinity of the North Pole, and of the little cubs whom he left rolling in the eternal snows ; in fact, he is a

bear of sentiment. But oh, those unsentimental monkeys! the ugly, grinning, aping, chattering, ill-natured, mischievous, and queer little brutes. Annie does not love the monkeys. Their ugliness shocks her pure, instinctive delicacy of taste, and makes her mind unquiet, because it bears a wild and dark resemblance to humanity. But here is a little pony, just big enough for Annie to ride, and round and round he gallops in a circle, keeping time with his tramping hoofs to a band of music. And here, with a laced coat and a cocked hat, and a riding whip in his hand, — here comes a little gentleman, small enough to be king of the fairies, and ugly enough to be king of the gnomes, and takes a flying leap into the saddle. Merrily, merrily, plays the music, and merrily gallops the pony, and merrily rides the little old gentleman. Come, Annie, into the street again; perchance we may see monkeys on horseback there!

Mercy on us, what a noisy world we quiet people live in! Did Annie ever read the cries of London city? With what lusty lungs doth yonder man proclaim that his wheelbarrow is full of lobsters! Here comes another mounted on a cart, and blowing a hoarse and dreadful blast from a tin horn, as much as to say, "Fresh fish!" And hark! a voice on high, like that of a muezzin from the summit of a mosque, announcing that some chimney sweeper has emerged from smoke and soot and darksome caverns, into the upper air. What cares the world for that? But, welladay, we hear a shrill voice of affliction, the scream of a little child, rising louder with every repetition of that smart, sharp, slapping sound, produced by an open hand on tender flesh. Annie sympathizes, though without experience of such direful woe. Lo! the town-crier again, with some new secret for the public ear. Will he tell us of an auction, or of a lost pocketbook, or a show of beautiful wax figures, or of some monstrous beast more horrible than any in the caravan? I guess the latter. See how he uplifts the bell in his right hand, and shakes it slowly at first, then with a hurried motion, till the clapper

seems to strike both sides at once, and the sounds are scattered forth in quick succession, far and near.

Dingdong ! dingdong ! dingdong !

Now he raises his clear, loud voice above all the din of the town ; it drowns the buzzing talk of many tongues, and draws each man's mind from his own business : it rolls up and down the echoing street, and ascends to the hushed chamber of the sick, and penetrates downward to the cellar kitchen, where the hot cook turns from the fire to listen. Who, of all that address the public ear, whether in church or courthouse or hall of state, has such an attentive audience as the town-crier ? What saith the people's orator ?

"Strayed from her home, a LITTLE GIRL, of five years old, in a blue silk frock and white pantalets, with brown curling hair and hazel eyes. Whoever will bring her back to her afflicted mother — "

Stop, stop, town-crier ! the lost is found. Oh, my pretty Annie, we forgot to tell your mother of our ramble, and she is in despair, and has sent the town-crier to bellow up and down the streets, affrighting old and young, for the loss of a little girl who has not once let go my hand. Well, let us hasten homeward ; and as we go, forget not to thank Heaven, my Annie, that, after wandering a little way into the world, you may return at the first summons, with an untainted and unwearied heart, and be a happy child again. But I have gone too far astray for the town-crier to call me back.

Sweet has been the charm of childhood on my spirit, throughout my ramble with little Annie. Say not that it has been a waste of precious moments, an idle matter, a babble of childish talk, and a reverie of childish imaginations, about topics unworthy of a grown man's notice. Has it been merely this ? Not so ; not so. They are not truly wise who would affirm it. As the pure breath of children revives the life of aged men, so is our moral nature revived by their free and simple thoughts, their

native feeling, their airy mirth, for little cause or none, their grief, soon roused and soon allayed. Their influence on us is at least reciprocal with ours on them. When our infancy is almost forgotten, and our boyhood long departed, though it seems but as yesterday; when life settles darkly down upon us, and we doubt whether to call ourselves young any more, then it is good to steal away from the society of bearded men, and even of gentler woman, and spend an hour or two with children. After drinking from those fountains of still fresh existence, we shall return into the crowd, as I do now, to struggle onward and do our part in life, perhaps as fervently as ever, but, for a time, with a kinder and purer heart, and a spirit more lightly wise. All this by thy sweet magic, dear little Annie!

DAVID SWAN

A FANTASY

[From "Twice-told Tales"]

WE can be but partially acquainted even with the events which actually influence our course through life, and our final destiny. There are innumerable other events — if such they may be called — which come close upon us, yet pass away without actual results, or even betraying their near approach by the reflection of any light or shadow across our minds. Could we know all the vicissitudes of our fortunes, life would be too full of hope and fear, exultation or disappointment, to afford us a single hour of true serenity. This idea may be illustrated by a page from the secret history of David Swan.

We have nothing to do with David until we find him, at the age of twenty, on the highroad from his native place to the city of Boston, where his uncle, a small dealer in the grocery line, was to take him behind the counter. Be it enough to say that he was a

native of New Hampshire, born of respectable parents, and had received an ordinary school education, with a classic finish by a year at Gilmanton Academy. After journeying on foot from sunrise till nearly noon of a summer's day, his weariness and the increasing heat determined him to sit down in the first convenient shade, and await the coming up of the stagecoach. As if planted on purpose for him, there soon appeared a little tuft of maples, with a delightful recess in the midst, and such a fresh, bubbling spring, that it seemed never to have sparkled for any wayfarer but David Swan. Virgin or not, he kissed it with his thirsty lips, and then flung himself along the brink, pillowing his head upon some shirts and a pair of pantaloons, tied up in a striped cotton handkerchief. The sunbeams could not reach him ; the dust did not yet rise from the road, after the heavy rain of yesterday ; and his grassy lair suited the young man better than a bed of down. The spring murmured drowsily beside him ; the branches waved dreamily across the blue sky overhead ; and a deep sleep, perchance hiding dreams within its depths, fell upon David Swan. But we are to relate events which he did not dream of.

While he lay sound asleep in the shade, other people were wide awake, and passed to and fro, afoot, on horseback, and in all sorts of vehicles, along the sunny road by his bedchamber. Some looked neither to the right hand nor the left, and knew not that he was there ; some merely glanced that way without admitting the slumberer among their busy thoughts ; some laughed to see how soundly he slept ; and several, whose hearts were brimming full of scorn, ejected their venomous superfluity on David Swan. A middle-aged widow, when nobody else was near, thrust her head a little way into the recess, and vowed that the young fellow looked charming in his sleep. A temperance lecturer saw him, and wrought poor David into the texture of his evening's discourse as an awful instance of dead drunkenness by the roadside. But censure, praise, merriment, scorn, and indifference were all one, or rather all nothing, to David Swan.

He had slept only a few moments, when a brown carriage, drawn by a handsome pair of horses, bowed easily along, and was brought to a standstill nearly in front of David's resting place. A linchpin had fallen out, and permitted one of the wheels to slide off. The damage was slight, and occasioned merely a momentary alarm to an elderly merchant and his wife, who were returning to Boston in the carriage. While the coachman and a servant were replacing the wheel, the lady and gentleman sheltered themselves beneath the maple trees, and there espied the bubbling fountain, and David Swan asleep beside it. Impressed with the awe which the humblest sleeper usually sheds around him, the merchant trod as lightly as the gout would allow ; and his spouse took good heed not to rustle her silk gown lest David should start up all of a sudden.

"How soundly he sleeps !" whispered the old gentleman. "From what a depth he draws that easy breath ! Such sleep as that, brought on without an opiate, would be worth more to me than half my income, for it would support health and an untroubled mind."

"And youth besides," said the lady. "Healthy and quiet age does not sleep thus. Our slumber is no more like this than our wakefulness."

The longer they looked the more did this elderly couple feel interested in the unknown youth, to whom the wayside and a maple shade were as a secret chamber, with the rich gloom of damask curtains brooding over him.

Perceiving that a stray sunbeam glimmered down upon his face, the lady contrived to twist a branch aside, so as to intercept it ; and having done this little act of kindness, she began to feel like a mother to him.

"Providence seems to have laid him here," whispered she to her husband, "and to have brought us hither to find him, after our disappointment in our cousin's son. Methinks I can see a likeness to our departed Henry. Shall we wake him?"

"To what purpose?" said the merchant, hesitating. "We know nothing of the youth's character."

"That open countenance!" replied his wife, in the same hushed voice, yet earnestly. "This innocent sleep!"

While these whispers were passing, the sleeper's heart did not throb, nor his breath become agitated, nor his features betray the least token of interest; yet Fortune was bending over him, just ready to let fall a burden of gold. The old merchant had lost his only son, and had no heir to his wealth, except a distant relative, with whose conduct he was dissatisfied. In such cases, people sometimes do stranger things than to act the magician, and awaken a young man to splendor, who fell asleep in poverty.

"Shall we not waken him?" repeated the lady, persuasively.

"The coach is ready, sir," said the servant, behind.

The old couple started, reddened, and hurried away, mutually wondering that they should ever have dreamed of doing anything so very ridiculous. The merchant threw himself back in the carriage, and occupied his mind with the plan of a magnificent asylum for unfortunate men of business. Meanwhile David Swan enjoyed his nap.

The carriage could not have gone above a mile or two, when a pretty young girl came along, with a tripping pace, which showed precisely how her little heart was dancing in her bosom. She turned aside into the shelter of the maple trees, and there found a young man asleep by the spring! Blushing as red as any rose, that she should have intruded into a gentleman's bedchamber, she was about to make her escape on tiptoe. But there was peril near the sleeper. A monster of a bee had been wandering overhead,—buzz, buzz, buzz,—now among the leaves, now flashing through the strips of sunshine, and now lost in the dark shade, till finally he appeared to be settling on the eyelid of David Swan. The sting of a bee is sometimes deadly. As free-hearted as she was innocent, the girl attacked the intruder with her handkerchief, brushed him soundly, and drove him from beneath the maple shade. How sweet a picture! This good deed accomplished, with quickened breath, and a deeper blush, she stole a glance at

the youthful stranger, for whom she had been battling with a dragon in the air.

"He is handsome!" thought she, and blushed redder yet.

How could it be that no dream of bliss grew so strong within him that, shattered by its very strength, it should part asunder, and allow him to perceive the girl among its phantoms? Why, at least, did no smile of welcome brighten upon his face? She was come, the maid whose soul, according to the old and beautiful idea, had been severed from his own, and whom, in all his vague but passionate desires, he yearned to meet. Her only could he love with a perfect love; him only could she receive into the depths of her heart; and now her image was faintly blushing in the fountain by his side: should it pass away, its happy luster would never gleam upon his life again.

"How sound he sleeps!" murmured the girl.

She departed, but did not trip along the road so lightly as when she came.

Now this girl's father was a thriving country merchant in the neighborhood, and happened, at that identical time, to be looking out for just such a young man as David Swan. Had David formed a wayside acquaintance with the daughter, he would have become the father's clerk, and all else in natural succession. So here, again, had good fortune — the best of fortunes — stolen so near that her garments brushed against him; and he knew nothing of the matter.

The girl was hardly out of sight, when two men turned aside beneath the maple shade. Both had dark faces, set off by cloth caps, which were drawn down aslant over their brows. Their dresses were shabby, yet had a certain smartness. These were a couple of rascals, who got their living by whatever the devil sent them, and now, in the interim of other business, had staked the joint profits of their next piece of villainy on a game of cards, which was to have been decided here under the trees. But finding David asleep by the spring, one of the rogues whispered to his fellow: —

"Hist! Do you see that bundle under his head?"

The other villain nodded, winked, and leered.

"I'll bet you a horn of brandy," said the first, "that the chap has either a pocketbook, or a snug little hoard of small change, stowed away amongst his shirts. And if not there, we shall find it in his pantaloons pocket."

"But what if he wakes?" said the other.

His companion thrust aside his waistcoat, pointed to the handle of a dirk, and nodded.

"So be it," muttered the second villain.

They approached the unconscious David, and, while one pointed the dagger toward his heart, the other began to search the bundle beneath his head. Their two faces, grim, wrinkled, and ghastly with guilt and fear, bent over their victim, looking horrible enough to be mistaken for fiends, should he suddenly awake. Nay, had the villains glanced aside into the spring, even they would hardly have known themselves as reflected there. But David Swan had never worn a more tranquil aspect, even when asleep on his mother's breast.

"I must take away the bundle," whispered one.

"If he stirs I'll strike," muttered the other.

But at this moment a dog, scenting along the ground, came in beneath the maple trees, and gazed alternately at each of these wicked men, and then at the quiet sleeper. He then lapped out of the fountain.

"Pshaw!" said one villain. "We can do nothing now. The dog's master must be close behind."

"Let's take a drink and be off," said the other.

The man with the dagger thrust back the weapon into his bosom, and drew forth a pocket pistol, but not of that kind which kills by a single discharge. It was a flask of liquor, with a block-tin tumbler screwed upon the mouth. Each drank a comfortable dram, and left the spot, with so many jests, and such laughter at their unaccomplished wickedness, that they might be said to have gone on their way rejoicing. In a few hours they had forgotten

the whole affair, nor once imagined that the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls, in letters as durable as eternity. As for David Swan, he still slept quietly, neither conscious of the shadow of death when it hung over him, nor of the glow of renewed life when that shadow was withdrawn.

He slept, but no longer so quietly as at first. An hour's repose had snatched, from his elastic frame, the weariness with which many hours of toil had burdened it. Now he stirred; now moved his lips, without a sound; now talked, in an inward tone, to the noonday specters of his dream. But a noise of wheels came rattling louder and louder along the road, until it dashed through the dispersing mist of David's slumber — and there was the stage-coach. He started up, with all his ideas about him.

"Halloo, driver! Take a passenger?" shouted he.

"Room on top," answered the driver.

Up mounted David, and bowled away merrily toward Boston, without so much as a parting glance at that fountain of dreamlike vicissitude. He knew not that a phantom of Wealth had thrown a golden hue upon its waters, nor that one of Love had sighed softly to their murmur, nor that one of Death had threatened to crimson them with his blood — all, in the brief hour since he lay down to sleep. Sleeping or waking, we hear not the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen. Does it not argue a superintending Providence that, while viewless and unexpected events thrust themselves continually athwart our path, there should still be regularity enough, in mortal life, to render foresight even partially available?

CHAPTER XIV

ROBERT BURNS, 1759-1796

"Burns is by far the greatest poet that ever sprang from the bosom of the people and lived and died in an humble condition." — PROFESSOR WILSON.

"But who his human heart has laid
To Nature's bosom nearer?
Who sweetened toil like him, or paid
To love a tribute dearer?"

"Give lettered pomp to teeth of Time,
So 'Bonnie Doon' but tarry;
Blot out the epic's stately rhyme,
But spare his 'Highland Mary'!"

— JOHN G. WHITTIER.

ROBERT BURNS, "the Shakespeare of Scotland" as some one has justly called him, was born in 1759, at Alloway, in Ayrshire, Scotland, where his father had a small farm. Burns received a scanty school education, for his father kept his sons at home in order to help with the work of the farm. The future poet made the most of his opportunities, and increased his knowledge by studying the very few books within his reach. The greater part of Burns's education was gained at home. His father had a choice, though limited, stock of books, all of which he read eagerly and thoroughly. His mother, a truly religious woman, was devoted to her son "Robbie," who inherited many of her amiable qualities.

As Burns went whistling behind his plow, thoughts of nature and its beauties, of love and its tender emotions, would gradually shape themselves into words and rhythm, such as would suit exactly the very tunes he was whistling. Thus, song-making was his earliest effort as a poet. As his mind expanded, his life as a plowman became tiresome and disagreeable, and at last utterly unendurable. He consequently left it, tried farming on his own account, and failed. Disgusted with everything about him, he resolved to leave Scotland, and to try his fortune in the West Indies, where so many Scots had already reaped an abundance of wealth. In order to pay the expense of the voyage out, Burns published a collection of his poems. This was so successful that he received more than enough money, and great popularity.



ROBERT BURNS

Under these circumstances, he gave up the idea of going abroad; and the Ayrshire poet was invited by the great people of Edinburgh to pay them a visit. They gave him a most cordial reception when he came, feasting and lionizing him; and he, plowman though he was, conducted himself as if he were the finest gentleman among them. When this grand time was over, the poet went back to his old life, which did not look more pleasant after his brilliant holiday experiences in Edinburgh. Troubles came upon him, and he had at

last to accept the humble office of exciseman. Unfortunately, this was the very worst employment he could have engaged in. He craved strong drink, and in the fulfillment of his duties as exciseman he had too many opportunities of indulging himself. One night in January he caught cold. The cold brought on fever; and at the age of thirty-seven the great but unfortunate poet died, in 1796, at Dumfries, leaving a wife and six children in poverty.

Burns is best known as a lyric poet. His songs are mostly about love, patriotism, and pleasure. Of the first, that beginning "Ae fond kiss, and then we sever," is a good example; of the second, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled"; and of the third, the songs which occur throughout "The Jolly Beggars." The characteristics of his style are humor, careful and loving study of nature, and an ability to express the emotions of the human heart which Shakspeare alone has been able to excel. His songs, for this reason, are known and sung in all regions of the globe.

In speaking of Burns, Sir Walter Scott thus describes his personal appearance: "His person was strong and robust; his manners rustic, a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity, which received part of its effect, perhaps, from one's knowledge of his extraordinary talents. His countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large, and of a dark cast, which glowed when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time."

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

My lov'd, my honor'd, much respected friend !
 No mercenary bard his homage pays :
 With honest pride I scorn each selfish end,
 My dearest meed a friend's esteem and praise :
 To you I sing in simple Scottish lays 5
 The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene ;
 The native feelings strong, the guileless ways ;
 What Aiken in a cottage would have been ;
 Ah ! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.
 November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh ; 10
 The short'ning winter day is near a close ;
 The miry beasts retreating frae the plough ;
 The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose :
 The toil-worn cotter frae his labor goes,
 This night his weekly moil is at an end, 15
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.
 At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree ; 20
 Th' expectant wee-things, toddlin, stacher through
 To meet their dad, wi' flichterin noise an' glee.
 His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonilie,
 His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
 The lisping infant prattling on his knee, 25
 Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
 An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.
 Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,
 At service out amang the farmers roun' ;
 Some ca' the plough, some herd, some tentie rin 30
 A cannie errand to a neebor town :

Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee, 35
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers :
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet ;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears ; 40
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years ;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother wi' her needle an' her sheers
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new ;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due. 45

Their master's an' their mistress's command
The youngkers a' are warnèd to obey ;
An' mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play :
An' oh ! be sure to fear the Lord alway, 50
“ An' mind your duty, duely, morn an' night !
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting might :
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright ! ”

But hark ! a rap comes gently to the door ; 55
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek ; 60
With heartstruck, anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak ;
Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben ;
 A strappan youth ; he takes the mother's eye ; 65
 Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en ;
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But, blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave ;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy 70
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave ;
 Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love ! where love like this is found !
 O heartfelt raptures ! bliss beyond compare !
 I've pacèd much this weary mortal round, 75
 And sage experience bids me this declare —
 " If Heaven a draught of heav'nly pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale 80
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart —
 A wretch ! a villain ! lost to love and truth !
 That can with studied, sly, ensnaring art
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth ? 85
 Curse on his perjur'd arts ! dissembling smooth !
 Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exil'd ?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child ?
 Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild ! 90

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The healsome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food :
 The soupe their only Hawkie does afford,
 That 'yont the hallen snugly chows her cood ;

The dame brings forth in complimentary mood, 95
 To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
 An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid ;
 The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
 How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face 100
 They round the ingle form a circle wide ;
 The sire turns o'er wi' patriarchal grace
 The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride :
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare ; 105
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales a portion with judicious care ;
 And " Let us worship God ! " he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim ; 110
 Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name ;
 Or noble Elgin beets the heav'nward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
 Compar'd with these Italian trills are tame ; 115
 The tickl'd ears no heartfelt raptures raise ;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How Abram was the friend of God on high ;
 Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage 120
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
 Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry ;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire ; 125
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme ;
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
 How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay His head ; 130
 How His first followers and servants sped ;
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land :
 How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's
 command. 135

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
 Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
 That thus they all shall meet in future days :
 There ever bask in uncreated rays, 140
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear ;
 While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride, 145
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart !
 The Pow'r, incens'd, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ; 150
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul,
 And in His Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way ;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest ; 155
 The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,

That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide,
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad :
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God :"
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind ;
What is a lordling's pomp ? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd !

O Scotia ! my dear, my native soil !
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health and peace and sweet content !
And, oh ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion weak and vile ;
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd isle.

O Thou ! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart ;
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !)
Oh, never, never, Scotia's realm desert,
But still the patriot and the patriot-bard
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

ON THE TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOW,
IN APRIL, 1786

WEE, modest, crimson-tippèd flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour ;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
 Thy slender stem ;
To spare thee now is past my power, 5
 Thou bonnie gem.

Alas ! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
 Wi' spreckled breast, 10
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
 The purpling East.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth ;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth 15
 Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield ; 20
But thou, beneath the random bield
 O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise ;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies !

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade !
By love's simplicity betray'd,
 And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd !
Unskillful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er !

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
 To misery's brink,
Till wrench'd of every stay but Heaven,
 He, ruin'd, sink !

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
'That fate is thine, — no distant date :
Stern Ruin's plowshare drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom !

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that !
For a' that, and a' that, 5
Our toils obscure, and a' that ;
The rank is but the guinea stamp ;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden gray, and a' that ; 10
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that,
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that ;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor, 15
Is King o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that : 20
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight, 25
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he maunna fa' that !



AMERICAN AND BRITISH AUTHORS

For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that, 30
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that ;
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth, 35
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be, for a' that. 40

HIGHLAND MARY

YE banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie !
There sinner first unfauld her robes, 5
And there the langest tarry ;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom, 10
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom !
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
For dear to me, as light and life, 15
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow, and lock'd embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender ;
 And, pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore oursels asunder ;
 But oh ! fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early !
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary !

20

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !
 And clos'd for ay the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly !
 And mold'ring now in silent dust,
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

25

30

TO MARY IN HEAVEN

THOU lingering star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary ! dear departed shade !
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

5

That sacred hour can I forget ?
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love ?

10

Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past ;
Thy image at our last embrace ;
Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last !

15

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green ;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

20

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care !
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade !
Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

25

30

CHAPTER XV

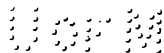
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1809-1894

"Long may he live to make broader the face of our care-ridden generation, and to realize for himself the truth of the wise man's declaration, that 'a merry heart is a continual feast.'" — JOHN G. WHITTIER.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, one of the wittiest and wisest of American authors, was born in Cambridge, Mass., in 1809. He graduated at Harvard College in 1829. He began to study law, but soon gave up the idea for the study of medicine. After several years of study, both at home and abroad, he began the practice of medicine in Boston. He was chosen professor of anatomy and physiology in Dartmouth College in 1838, and was called to the same chair in Harvard Medical College in 1847.

His first literary effort of any note was a poem delivered at Harvard College in 1836. The warm praise with which this poem was received doubtless stimulated the young physician to other literary work. His first volume of collected poems was published in 1836. For over fifty years Dr. Holmes made every year a great variety of contributions to our literature, — poems, novels, essays, and medical writings.

When the *Atlantic Monthly* was founded in 1857, Dr. Holmes began a series of papers called "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," which did much to increase



the fame of the genial doctor. For thirty years he was a regular and favorite contributor to the *Atlantic*. Two other volumes have since been added to the "Breakfast-Table" series. This delightful series of papers is unique in our literature; abounding in delicate fancies, genial wit, and good-natured satire. These papers are bright, sharp, and witty, and we rarely tire of them.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

His first novel, "Elsie Venner," appeared in 1861, and "The Guardian Angel" in 1867. Dr. Holmes also made many and notable contributions to medical literature. He wrote prose and verse with equal success. His style is marked by certain original and characteristic traits,—genial humor, mirthful satire, brilliant wit, and tender sentiment.

Personally, Dr. Holmes was a man of slight build, neat and precise in all of his actions. He lectured every year for nearly forty years on anatomy at the Harvard Medical College. No man was ever more admired by his students. There seemed no end to the witty sayings, sharp repartees, and funny stories with which he made this dry subject attractive to thousands of medical students. Even during the last days of his long life Dr. Holmes was still busy with his pen. No one ever thought of him as an old man.

MY AUNT

My aunt ! my dear unmarried aunt !
Long years have o'er her flown ;
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
That binds her virgin zone :
I know it hurts her, — though she looks 5
As cheerful as she can ;
Her waist is ampler than her life,
For life is but a span.

My aunt ! my poor deluded aunt !
Her hair is almost gray ; 10
Why will she train that winter curl
In such a springlike way ?
How can she lay her glasses down,
And say she reads as well,
When through a double convex lens 15
She just makes out to spell ?

Her father — grandpapa ! forgive
This erring lip its smiles —
Vowed she should make the finest girl
Within a hundred miles ; 20
He sent her to a stylish school, —
'Twas in her thirteenth June, —
And with her, as the rules required,
"Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board 25
To make her straight and tall ;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small ;



They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
They screwed it up with pins, — 30
Oh, never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,
My grandsire brought her back
(By daylight, lest some rabid youth 35
Might follow on the track).

“Ah !” said my grandsire, as he shook
Some powder in his pan,
“What could this lovely creature do
Against a desperate man !” 40

Alas ! nor chariot nor barouche,
Nor bandit cavalcade,
Tore from the trembling father’s arms
His all-accomplished maid.
For her how happy had it been ! 45
And Heaven had spared to me
To see one sad, ungathered rose
On my ancestral tree.

THE LAST LEAF

I saw him once before
As he passed by the door ;
And again
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o’er the ground 5
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of Time
Cut him down,

Not a better man was found 10
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets,
Sad and wan ;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
" They are gone ! "

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom ;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said, — 25
 Poor old lady ! she is dead
 Long ago, —
 That he had a Roman nose,
 And his cheek was like a rose
 In the snow. 30

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
 Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
 In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here ;

But the old three-cornered hat, 40
 And the breeches, and all that,
 Are so queer !

And, if I should live to be
 The last leaf upon the tree
 In the spring, 45
 Let them smile, as I do now,
 At the old forsaken bough
 Where I cling.

LEXINGTON

SLOWLY the mist o'er the meadow was creeping,
 Bright on the dewy buds glistened the sun,
 When from his couch, while his children were sleeping,
 Rose the bold rebel, and shouldered his gun.
 Waving her golden veil 5
 Over the silent dale,
 Blithe looked the morning on cottage and spire ;
 Hushed was his parting sigh,
 While from his noble eye
 Flashed the last sparkle of liberty's fire. 10

On the smooth green where the fresh leaf is springing
 Calmly the firstborn of glory have met ;
 Hark ! the death volley around them is ringing !
 Look ! with their lifeblood the young grass is wet !
 Faint is the feeble breath, 15
 Murmuring low in death,
 " Tell to our sons how their fathers have died ;"
 Nerveless the iron hand,
 Raised for its native land,
 Lies by the weapon that gleams at its side. 20

Over the hillsides the wild knell is tolling,
From their far hamlets the yeomanry come ;
As through the storm clouds the thunderburst rolling,
Circles the beat of the mustering drum.
Fast on the soldier's path 25
Darken the waves of wrath,
Long have they gathered and loud shall they fall ;
Red glares the musket's flash,
Sharp rings the rifle's crash,
Blazing and clanging from thicket and wall. 30

Gayly the plume of the horseman was dancing,
Never to shadow his cold brow again ;
Proudly at morning the war steed was prancing,
Reeking and panting he droops on the rein ;
Pale is the lip of scorn, 35
Voiceless the trumpet horn,
Torn is the silken-fringed red cross on high ;
Many a belted breast
Low on the turf shall rest,
Ere the dark hunters the herd have past by. 40

Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse wind is raving,
Rocks where the weary floods murmur and wail,
Wilds where the fern by the furrow is waving,
Reeled with the echoes that rode on the gale ;
Far as the tempest thrills 45
Over the darkened hills,
Far as the sunshine streams over the plain,
Roused by the tyrant band,
Woke all the mighty land,
Girded for battle, from mountain to main. 50

Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying !
Shroudless and tombless they sunk to their rest,

While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying
Wraps the proud eagle they roused from his nest.
Borne on her northern pine, 55
Long o'er the foaming brine
Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun ;
Heaven keep her ever free,
Wide as o'er land and sea
Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won. 60

For all the blessings life has brought,
For all its sorrowing hours have taught,
For all we mourn, for all we keep,
The hands we clasp, the loved that sleep ;

The noontide sunshine of the past, 5
Those brief, bright moments fading fast,
The stars that gild our darkening years,
The twilight ray from holier spheres, —

We thank thee, Father ! let thy grace
Our narrowing circle still embrace, 10
Thy mercy shed its heavenly store,
Thy peace be with us evermore !

From "Hymn for the Class Meeting."

CHAPTER XVI

SIR WALTER SCOTT, 1771-1832

"Who is there that, looking back over a great portion of his life, does not find the genius of Scott administering to his pleasures, beguiling his cares, and soothing his lonely sorrows?" — WASHINGTON IRVING.

"Here is a right list for Sir Walter Scott: 'Waverley,' 'Guy Mannering,' 'The Antiquary,' 'Rob Roy,' 'Old Mortality,' 'The Monastery,' 'The Abbot,' 'Heart of Midlothian.' Get any of them you can, when you have a chance, and study every sentence in them. They are models of every virtue in their order of literature and exhaustive codes of Christian wisdom and ethics." — JOHN RUSKIN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, the great Scotch poet and novelist, was born in Edinburgh in 1771, and was educated at the high school and university of his native city. He studied for the law, became an advocate, was appointed sheriff of Selkirkshire, and settled with his wife at the farmhouse in Ashestiel. But his heart was not in his profession. From his very childhood he had been passionately fond of stories, especially those which referred to "the brave days of old." One day, when about thirteen, he got possession of "Percy's Reliques," and became so absorbed in the stirring old ballads that he forgot to eat his dinner. His frequent visits to the banks of the Tweed, with their old castles and crumbling abbeys so full of interesting memories, increased still more his ardent affection for the times gone by. The results showed themselves in the romantic poems which he began to publish in 1805.

Scott's three great poems are "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," and "The Lady of the Lake." The first of these illustrates "the customs and manners which anciently prevailed on the borders of England and Scotland." It is full of incidents, tournaments, raids, midnight expeditions, etc. "Marmion" is a romantic tale of



SIR WALTER SCOTT

Flodden field. "The Lady of the Lake" tells us of a king who, in disguise, traversing the Highlands in the neighborhood of Loch Katrine, missed his way, and met with several adventures which the poet describes with telling effect. The story, however, was intended by Scott to be a mere thread of interest in a poem which was written to illustrate life and scenery in the Scottish Highlands. These poems are written after the

fashion of the old metrical romances, and are remarkable for freshness of thought, vividness of description, and animation of style. They were very popular, and the author would have been considered a famous man if he never had written anything but poetry.

In 1814 Scott issued "Waverley," the first novel of the series which bears its name. It was published anonymously. Scott, having gained a great name as a poet, was not sure that he would be equally successful as a novelist, and so withheld his name till he saw how "Waverley" was received by the public. The book was an extraordinary

success; and, as novel after novel made its appearance, the people were delighted, and the critics were enthusiastic in their praise.

It is unnecessary to enter into any description of works so widely known. Of the illustrious novelist it has been well remarked that he "revived the glories of past ages; illustrated the landscape and the history of his native country; painted the triumphs of patriotism and virtue, and the meanness and misery of vice; awakened our best and kindest feelings in favor of suffering and erring humanity, — of the low-born and the persecuted, the peasant, the beggar, and the Jew. He has furnished an intellectual banquet as rich as it is various and picturesque, from his curious learning, extensive observation, forgotten manners, and decaying superstitions, — the whole embellished with the lights of a vivid imagination, and a correct and gracefully regulated taste." In the number and variety of his conceptions and characters, he ranks as one of the greatest masters of fiction.

With the money which his works produced, and other funds which he expected to earn, Scott erected the grand Gothic mansion of Abbotsford, furnished it after the fashion of feudal days, and lived in it like a knight of the olden time. From the government of the day he received a baronetcy. His life at Abbotsford was of the most pleasant kind. Here he delighted to meet and entertain his friends, "singing ballads and sounding pibrochs amidst the clinking of glasses; holding gay hunting parties, where yeomen and gentlemen rode side by side; and encouraging lively dances, where the lord was not ashamed to give his hand to the miller's daughter." In order to keep up this grand style, he had secretly gone into part-

nership with his publishers. Unexpectedly the firm failed, and Scott found himself burdened at the age of fifty-five with a debt of a hundred and seventeen thousand pounds. But he was honest and courageous; and so, setting to work on the very day of the failure, he managed in four years to clear away seventy thousand pounds; and he would have wrought on, but his health broke down under such excessive labor, and he was sent to Italy. After some time spent in that country, he became worse, and returned home to Abbotsford, where he died in 1832.

Scott was tall and striking in figure, stout and well made. He was crippled in one foot, which made him walk very lame. His forehead was high, his nose short, and his upper lip long. His complexion was fresh and clear; his eyes very blue, shrewd, and penetrating. His smile was uncommonly sweet and winning.

JEANIE DEANS PLEADING FOR HER SISTER'S LIFE

[From "The Heart of Midlothian," chap. xxxvi.]

THE Queen seemed to acquiesce, and the duke made a signal for Jeanie to advance from the spot where she had hitherto remained watching countenances which were too long accustomed to suppress all apparent signs of emotion, to convey to her any interesting intelligence. Her Majesty could not help smiling at the awe-struck manner in which the quiet, demure figure of the little Scotchwoman advanced toward her, and yet more at the first sound of her broad Northern accent. But Jeanie had a voice low and sweetly toned,—an admirable thing in woman,—and

she besought "her Luddyship to have pity on a poor misguided young creature," in tones so affecting that, like the notes of some of her native songs, provincial vulgarity was lost in pathos.

"Stand up, young woman," said the Queen, but in a kind tone, "and tell me what sort of a barbarous people your country folk are, where child murder is become so common as to require the restraint of laws like yours."

"If your Luddyship pleases," answered Jeanie, "there are many places besides Scotland where mothers are unkind to their ain flesh and blood."

It must be observed that the disputes between George the Second and Frederick, Prince of Wales, were then at the highest, and that the good-natured part of the public laid the blame on the Queen. She colored highly, and darted a glance of a most penetrating character first at Jeanie, and then at the duke. Both sustained it unmoved; Jeanie from total unconsciousness of the offense she had given, and the duke from his habitual composure. But in his heart he thought, "My unlucky protégée has with this luckless answer shot dead, by a kind of chance medley, her only hope of success."

Lady Suffolk good-humoredly and skillfully interposed in this awkward crisis. "You should tell this lady," she said to Jeanie, "the particular causes which render this crime common in your country."

"Some thinks it's the Kirk-session — that is — it's the — it's the cuttystool, if your Luddyship pleases," said Jeanie, looking down and courtesying.

"The what?" said Lady Suffolk, to whom the phrase was new, and who besides was rather deaf.

"That's the stool of repentance, madam, if it please your Luddyship," answered Jeanie, "for light life and conversation, and for breaking the seventh command." Here she raised her eyes to the duke, saw his hand at his chin, and, totally unconscious of what

she had said out of joint, gave double effect to the innuendo, by stopping short and looking embarrassed.

As for Lady Suffolk, she retired like a covering party which, having interposed betwixt their retreating friends and the enemy, have suddenly drawn on themselves a fire unexpectedly severe.

"The deuce take the lass," thought the Duke of Argyle to himself; "there goes another shot, and she was hit with both barrels right and left!"

Indeed, the duke had himself his share of the confusion; for, having acted as master of ceremonies to this innocent offender, he felt much in the circumstances of a country squire who, having introduced his spaniel into a well-appointed drawing-room, is doomed to witness the disorder and damage which arises to china and to dress gowns in consequence of its untimely frolics. Jeanie's last chance hit, however, obliterated the ill impression which had arisen from the first; for her Majesty had not so lost the feelings of a wife in those of a Queen, but that she could enjoy a jest at the expense of "her good Suffolk." She turned toward the Duke of Argyle with a smile which marked that she enjoyed the triumph, and observed, "The Scotch are a rigidly moral people." Then, again applying herself to Jeanie, she asked how she traveled up from Scotland.

"Upon my foot mostly, madam," was the reply.

"What, all that immense way upon foot? How far can you walk in a day?"

"Five and twenty miles, and a bittock."

"And a what?" said the Queen, looking toward the Duke of Argyle.

"And about five miles more," replied the duke.

"I thought I was a good walker," said the Queen, "but this shames me sadly."

"May your Laddyship never hae sae weary a heart, that ye canna be sensible of the weariness of the limbs," said Jeanie.

"That came better off," thought the duke ; "it's the first thing she has said to the purpose."

"And I didna just a'thegither walk the hail way neither, for I had whiles the cast of a cart ; and I had the cast of a horse from Ferrybridge, and divers other easements," said Jeanie, cutting short her story, for she observed the duke made the sign he had fixed upon.

"With all these accommodations," answered the Queen, "you must have had a very fatiguing journey, and I fear to little purpose ; since, if the King were to pardon your sister, in all probability it would do her little good, for I suppose your people of Edinburgh would hang her out of spite."

"She will sink herself now outright," thought the duke.

But he was wrong. The shoals on which Jeanie had touched in this delicate conversation lay underground, and were unknown to her ; this rock was above water, and she avoided it.

"She was confident," she said, "that baith town and country wad rejoice to see his Majesty taking compassion on a poor unfriended creature."

"His Majesty has not found it so in a late instance," said the Queen ; "but I suppose my lord duke would advise him to be guided by the votes of the rabble themselves, who should be hanged and who spared?"

"No, madam," said the duke ; "but I would advise his Majesty to be guided by his own feelings, and those of his royal consort, and then I am sure punishment will only attach itself to guilt, and even then with cautious reluctance."

"Well, my lord," said her Majesty, "all these fine speeches do not convince me of the propriety of so soon showing any mark of favor to your—I suppose I must not say rebellious?—but, at least, your very disaffected and intractable metropolis. Why, the whole nation is in a league to screen the savage and abominable murderers of that unhappy man ; otherwise, how is it possible but that, of so many perpetrators, and engaged in so public an action

for such a length of time, one at least must have been recognized? Even this wench, for aught I can tell, may be a depositary of the secret. — Hark you, young woman, had you any friends engaged in the Porteous mob?”

“No, madam,” answered Jeanie, happy that the question was so framed that she could, with a good conscience, answer it in the negative.

“But I suppose,” continued the Queen, “if you were possessed of such a secret, you would hold it a matter of conscience to keep it to yourself?”

“I would pray to be directed and guided what was the line of duty, madam,” answered Jeanie.

“Yes, and take that which suited your own inclinations,” replied her Majesty.

“If it like you, madam,” said Jeanie, “I would hae gaen to the end of the earth to save the life of John Porteous, or any other unhappy man in his condition; but I might lawfully doubt how far I am called upon to be the avenger of his blood, though it may become the civil magistrate to do so. He is dead and gane to his place, and they that have slain him must answer for their ain act. But my sister, my puir sister, Effie, still lives, though her days and hours are numbered! She still lives, and a word of the King’s mouth might restore her to a broken-hearted auld man, that never in his daily and nightly exercise forgot to pray that his Majesty might be blessed with a long and a prosperous reign, and that his throne, and the throne of his posterity, might be established in righteousness. Oh, madam, if ever ye kend what it was to sorrow for and with a sinning and a suffering creature, whose mind is sae tossed that she can be neither ca’d fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery! Save an honest house from dishonor, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dreadful death! Alas! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves, that we think on other people’s sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting

our ain wrongs and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body, — and seldom may it visit your Laddyship, — and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low — lang and late may it be yours, — oh, my Laddy ! then it isna what we hae dune for ourselves, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thoughts that ye hae intervened to spare the puir thing's life, will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the haill Porteous mob at the tail of ae tow."

Tear followed tear down Jeanie's cheeks, as, her features glowing and quivering with emotion, she pleaded her sister's cause with a pathos which was at once simple and solemn.

"This is eloquence," said her Majesty to the Duke of Argyle. "Young woman," she continued, addressing herself to Jeanie, "I cannot grant a pardon to your sister ; but you shall not want my warm intercession with his Majesty. Take this housewife case," she continued, putting a small embroidered needlecase into Jeanie's hands ; "do not open it now, but at your leisure ; you will find something in it which will remind you that you have had an interview with Queen Caroline."

Jeanie, having her suspicions thus confirmed, dropped on her knees, and would have expanded herself in gratitude ; but the duke, who was upon thorns lest she should say more or less than just enough, touched his chin once more.

"Our business is, I think, ended for the present, my lord duke," said the Queen, "and, I trust, to your satisfaction. Hereafter I hope to see your grace more frequently, both at Richmond and St. James's. — Come, Lady Suffolk, we must wish his grace good morning."

They exchanged their parting reverences, and the duke, so soon as the ladies had turned their backs, assisted Jeanie to rise from the ground, and conducted her back through the avenue, which she trod with the feeling of one who walks in her sleep.

THE ESCAPE ON THE CLIFFS

[From "The Antiquary," chap. vii.]

THEY were now near the center of a deep but narrow bay, or recess, formed by two projecting capes of high and inaccessible rock, which shot out into the sea like the horns of a crescent; and neither durst communicate the apprehension which each began to entertain, that, from the unusually rapid advance of the tide, they might be deprived of the power of proceeding by doubling the promontory which lay before them, or of retreating by the road which brought them thither.

As they pressed forward, longing doubtless to exchange the easy curving line, which the sinuosities of the bay compelled them to adopt, for a straighter and more expeditious path, though less conformable to the line of beauty, Sir Arthur observed a human figure on the beach advancing to meet them. "Thank God!" he exclaimed, "we shall get round Halket-head! that person must have passed it;" thus giving vent to the feeling of hope, though he had suppressed that of apprehension.

"Thank God indeed!" echoed his daughter, half audibly, half internally, as if expressing the gratitude which she strongly felt.

The figure which advanced to meet them made many signs, which the haze of the atmosphere, now disturbed by wind and by a drizzling rain, prevented them from seeing or comprehending distinctly. Some time before they met, Sir Arthur could recognize the old blue-gowned beggar, Edie Ochiltree. It is said that even the brute creation lay aside their animosities and antipathies when pressed by an instant and common danger. The beach under Halket-head, rapidly diminishing in extent by the encroachments of the spring tide and a northwest wind, was in like manner a neutral field, where even a justice of peace and a strolling mendicant might meet upon terms of mutual forbearance.

"Turn back ! turn back !" exclaimed the vagrant ; " why did ye not turn when I waved to you ? "

" We thought," replied Sir Arthur, in great agitation, " we thought we could get round Halket-head."

" Halket-head ! the tide will be running on Halket-head by this time like the Fall of Fyers ! It was a' I could do to get round it twenty minutes since ; it was coming in three feet abreast. We will maybe get back by Bally-burgh Ness Point yet. The Lord help us ! it's our only chance. We can but try."

" My God, my child ! " — " My father, my dear father ! " exclaimed the parent and daughter, as, fear lending them strength and speed, they turned to retrace their steps, and endeavored to double the point, the projection of which formed the southern extremity of the bay.

" I heard ye were here, frae the bit callant ye sent to meet your carriage," said the beggar, as he trudged stoutly on a step or two behind Miss Wardour, " and I couldna bide to think o' the dainty young leddy's peril, that has aye been kind to ilka forlorn heart that cam near her. Sae I lookit at the lift and the rin o' the tide, till I settled it that if I could get down time enough to gie you warning, we wad do weel yet. But I doubt, I doubt, I have been beguiled, for what mortal ee ever saw sic a race as the tide is rinnin e'en now ? See, yonder's the Ratton's Skeary — he aye held his neb abune the water in my day — but he's aneath it now."

Sir Arthur cast a look in the direction in which the old man pointed. A huge rock, which in general, even in spring tides, displayed a hulk like the keel of a large vessel, was now quite under water, and its place only indicated by the boiling and breaking of the eddying waves which encountered its submarine resistance.

" Mak' haste, mak' haste, my bonny leddy," continued the old man, " mak' haste, and we may do yet ! Take haud o' my arm — an auld and frail arm it's now, but it's been in as sair stress as this is yet. Take haud o' my arm, my winsome leddy ! D' ye see yon wee black speck amang the wallowing waves yonder ? This

morning it was as high as the mast o' a brig — it's sma' eneugh now — but, while I see as muckle black about it as the crown o' my hat, I winna believe but we'll get round the Bally-burgh Ness, for a' that's come and gane yet."

Isabella, in silence, accepted from the old man the assistance which Sir Arthur was less able to afford her. The waves had now encroached so much upon the beach that the firm and smooth footing which they had hitherto had on the sand must be exchanged for a rougher path close to the foot of the precipice, and in some places even raised upon its lower edges. It would have been utterly impossible for Sir Arthur Wardour and his daughter to have found their way along these shelves without the guidance and encouragement of the beggar, who had been there before in high tides, though never, he acknowledged, "in sae awesome a night as this."

It was indeed a dreadful evening. The howling of the storm mingled with the shrieks of the sea fowl, and sounded like the dirge of the three devoted beings who, pent between two of the most magnificent yet most dreadful objects of nature, — a raging tide and an insurmountable precipice, — toiled along their painful and dangerous path, often lashed by the spray of some giant billow, which threw itself higher on the beach than those that had preceded it. Each minute did their enemy gain ground perceptibly upon them. Still, however, loath to relinquish the last hopes of life, they bent their eyes on the black rock pointed out by Ochiltree. It was yet distinctly visible among the breakers, and continued to be so, until they came to a turn in their precarious path, where an intervening projection of rock hid it from their sight.

Deprived of the view of the beacon on which they had relied, they now experienced the double agony of terror and suspense. They struggled forward, however; but when they arrived at the point from which they ought to have seen the crag, it was no longer visible. The signal of safety was lost among a thousand

white breakers, which, dashing upon the point of the promontory, rose in prodigious sheets of snowy foam, as high as the mast of a first-rate man-of-war, against the dark brow of the precipice.

The countenance of the old man fell. Isabella gave a faint shriek, and "God have mercy upon us!" which her guide solemnly uttered, was piteously echoed by Sir Arthur — "My child! my child! — to die such a death!"

"My father! my dear father!" his daughter exclaimed, clinging to him; "and you, too, who have lost your own life in endeavoring to save ours!"

"That's not worth the counting," said the old man. "I hae lived to be weary of life; and here or yonder — at the back o' a dyke, in a wreath o' snaw, or in the wame o' a wave, what signifies how the auld gaberlunzie dies?"

"Good man," said Sir Arthur, "can you think of nothing? — of no help? I'll make you rich — I'll give you a farm — I'll —"

"Our riches will be soon equal," said the beggar, looking out upon the strife of the water; "they are sae already, for I hae nae land, and you would give your fair bounds and barony for a square yard of rock that would be dry for twal hours."

While they exchanged these words, they paused upon the highest ledge of rock to which they could attain; for it seemed that any further attempt to move forward could only serve to anticipate their fate. Here, then, they were to await the sure though slow progress of the raging element, something in the situation of the martyrs of the early church, who, exposed by heathen tyrants to be slain by wild beasts, were compelled for a time to witness the impatience and rage by which the animals were agitated, while awaiting the signal for undoing their grates and letting them loose upon the victims.

Yet even this fearful pause gave Isabella time to collect the powers of a mind naturally strong and courageous, and which rallied itself at this terrible juncture. "Must we yield life," she said, "without a struggle? Is there no path, however dreadful,

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by which we could climb the crag, or at least attain some height above the tide, where we could remain till morning, or till help comes? They must be aware of our situation, and will raise the country to relieve us."

Sir Arthur, who heard, but scarcely comprehended, his daughter's question, turned, nevertheless, instinctively and eagerly to the old man, as if their lives were in his gift. Ochiltree paused. "I was a bauld craigsman," he said, "ance in my life, and mony a kitty-wake's and lungie's nest hae I harried up amang thae very black rocks; but it's lang, lang syne, and nae mortal could speel them without a rope, — and if I had ane, my eesight, and my footstep, and my hand-grip hae a' failed mony a day sinsyne, — and then how could I save *you*? But there was a path here ance, though maybe, if we could see it, ye would rather bide where we are. His name be praised!" he ejaculated suddenly, "there's ane coming down the crag e'en now!" Then, exalting his voice, he hilloa'd out to the daring adventurer such instructions as his former practice, and the remembrance of local circumstances, suddenly forced upon his mind: "Ye're right, ye're right! — that gate, that gate! — fasten the rope weel round Crummie's-horn; that's the muckle black stane — cast twa plies round it — that's it! — now, weize yoursel' a wee easel-ward — a wee mair yet to that ither stane — we ca'd it the Cat's-lug — there used to be the root o' an aik tree there. That will do! — canny now, lad! canny now — tak' tent and tak' time — Lord bless ye! tak' time. Very weel! Now ye maun get to Bessy's Apron, that's the muckle braid flat blue stane; and then I think, wi' your help and the two thegither, I'll win at ye, and then we'll be able to get up the young leddy and Sir Arthur."

The adventurer, following the directions of old Edie, flung him down the end of the rope, which he secured around Miss Wardour, wrapping her previously in his own blue gown, to preserve her as much as possible from injury. Then, availing himself of the rope, which was made fast at the other end, he began to ascend the face

of the crag—a most precarious and dizzy undertaking, which, however, after one or two perilous escapes, placed him safe on the broad flat stone beside our friend Lovel. Their joint strength was able to raise Isabella to the place of safety which they had attained. Lovel then descended in order to assist Sir Arthur, around whom he adjusted the rope ; and again mounting to their place of refuge, with the assistance of old Ochiltree, and such aid as Sir Arthur himself could afford, he raised himself beyond the reach of the billows.

The sense of reprieve from approaching and apparently inevitable death had its usual effect. The father and daughter threw themselves into each other's arms, kissed, and wept for joy, although their escape was connected with the prospect of passing a tempestuous night upon a precipitous ledge of rock, which scarce afforded footing for the four shivering beings who now, like the sea fowl around them, clung there in hopes of some shelter from the devouring element which raged beneath. The spray of the billows, which attained in fearful succession the foot of the precipice, overflowing the beach on which they so lately stood, flew as high as their place of temporary refuge ; and the stunning sound with which they dashed against the rocks beneath, seemed as if they still demanded the fugitives, in accents of thunder, as their destined prey.

It was a summer night doubtless ; yet the probability was slender that a frame so delicate as that of Miss Wardour should survive till morning the drenching of the spray ; and the dashing of the rain, which now burst in full violence, accompanied with deep and heavy gusts of wind, added to the constrained and perilous circumstances of their situation.

“ The lassie—the puir sweet lassie,” said the old man ; “ mony such a night have I weathered at hame and abroad, but God guide us, how can she ever win through it ! ”

His apprehension was communicated in smothered accents to Lovel ; for, with the sort of freemasonry by which bold and ready

spirits correspond in moments of danger, and become almost instinctively known to each other, they had established a mutual confidence. "I'll climb up the cliff again," said Lovel; "there's daylight enough left to see my footing. I'll climb up and call for more assistance."

"Do so, do so, for Heaven's sake!" said Sir Arthur, eagerly.

"Are ye mad?" said the mendicant; "Francie o' Fowlsheugh, and he was the best craigsman that ever speel'd heugh (mair by token he brake his neck upon the Dunbuy of Slaines), wadna hae ventured upon the Halket-head craigs after sundown. It's God's grace, and a great wonder besides, that ye are not in the middle o' that roaring sea wi' what ye hae done already. I didna think there was the man left alive would hae come down the craigs as ye did. I question an' I could hae done it mysel', at this hour and in this weather, in the youngest and yaldest of my strength. But to venture up again,—it's a mere and a clear tempting of Providence."

"I have no fear," answered Lovel; "I marked all the stations perfectly as I came down, and there is still light enough left to see them quite well; I am sure I can do it with perfect safety. Stay here, my good friend, by Sir Arthur and the young lady."

"Deil be in my feet then," answered the bedesman, sturdily, "if ye gang, I'll gang too; for between the twa o' us, we'll hae mair than wark enough to get to the tap o' the heugh."

"No, no; stay you here and attend to Miss Wardour. You see Sir Arthur is quite exhausted."

"Stay yoursel', then, and I'll gae," said the old man. "Let death spare the green corn, and take the ripe."

"Stay both of you, I charge you," said Isabella, faintly. "I am well, and can spend the night very well here; I feel quite refreshed." So saying, her voice failed her; she sank down, and would have fallen from the crag, had she not been supported by Lovel and Ochiltree, who placed her in a posture half sitting, half reclining, beside her father, who, exhausted by fatigue of body

and mind so extreme and unusual, had already sat down on a stone in a sort of stupor.

"It is impossible to leave them," said Lovel. "What is to be done? Hark! hark! Did I not hear a halloo?"

"The skriegh of a Jammie Norie," answered Ochiltree; "I ken the skirl weel."

"No, by Heaven!" replied Lovel, "it was a human voice."

A distant hail was repeated, the sound plainly distinguishable among the various elemental noises, and the clang of the sea-mews by which they were surrounded. The mendicant and Lovel exerted their voices in a loud halloo, the former waving Miss Wardour's handkerchief on the end of his staff to make them conspicuous from above. Though the shouts were repeated, it was some time before they were in exact response to their own, leaving the unfortunate sufferers uncertain whether, in the darkening twilight and increasing storm, they had made the persons, who apparently were traversing the verge of the precipice to bring them assistance, sensible of the place in which they had found refuge. At length their halloo was regularly and distinctly answered, and their courage confirmed, by the assurance that they were within hearing, if not within reach, of friendly assistance.

CHAPTER XVII

ALFRED TENNYSON, 1809-1892

"Not of the howling dervishes of song,
Who craze the brain with their delirious dance,
Art thou, O sweet historian of the heart !
Therefore to thee the laurel leaves belong,
To thee our love and our allegiance,
For thy allegiance to the poet's art." — LONGFELLOW.

ALFRED TENNYSON, one of the greatest poets of our times, was born in 1809 at Somersby, in Lincolnshire, England, of which place his father was rector. He was the third of a large family, several other members of which shared with him in some measure the genius which has won for him his undisputed rank as the first English poet of his time. While a student at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1829, Tennyson gained the chancellor's medal by a poem in blank verse, entitled "Timbuctoo," in which there is plainly to be seen some impress of his peculiar genius. His literary career, however, may properly be said to date from 1830, in which year a volume appeared called "Poems, chiefly Lyrical." It contained many exquisite pieces, and clearly marked the advent of a true poet: yet it was not received with great favor by the public.

Three years afterward another volume made its appearance; and it too, though rich in poetic thought, failed to awaken public interest, and received unkindly criticism at

the hands of the reviewers. For nine years thereafter the world heard nothing of Tennyson. In 1842, however, a third effort was made to win favor by the publication of two volumes of poems. The effort was successful, the path to fame and fortune was open before him; and to the encouragement he then received we are largely indebted for the splendid poems which have since proceeded from his pen. Onward from this time the reputation of the poet slowly but surely extended itself. In 1847 appeared "The Princess, a Medley"; and in 1850, "In Memoriam," a tribute of affection to the memory of Arthur Hallam, the chosen friend of the poet in his earlier years at Cambridge.

On the death of Wordsworth, in 1850, Tennyson succeeded him as poet laureate. In 1855 appeared "Maud, and other Poems," which added nothing to the poet's fame.

"The Idyls of the King," published in 1859, was everywhere received with enthusiasm. These poems at once took rank as some of the noblest in our language. In 1864 Tennyson published a volume containing "Enoch Arden," one of his most finished and successful works; "Aylmer's Field"; a short piece, "Tithonus," remarkable for its beauty and finish. "The Holy Grail," and other poems, appeared in 1870; and in 1872, "The Tournament," and "Gareth and Lynette." During the period



ALFRED TENNYSON

from 1869 to 1872, the second series of the "Idyls of the King" was published. In 1875 Tennyson published a drama called "Queen Mary"; two years later, "The Lover's Tale," — begun, and a fragment printed, in 1833, — and a second drama entitled "Harold." "Ballads" appeared in 1880, after which time until his death the poet laureate made occasional contributions to the leading periodicals.

Tennyson's poetry is pure, tender, ennobling. No blot, no stain, mars its beauty. His verse is the most faultless in our language, both as regards the music of its flow, and the art displayed in the choice of words. As a painter, no modern poet has equaled him. His portraits and ideas of women are the most delicate in the whole range of English poetry. His language, although consisting for the most part of strong and pithy Saxon words, is yet the very perfection of all that is elegant and musical in the art of versification. The pleasure which his poetry gives springs largely from the cordial interest he displays in the life and pursuits of men, in his capacity for apprehending their higher and more beautiful aspirations, and in a certain purity and strength of spiritual feeling.

Caroline Fox, in her "Memories of Old Friends," says that "Tennyson is a grand specimen of a man, with a magnificent head set on his shoulders, like the capital of a mighty pillar. His hair is long and wavy, and covers a massive head. He wears a beard and mustache, which one begrudges as hiding so much of that firm, powerful, but finely chiseled mouth. His eyes are large and gray, and open wide when a subject interests him; they are well shaded by the noble brow, with its strong lines of thought and suffering."

ULYSSES

It little profits that, an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard and sleep and feed, and know not me. 5
I cannot rest from travel : I will drink
Life to the lees. All times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone : on shore, and when
Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades 10
Vexed the dim sea. I am become a name ;
For, always roaming with a hungry heart,
Much have I seen and known, — cities of men,
And manners, climates, councils, governments
(Myself not least, but honored of them all), — 15
And drunk delight of battle with my peers
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met ;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untraveled world whose margin fades 20
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use !
As though to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me 25
Little remains ; but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, — something more,
A bringer of new things ; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire 30

To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the scepter and the isle,
Well loved of me, discerning to fulfill 35
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and through soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centered in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail 40
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port ; the vessel puffs her sail ;
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners, 45
Souls that have toiled and wrought and thought with me,
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads, — you and I are old.
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil. 50
Death closes all ; but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks ;
The long day wanes ; the slow moon climbs ; the deep 55
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and, sitting well in order, smite
The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths 60
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down ;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.

Though much is taken, much abides ; and though 65
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are :
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield. 70

SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of men,
 My tough lance thrusteth sure,
 My strength is as the strength of ten,
 Because my heart is pure.
 The shattering trumpet shrilleth high, 5
 The hard brands shiver on the steel,
 The splintered spear shafts crack and fly,
 The horse and rider reel :
 They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
 And when the tide of combat stands, 10
 Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
 That lightly rain from ladies' hands.
 How sweet are looks that ladies bend
 On whom their favors fall !
 For them I battle till the end, 15
 To save from shame and thrall ;
 But all my heart is drawn above,
 My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine ;
 I never felt the kiss of love,
 Nor maiden's hand in mine. 20
 More bounteous aspects on me beam,
 Me mightier transports move and thrill ;
 So keep I fair through faith and prayer
 A virgin heart in work and will

When down the stormy crescent goes 25
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns ;
Then by some secret shrine I ride ;
I hear a voice, but none are there ; 30
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings, 35
And solemn chants resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain meres
I find a magic bark ;
I leap on board ; no helmsman steers ;
I float till all is dark. 40
A gentle sound, an awful light !
Three angels bear the Holy Grail :
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision ! blood of God ! 45
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And starlike mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Through dreaming towns I go, 50
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail ;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads, 55
And gilds the driving hail.

I leave the plain, I climb the height ;
No branchy thicket shelter yields ;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields. 60

A maiden knight — to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear ;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease, 65
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odors haunt my dreams ;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armor that I wear, 70
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touched, are turned to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And through the mountain walls
A rolling organ harmony 75
Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear :
“ O just and faithful knight of God !
Ride on ! the prize is near.” 80
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange ;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All armed I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the Holy Grail.

THE LOTUS-EATERS

"COURAGE!" he said, and pointed toward the land,
"This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon."

In the afternoon they came unto a land

In which it seemed always afternoon.

All round the coast the languid air did swoon,

Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.

Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;

And like a downward smoke, the slender stream

Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,

Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;

And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,

Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.

They saw the gleaming river seaward flow

From the inner land: far off, three mountain tops,

Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,

Stood sunset-flush'd; and, dew'd with showery drops,

Upclomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown

In the red West: thro' mountain clefts the dale

Was seen far inland, and the yellow down

Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale

And meadow, set with slender galingale;

A land where all things always seemed the same!

And round about the keel with faces pale,

Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,

The mild-eyed melancholy Lotus-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each, but whoso did receive of them, 30
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores ; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave ;
And deep asleep he seem'd, yet all awake, 35
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore ;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, and wife, and slave ; but evermore 40
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, " We will return no more ;"
And all at once they sang, " Our island home
Is far beyond the wave ; we will no longer roam." 45

CHORIC SONG

I

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass ;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies, 50
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes ;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep, 55
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

II

Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest : why should we toil alone, 60
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown :
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings, 65
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm ;
Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings,
" There is no joy but calm ! "
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

III

Lo ! in the middle of the wood, 70
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed ; and turning yellow 75
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo ! sweeten'd with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing overmellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night,
All its allotted length of days, 80
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

IV

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea. 85

Death is the end of life ; ah, why
Should life all labor be?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last? 90
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave? 95
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence ; ripen, fall and cease :
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

V

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream
With half-shut eyes ever to seem 100
Falling asleep in a half dream !
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh bush on the height ;
To hear each other's whisper'd speech ;
Eating the Lotus day by day, 105
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray ;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy ;
To muse and brood and live again in memory, 110
With those old faces of our infancy
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass !

VI

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives 115
And their warm tears : but all hath suffer'd change :

For surely now our household hearths are cold :
 Our sons inherit us : our looks are strange :
 And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
 Or else the island princes overbold
 Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
 Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
 And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
 Is there confusion in the little isle?
 Let what is broken so remain.
 The Gods are hard to reconcile ;
 'Tis hard to settle order once again.
 There *is* confusion worse than death,
 Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
 Long labor unto aged breath,
 Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars,
 And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot stars.

120

125

130

VII

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
 How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
 With half-dropt eyelid still,
 Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
 To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
 His waters from the purple hill —
 To hear the dewy echoes calling
 From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine —
 To watch the emerald-color'd water falling
 Thro' many a wov'n acanthus wreath divine !
 Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
 Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.

135

140

VIII

The Lotus blooms below the barren peak :
 The Lotus blooms by every winding creek :

145

All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone :
'Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotus dust is blown.
We have had enough of action, and of motion we, 150
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was seething
free,

Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam fountains in the sea.
Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotus-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind. 155
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curl'd
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world :
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and fiery
sands, 160
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and praying
hands.

But they smile, they find a music centered in a doleful song
Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong ;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil, 165
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine, and oil ;
Till they perish and they suffer — some, 'tis whisper'd — down in
hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel. 170
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
Than labor in the deep mid ocean, wind and wave and oar ;
Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

MORTE D'ARTHUR

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea ;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonesse about their Lord,
King Arthur : then, because his wound was deep, 5
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land. 10
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
" The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights 15
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep — the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls 20
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made, —
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more — but let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm 25
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
Which was my pride : for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake, 30

Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword — and how I rowed across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king :
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known : 35
But now delay not : take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere :
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere :
" It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus, 40
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept 45
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock, 50
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt : 55
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz lights and jacinth work
Of subtlest jewelry. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind, 60
In act to throw : but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
There in the many-knotted water flags
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.

- So strode he back slow to the wounded King. 65
Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
“ Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?
What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?”
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
“ I heard the ripple washing in the reeds, 70
And the wild water lapping on the crag.”
To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale :
“ Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
Thy féalty, nor like a noble knight : 75
For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing 80
I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word.”
Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought ;
But when he saw the wonder of the hilt, 85
How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
His palms together, and he cried aloud :
“ And if indeed I cast the brand away,
Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
Should thus be lost forever from the earth, 90
Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.
What good should follow this, if this were done?
What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,
Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.
Were it well to obey then, if a king demand 95
An act unprofitable, against himself?
The King is sick, and knows not what he does.
What record, or what relic of my lord

Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
And rumors of a doubt? but were this kept, 100
Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
Saying, ' King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps 105
Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honor and much fame were lost."
So spake he, clouded with his own conceit, 110
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.
Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily :
" What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard? "
And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere : 115
" I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."
To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath :
" Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted ! Woe is me ! 120
Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all, 125
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt ;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of his eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence : 130
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush beds, and clutch'd the sword, 135
And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendor of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock 140
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur :
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him 145
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath :
" Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out : what is it thou hast heard, or seen ? " 150

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
" Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men, 155
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.

Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him ;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt and brandish'd him 160
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard :
" My end draws nigh ; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear 165
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere 170
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words,
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs. 175

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick !
I fear it is too late, and I shall die." 180

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.
He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him, like a goad. 185

Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels— 190
And on a sudden, lo ! the level lake
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them ; and descending they were ware 195
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream — by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold — and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice an agony 200

Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge,"
And to the barge they came. There those three Queens 205
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and went.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud, 210
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood : for all his face was white
And colorless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing-east ;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops 215
Of onset ; and the light and lustrous curls —
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the dais throne — were parch'd with dust ;
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips. 220
So like a shatter'd column lay the King ;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings. 225

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
"Ah ! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go ?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes ?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance, 230
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved

Which was an image of the mighty world ; 235
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge :
"The old order changeth, yielding place to new, 240
And God fulfills Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure ! but thou, 245
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats 250
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God. 255
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest — if indeed I go —
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island valley of Avilion ;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow, 260
Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail 265
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood

With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull 270
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR

FULL knee-deep lies the winter's snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing :
Toll ye the church bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying. 5

Old year, you must not die ;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still : he doth not move : 10
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true truelove,
And the new year will take 'em away.

Old year, you must not go ; 15
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim ;
A jollier year we shall not see. 20
But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.

Old year, you shall not die ;
We did so laugh and cry with you, 25

I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste 30
His son and heir doth ride posthaste,
But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the new year blithe and bold, my friend, 35
Come up to take his own.

How hard he breathes ! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro :
The cricket chirps : the light burns low : 40
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

Shake hands, before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you :
What is it we can do for you ?
Speak out before you die. 45

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack ! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes : tie up his chin :
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone, 50

And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

CHAPTER XVIII

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1672-1719

"Give days and nights, sir, to the study of Addison, if you mean to be a good writer, or, what is more worth, an honest man." — DR. JOHNSON.

JOSEPH ADDISON, the great English prose writer, was born in 1672, at Milston, near Amesbury, England, of which place his father was rector. He received his earlier education at the Charter House, in London; from which school he passed, at the age of fifteen, to the University of Oxford, where he had a distinguished career. Some eulogistic verses of his upon William the Third obtained him, through the influence of two of his college friends, a government pension of three hundred pounds a year. Thus furnished with the necessary funds, Addison resolved to add to his scholarly attainments — as was then the custom with all scholars who could afford it — by traveling on the Continent. His pension ceased at the death of William; but he again commended himself to royalty in the person of Queen Anne, and was appointed Commissioner of Appeals in consideration of his having glorified in "The Campaign" the military triumphs of Marlborough. He was subsequently appointed to the post of secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and went to that country to reside. In the meantime, his friend Richard Steele, who had been his schoolfellow at

the Charter House, had started a serial publication called the "Tatler." It appeared three times a week, and in each issue gave a short magazine article, and a brief digest of contemporary news. Addison was a frequent contributor to this periodical.

At the end of two years it became extinct; and a daily sheet called the "Spectator" was started, to which Addison contributed a series of prose articles and sketches that were highly and deservedly popular. They consisted of essays and short articles on a great variety of subjects. These were happy imitations of Arabian tales, thoughtful meditations, criticisms for the guidance of the public taste, and humorous sketches of the characters commonly to be met with in the society of the time. Among the best of these are the papers that refer to Sir Roger de Coverley, a good old country squire.



JOSEPH ADDISON

The "Spectator" was issued six hundred and thirty-five times; but these issues were not consecutive, there being once during its career a period of eighteen months in which it did not appear, and in which its place was supplied by a somewhat similar serial called the "Guardian," in which Addison and Steele were the leading writers.

In 1713 Addison's literary career reached its zenith, in the publication of his tragedy of "Cato." When put upon the stage, this play met with an enviable success;

but modern criticism has pronounced it sadly deficient in plot as well as in delineation of character.

In 1716 he married the Countess of Warwick ; but, as was the case with Dryden, the highborn lady's temper prevented her husband from enjoying anything like domestic happiness. He was for some time a member of the House of Commons, but he was naturally so timid that he made but a poor appearance there. His death took place in 1719. The personal character of this great man was that of a kind and amiable gentleman, who lived an almost stainless life. His style is esteemed the best example of English composition. It is pure, simple, and elegant. His humor is quiet and refined, his satire kindly, and his teaching full of those lessons that make us wiser men and better members of society.

VISIT TO SIR ROGER IN THE COUNTRY

[From "The Spectator," No. 106, Monday, July 2, 1711]

HAVING often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humor, lets me rise and go to bed when I please ; dine at his own table or in my chamber, as I think fit ; sit still and say nothing, without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shows me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields, I have observed them stealing a sight of me over a hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family because it consists of sober and staid persons ; for, as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants ; and, as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him : by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his valet de chambre for his brother ; his butler is gray-headed ; his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen ; and the coachman has the looks of a privy councilor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house dog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness out of regard for his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master : every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time, the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good nature engages everybody to him ; so that, when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humor, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with : on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man, who is ever wi

Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation. He heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's esteem : so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependent.

I have observed in several of my papers that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of a humorist ; and that his virtues, as well as imperfections, are, as it were, tinged by a certain extravagance which makes them particularly his, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colors. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned, and, without staying for my answer, told me that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table ; for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the university to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon. "My friend," says Sir Roger, "found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it. I have given him the parsonage of the parish, and, because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years, and, though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself ; though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants, his parishioners. There has not been a lawsuit in the parish since he has lived among them. If any dispute arises, they apply themselves

to him for the decision : if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly, he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity."

As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us ; and, upon the knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night), told us, the Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw, with a great deal of pleasure, Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Dr. Barrow, Dr. Calamy, with several living authors, who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit than I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice ; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example, and, instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavor after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by great masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people.

SIR ROGER AT CHURCH

[From "The Spectator," No. 112, Monday, July 9, 1711]

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain that country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon different subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard as a citizen does upon the Change; the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place, either after sermon, or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good Churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me that, at his coming to his estate, he found his parishioners very irregular; and that, in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock, and a common-prayer book, and at the same time employed an itinerant singing master (who goes about the country for that purpose) to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if, by chance, he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and, if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it. Sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces "Amen" three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up, when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow; and, at that time, was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all the circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behavior: besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants that stand bowing to him on each side, and every now and then inquires how such a one's wife or mother or son or father does whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me that upon a catechising day.

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The chaplain has often told me that upon a catechising day,

when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement, and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and, that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

DEATH OF SIR ROGER

[From "The Spectator," No. 517, Thursday, Oct. 23, 1712]

WE last night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley is dead. He departed this life, at his house in the country, after a few weeks' sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a Whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentry, which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honor of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer, when I was at the knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of this letter, without any alteration or diminution:—

HONORED SIR,—Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I

may say better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death at the last county sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighboring gentleman; for you know, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart till the last. Indeed, we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life; but this only proved a lightning before his death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother. He has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a-hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him; and has left you all his books. He has moreover bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement, with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in the parish, a great frieze coat, and to every woman a black riding hood.

It was a moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, while we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we, most of us, are grown gray-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge; and it is peremptorily said in the parish that he has left money to build a steeple to the church; for he was heard to say, some time ago, that if he lived two years longer, Coverley church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells everybody he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears.

He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverleys, on the left hand of his father, Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the quorum. The whole parish followed the corpse, with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits; the men in frieze, and the women in riding hoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the Hall house and the whole estate. When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies and

the gifts of charity, which he told him he had left as quitrents upon the estate. The captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shows great kindness to the old house dog that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since; no more has any of us. It was the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire.

This is all from, honored sir, your most sorrowful servant.

EDWARD BISCUIT.

P.S. — My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book, which comes up to you by the carrier, should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport in his name.

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew, opening the book, found it to be a collection of Acts of Parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's writing, burst into tears, and put the book in his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the club.

CHAPTER XIX

LORD BYRON, 1788-1824

"Byron's poetry is great — great, it makes him truly great; he has not so much greatness in himself." — CAMPBELL.

"The popularity of Byron, take it for all in all, was probably the most splendid that ever poet was applauded and flattered with. His song had larger audience over the earth; and on that audience it exerted an unwonted fascination, swaying the feelings of multitudes, and making its words and music familiar on their lips." — HENRY REED.

LORD BYRON was born in London in 1788, and was the son of John Byron — a disreputable captain in the Guards — and Catherine Gordon, an Aberdeenshire heiress. The reckless captain soon spent his wife's fortune, and then left her and her son, the future poet, to get on as best they might. After some years of genteel poverty spent in Aberdeen, Byron, by the death of his granduncle, became a lord, and heir to Newstead Abbey. He was now sent to Harrow, and afterward to Cambridge, where he broke the rules of the university and neglected his proper studies.

In 1807, and while he was still at Cambridge, he issued a volume of poems entitled "Hours of Idleness," which was very severely dealt with by the "Edinburgh Review." This roused his wrath; and in revenge he wrote "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," a satire, in which he not only lashed his reviewer, but also most of the notable

authors of the day — men who had never harmed him. After a short time, he felt ashamed of himself, and tried, though in vain, to suppress the poem. At the age of twenty-one he visited Spain, Greece, and Turkey, and produced the first two cantos of "*Childe Harold*," which took the public by storm; and Byron was at once declared to be a prince among the poets. On his return to London



LORD BYRON

he was rapturously received, and almost worshiped by his enthusiastic admirers. This was in 1812; and during the following three years he wrote "*The Giaour*," "*Bride of Abydos*," "*Corsair*," and "*Lara*," — narrative poems, describing the scenery of modern Greece, and the manners and passions of the people.

In 1815 he married Miss Milbanke, from whom he parted a year afterward, the real cause of the separation being even now a mystery. The public of

that day took it for granted that he had been cruel to her, and condemned him as heartily as once they had applauded him. Abandoned by his wife, and detested by his countrymen, he left England, never more to return. He spent his time in traveling about from place to place, living a dissolute life, and occasionally sending home for publication the remaining cantos of "*Childe Harold*," and other poems. "*Childe Harold*" is comparatively free from the grave faults that belong to Byron's poems in general. In many respects

it must be regarded as equal to the best efforts of English genius. There is reason to believe that his better nature revived during his last days. At least, we find him sympathizing with the downtrodden Greeks, and working hard to secure their independence. While so engaged, he fell a victim to a marsh fever which he caught at Missolonghi, and died there, at the early age of thirty-six, in 1824.

Byron's writings were at first gloomy and passionate; later, they began to disclose a wonderful store of wit and humor; and, at last, bright flashes of wit and touches of the tenderest pathos, bursts of eloquence and paroxysms of despair, were to be found in one and the same poem. In graphic power of description, in passionate energy, in grace and beauty of style, Byron was without a rival.

The following is an extract from Thomas Moore's charming pen picture of Byron: "In height he was five feet eight and a half. Of his face, the beauty may be pronounced to have been of the highest order. His eyes, though of a light gray, were capable of all extremes of expression; his head was remarkably small; his nose, though handsomely, was rather thickly, shaped; his teeth were white and regular, and his complexion colorless; his hands were very white and small. The lameness of his right foot, though an obstacle to grace, but little impeded the activity of his movements." It was said that the wonderful beauty of his lips escaped every painter and sculptor.

I

My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears :
My limbs are bowed, though not with toil, 5
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are banned and barred — forbidden fare. 10
But this was for my father's faith
I suffered chains and courted death ;
That father perished at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake ;
And for the same his lineal race 15
In darkness found a dwelling place ;
We were seven — who now are one.
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finished as they had begun,
Proud of persecution's rage ; 20
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have sealed,
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied ;
Three were in a dungeon cast, 25
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mold
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,

There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray, 30
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left ;
Creeping over the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp : 35
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain ;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away, 40
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years — I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score 45
When my last brother drooped and died,
And I lay living by his side.

III

They chained us each to a column stone,
And we were three — yet, each alone ;
We could not move a single pace, 50
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight :
And thus together — yet apart,
Fettered in hand, but joined in heart, 55
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each

With some new hope, or legend old, 60
 Or song heroically bold ;
 But even these at length grew cold.
 Our voices took a dreary tone,
 An echo of the dungeon stone,
 A grating sound — not full and free, 65
 As they of yore were wont to be :
 It might be fancy — but to me
 They never sounded like our own.

IV

I was the eldest of the three,
 And to uphold and cheer the rest 70
 I ought to do — and did — my best,
 And each did well in his degree.
 The youngest, whom my father loved,
 Because our mother's brow was given
 To him, with eyes as blue as heaven, 75
 For him my soul was sorely moved ;
 And truly might it be distressed
 To see such bird in such a nest ;
 For he was beautiful as day
 (When day was beautiful to me 80
 As to young eagles, being free), —
 A polar day, which will not see
 A sunset till its summer's gone,
 Its sleepless summer of long light,
 The snow-clad offspring of the sun : 85
 And thus he was as pure and bright,
 And in his natural spirit gay,
 With tears for naught but others' ills,
 And then they flowed like mountain rills,
 Unless he could assuage the woe 90
 Which he abhorred to view below.

V

The other was as pure of mind,
 But formed to combat with his kind ;
 Strong in his frame, and of a mood
 Which 'gainst the world in war had stood, 95
 And perished in the foremost rank
 With joy ; but not in chains to pine :
 His spirit withered with their clank,
 I saw it silently decline —
 And so perchance in sooth did mine : 100
 But yet I forced it on to cheer
 Those relics of a home so dear.
 He was a hunter of the hills,
 Had followed there the deer and wolf ;
 To him his dungeon was a gulf, 105
 And fettered feet the worst of ills.

VI

 Lake Lemán lies by Chillon's walls :
 A thousand feet in depth below
 Its massy waters meet and flow ;
 Thus much the fathom line was sent 110
 From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
 Which round about the wave inthralls :
 A double dungeon wall and wave
 Have made, and like a living graye
 Below the surface of the lake 115
 The dark vault lies wherein we lay.
 We heard it ripple night and day ;
 Sounding o'er our heads it knocked ;
 And I have felt the winter's spray
 Wash through the bars when winds were high 120
 And wanton in the happy sky ;

And then the very rock hath rocked,
And I have felt it shake unshocked,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free. 125

VII

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined ;
He loathed and put away his food ;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare, 130
And for the like had little care :
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat,
Our bread was such as captives' tears
Have moistened many a thousand years, 135
Since man first pent his fellow-men
Like brutes within an iron den ;
But what were these to us or him ?
These wasted not his heart or limb ;
My brother's soul was of that mold 140
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side ;
But why delay the truth ? — he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head, 145
Nor reach his dying hand — nor dead,
Though 'hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died — and they unlocked his chain,
And scooped for him a shallow grave 150
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begged them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day

Might shine : it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought, 155
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer :
They coldly laughed — and laid him there :
The flat and turfless earth above 160
The being we so much did love ;
His empty chain above is leant,
Such murder's fitting monument !

VIII

But he, the favorite and the flower,
Most cherished since his natal hour, 165
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be 170
Less wretched now, and one day free ;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired —
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stalk away. 175
O God ! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood :
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean 180
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of sin delirious with its dread ;
But these were horrors — this was woe
Unmixed with such, but sure and slow. 185

He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender, kind,
And grieved for those he left behind ;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom 190
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray ;
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright ; 195
And not a word of murmur, — not
A groan o'er his untimely lot, —
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence, — lost 200
In this last loss, of all the most ;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less :
I listened, but I could not hear ; 205
I called, for I was wild with fear ;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonishèd.
I called, and thought I heard a sound :
I burst my chain with one strong bound, 210
And rushed to him ; I found him not ;
I only stirred in this black spot,
I only lived — I only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon dew ;
The last — the sole — the dearest link 215
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath, —

My brothers, — both had ceased to breathe. 220
 I took that hand which lay so still,
 Alas ! my own was full as chill ;
 I had not strength to stir, or strive,
 But felt that I was still alive, —
 A frantic feeling when we know 225
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.
 I know not why
 I could not die,
 I had no earthly hope — but faith,
 And that forbade a selfish death. 230

IX

What next befell me then and there,
 I know not well — I never knew.
 First came the loss of light and air,
 And then of darkness too :
 I had no thought, no feeling — none — 235
 Among the stones I stood a stone,
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
 As shrubless crags within the mist ;
 For all was blank, and bleak, and gray ;
 It was not night — it was not day — 240
 It was not even the dungeon light,
 So hateful to my heavy sight,
 But vacancy absorbing space,
 And fixedness — without a place ;
 There were no stars, no earth, no time, 245
 No check, no change, no good, no crime ;
 But silence, and a stirless breath
 Which neither was of life nor death, —
 A sea of stagnant idleness,
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless ! 250

X

A light broke in upon my brain, —
 It was the carol of a bird ;
 It ceased, and then it came again,
 The sweetest song ear ever heard ;
 And mine was thankful till my eyes 255
 Ran over with the glad surprise,
 And they that moment could not see
 I was the mate of misery ;
 But then by dull degrees came back
 My senses to their wonted track ; 260
 I saw the dungeon walls and floor
 Close slowly round me as before,
 I saw the glimmer of the sun
 Creeping as it before had done,
 But through the crevice where it came 265
 That bird was perched, as fond and tame,
 And tamer than upon the tree ;
 A lovely bird with azure wings,
 And song that said a thousand things,
 And seemed to say them all for me ! 270
 I never saw its like before,
 I ne'er shall see its likeness more :
 It seemed like me to want a mate,
 But was not half so desolate ;
 And it was come to love me when 275
 None lived to love me so again,
 And, cheering from my dungeon's brink,
 Had brought me back to feel and think.
 I know not if it late were free,
 Or broke its cage to perch on mine, 280
 But knowing well captivity,
 Sweet bird, I could not wish for thine !

Or if it were, in wingèd guise,
A visitant from Paradise ;
For — Heaven forgive that thought ! the while 285
Which made me both to weep and smile —
I sometimes deemed that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me ;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal — well I knew, 290
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone, —
Lone as the corse within its shroud,
Lone as a solitary cloud,
A single cloud on a sunny day, 295
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue and earth is gay.

XI

A kind of change came in my fate, 300
My keepers grew compassionate ;
I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe,
But so it was : my broken chain
With links unfastened did remain, 305
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part ;
And round the pillars one by one, 310
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod ;

For if I thought with heedless tread
 My step profaned their lowly bed, 315
 My breath came gaspingly and thick,
 And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

XII

I made a footing in the wall,
 It was not therefrom to escape,
 For I had buried one and all 320
 Who loved me in a human shape,
 And the whole earth would henceforth be
 A wider prison unto me :
 No child, no sire, no kin had I,
 No partner in my misery ; 325
 I thought of this, and I was glad,
 For thought of them had made me mad ;
 But I was curious to ascend
 To my barred windows, and to bend
 Once more upon the mountains high 330
 The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII

I saw them — and they were the same,
 They were not changed like me in frame ;
 I saw their thousand years of snow
 On high — their wide long lake below, 335
 And the blue Rhone in fullest flow ;
 I heard the torrents leap and gush
 O'er channeled rock and broken bush ;
 I saw the white-walled distant town,
 And whiter sails go skimming down ; 340
 And then there was a little isle,
 Which in my very face did smile,
 The only one in view, —

A small green isle, it seemed no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor, 345
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing
Of gentle breath and hue. 350
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seemed joyous each and all :
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seemed to fly ; 355
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt trouble'd, and would fain
I had not left my recent chain ;
And, when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode 360
Fell on me as a heavy load ;
It was as is a new-dug grave
Closing o'er one we sought to save, —
And yet my glance, too much oppress'd,
Had almost need of such a rest. 365

XIV

It might be months, or years, or days, —
I kept no count, I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise
And clear them of their dreary mote :
At last men came to set me free ; 370
I asked not why, and recked not where ;
It was at length the same to me,
Fettered or fetterless to be ;
I learned to love despair.

And thus when they appeared at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage — and all my own !
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home.
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watched them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they ?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill ; yet, strange to tell !
In quiet we had learned to dwell ;
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are : — even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh.

There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray, 30
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left ;
Creeping over the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp : 35
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain ;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away, 40
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years — I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score 45
When my last brother drooped and died,
And I lay living by his side.

III

They chained us each to a column stone,
And we were three — yet, each alone ;
We could not move a single pace, 50
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight :
And thus together — yet apart,
Fettered in hand, but joined in heart, 55
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each

private care of a physician. After a time he recovered his mental faculties.

He settled at Huntington, where he entered into a close friendship with a clergyman of the name of Unwin, in whose family he became an inmate. Mr. Unwin died in 1767, and Cowper and Mrs. Unwin settled at Olney. He had, as yet, written but little, but in 1782 he issued a volume of poems, which, however, attracted but little public attention. But a second volume, in 1785, established his



WILLIAM COWPER

reputation as a poet. This volume contained his celebrated poem, "The Task," a blank-verse production, written at the suggestion of his friend and admirer, Lady Austin. The same lady was also the occasion of the popular ballad, "John Gilpin," the story of which she related to amuse Cowper during one of his fits of melancholy. About the same time he translated the "Iliad" of Homer into blank verse.

In 1794 the King granted Cowper a pension of three hundred pounds a year, but the royal bounty was too late to yield much profit or pleasure. Its recipient was in a state of utter dejection, — a kind of morbid insanity, from which he rarely emerged into the enjoyment of unclouded reason. He continued to write, in short lucid intervals, until his death in 1800.

Cowper's personal appearance is thus described by Hay-

V

The other was as pure of mind,
 But formed to combat with his kind ;
 Strong in his frame, and of a mood
 Which 'gainst the world in war had stood, 95
 And perished in the foremost rank
 With joy ; but not in chains to pine :
 His spirit withered with their clank,
 I saw it silently decline —
 And so perchance in sooth did mine : 100
 But yet I forced it on to cheer
 Those relics of a home so dear.
 He was a hunter of the hills,
 Had followed there the deer and wolf ;
 To him his dungeon was a gulf, 105
 And fettered feet the worst of ills.

VI

Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's walls :
 A thousand feet in depth below
 Its massy waters meet and flow ;
 Thus much the fathom line was sent 110
 From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
 Which round about the wave intralls :
 A double dungeon wall and wave
 Have made, and like a living grave
 Below the surface of the lake 115
 The dark vault lies wherein we lay.
 We heard it ripple night and day ;
 Sounding o'er our heads it knocked ;
 And I have felt the winter's spray
 Wash through the bars when winds were high 120
 And wanton in the happy sky ;

when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement, and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and, that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

DEATH OF SIR ROGER

[From "The Spectator," No. 517, Thursday, Oct. 23, 1712]

WE last night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley is dead. He departed this life, at his house in the country, after a few weeks' sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a Whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentry, which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honor of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer, when I was at the knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of this letter, without any alteration or diminution:—

HONORED SIR,—Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I

may say better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death at the last county sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighboring gentleman; for you know, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart till the last. Indeed, we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life; but this only proved a lightning before his death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother. He has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a-hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him; and has left you all his books. He has moreover bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement, with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in the parish, a great frieze coat, and to every woman a black riding hood.

It was a moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, while we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we, most of us, are grown gray-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge; and it is peremptorily said in the parish that he has left money to build a steeple to the church; for he was heard to say, some time ago, that if he lived two years longer, Coverley church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells everybody he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears.

He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverleys, on the left hand of his father, Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the quorum. The whole parish followed the corpse, with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits; the men in frieze, and the women in riding hoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the Hall house and the whole estate. When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies and

the gifts of charity, which he told him he had left as quitrents upon the estate. The captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shows great kindness to the old house dog that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since; no more has any of us. It was the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire.

This is all from, honored sir, your most sorrowful servant.

EDWARD BISCUIT.

P.S. — My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book, which comes up to you by the carrier, should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport in his name.

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew, opening the book, found it to be a collection of Acts of Parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's writing, burst into tears, and put the book in his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the club.

CHAPTER XIX

LORD BYRON, 1788-1824

"Byron's poetry is great — great, it makes him truly great; he has not so much greatness in himself." — CAMPBELL.

"The popularity of Byron, take it for all in all, was probably the most splendid that ever poet was applauded and flattered with. His song had larger audience over the earth; and on that audience it exerted an unwonted fascination, swaying the feelings of multitudes, and making its words and music familiar on their lips." — HENRY REED.

LORD BYRON was born in London in 1788, and was the son of John Byron — a disreputable captain in the Guards — and Catherine Gordon, an Aberdeenshire heiress. The reckless captain soon spent his wife's fortune, and then left her and her son, the future poet, to get on as best they might. After some years of genteel poverty spent in Aberdeen, Byron, by the death of his granduncle, became a lord, and heir to Newstead Abbey. He was now sent to Harrow, and afterward to Cambridge, where he broke the rules of the university and neglected his proper studies.

In 1807, and while he was still at Cambridge, he issued a volume of poems entitled "Hours of Idleness," which was very severely dealt with by the "Edinburgh Review." This roused his wrath; and in revenge he wrote "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," a satire, in which he not only lashed his reviewer, but also most of the notable

authors of the day—men who had never harmed him. After a short time, he felt ashamed of himself, and tried, though in vain, to suppress the poem. At the age of twenty-one he visited Spain, Greece, and Turkey, and produced the first two cantos of "*Childe Harold*," which took the public by storm; and Byron was at once declared to be a prince among the poets. On his return to London



LORD BYRON

he was rapturously received, and almost worshiped by his enthusiastic admirers. This was in 1812; and during the following three years he wrote "*The Giaour*," "*Bride of Abydos*," "*Corsair*," and "*Lara*,"—narrative poems, describing the scenery of modern Greece, and the manners and passions of the people.

In 1815 he married Miss Milbanke, from whom he parted a year afterward, the real cause of the separation being even now a mystery. The public of

that day took it for granted that he had been cruel to her, and condemned him as heartily as once they had applauded him. Abandoned by his wife, and detested by his countrymen, he left England, never more to return. He spent his time in traveling about from place to place, living a dissolute life, and occasionally sending home for publication the remaining cantos of "*Childe Harold*," and other poems. "*Childe Harold*" is comparatively free from the grave faults that belong to Byron's poems in general. In many respects

it must be regarded as equal to the best efforts of English genius. There is reason to believe that his better nature revived during his last days. At least, we find him sympathizing with the downtrodden Greeks, and working hard to secure their independence. While so engaged, he fell a victim to a marsh fever which he caught at Missolonghi, and died there, at the early age of thirty-six, in 1824.

Byron's writings were at first gloomy and passionate; later, they began to disclose a wonderful store of wit and humor; and, at last, bright flashes of wit and touches of the tenderest pathos, bursts of eloquence and paroxysms of despair, were to be found in one and the same poem. In graphic power of description, in passionate energy, in grace and beauty of style, Byron was without a rival.

The following is an extract from Thomas Moore's charming pen picture of Byron: "In height he was five feet eight and a half. Of his face, the beauty may be pronounced to have been of the highest order. His eyes, though of a light gray, were capable of all extremes of expression; his head was remarkably small; his nose, though handsomely, was rather thickly, shaped; his teeth were white and regular, and his complexion colorless; his hands were very white and small. The lameness of his right foot, though an obstacle to grace, but little impeded the activity of his movements." It was said that the wonderful beauty of his lips escaped every painter and sculptor.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

I

My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears :
My limbs are bowed, though not with toil, 5
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are banned and barred — forbidden fare. 10
But this was for my father's faith
I suffered chains and courted death ;
That father perished at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake ;
And for the same his lineal race 15
In darkness found a dwelling place ;
We were seven — who now are one.
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finished as they had begun,
Proud of persecution's rage ; 20
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have sealed,
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied ;
Three were in a dungeon cast, 25
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II

There are seven pillars of Gothic mold
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,

There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray, 30
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left ;
Creeping over the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp : 35
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain ;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away, 40
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years — I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score 45
When my last brother drooped and died,
And I lay living by his side.

III

They chained us each to a column stone,
And we were three — yet, each alone ;
We could not move a single pace, 50
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight :
And thus together — yet apart,
Fettered in hand, but joined in heart, 55
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each

SIR ROGER AT CHURCH

[From "The Spectator," No. 112, Monday, July 9, 1711]

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain that country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon different subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard as a citizen does upon the Change; the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place, either after sermon, or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good Churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me that, at his coming to his estate, he found his parishioners very irregular; and that, in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock, and a common-prayer book, and at the same time employed an itinerant singing master (who goes about the country for that purpose) to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if, by chance, he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and, if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it. Sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces "Amen" three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up, when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow; and, at that time, was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all the circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behavior: besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants that stand bowing to him on each side, and every now and then inquires how such a one's wife or mother or son or father does whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me that upon a catechising day,

when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement, and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and, that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

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This is all from, honored sir, your most sorrowful servant.

EDWARD BISCUIT.

P.S. — My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book, which comes up to you by the carrier, should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport in his name.

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir Andrew, opening the book, found it to be a collection of Acts of Parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's writing, burst into tears, and put the book in his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the club.

CHAPTER XIX

LORD BYRON, 1788-1824

"Byron's poetry is great—great, it makes him truly great; he has not so much greatness in himself."—CAMPBELL.

"The popularity of Byron, take it for all in all, was probably the most splendid that ever poet was applauded and flattered with. His song had larger audience over the earth; and on that audience it exerted an unwonted fascination, swaying the feelings of multitudes, and making its words and music familiar on their lips."
—HENRY REED.

LORD BYRON was born in London in 1788, and was the son of John Byron—a disreputable captain in the Guards—and Catherine Gordon, an Aberdeenshire heiress. The reckless captain soon spent his wife's fortune, and then left her and her son, the future poet, to get on as best they might. After some years of genteel poverty spent in Aberdeen, Byron, by the death of his granduncle, became a lord, and heir to Newstead Abbey. He was now sent to Harrow, and afterward to Cambridge, where he broke the rules of the university and neglected his proper studies.

In 1807, and while he was still at Cambridge, he issued a volume of poems entitled "Hours of Idleness," which was very severely dealt with by the "Edinburgh Review." This roused his wrath; and in revenge he wrote "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," a satire, in which he not only lashed his reviewer, but also most of the notable

authors of the day — men who had never harmed him. After a short time, he felt ashamed of himself, and tried, though in vain, to suppress the poem. At the age of twenty-one he visited Spain, Greece, and Turkey, and produced the first two cantos of "*Childe Harold*," which took the public by storm; and Byron was at once declared to be a prince among the poets. On his return to London



LORD BYRON

he was rapturously received, and almost worshiped by his enthusiastic admirers. This was in 1812; and during the following three years he wrote "*The Giaour*," "*Bride of Abydos*," "*Corsair*," and "*Lara*," — narrative poems, describing the scenery of modern Greece, and the manners and passions of the people.

In 1815 he married Miss Milbanke, from whom he parted a year afterward, the real cause of the separation being even now a mystery. The public of

that day took it for granted that he had been cruel to her, and condemned him as heartily as once they had applauded him. Abandoned by his wife, and detested by his countrymen, he left England, never more to return. He spent his time in traveling about from place to place, living a dissolute life, and occasionally sending home for publication the remaining cantos of "*Childe Harold*," and other poems. "*Childe Harold*" is comparatively free from the grave faults that belong to Byron's poems in general. In many respects

it must be regarded as equal to the best efforts of English genius. There is reason to believe that his better nature revived during his last days. At least, we find him sympathizing with the downtrodden Greeks, and working hard to secure their independence. While so engaged, he fell a victim to a marsh fever which he caught at Missolonghi, and died there, at the early age of thirty-six, in 1824.

Byron's writings were at first gloomy and passionate; later, they began to disclose a wonderful store of wit and humor; and, at last, bright flashes of wit and touches of the tenderest pathos, bursts of eloquence and paroxysms of despair, were to be found in one and the same poem. In graphic power of description, in passionate energy, in grace and beauty of style, Byron was without a rival.

The following is an extract from Thomas Moore's charming pen picture of Byron: "In height he was five feet eight and a half. Of his face, the beauty may be pronounced to have been of the highest order. His eyes, though of a light gray, were capable of all extremes of expression; his head was remarkably small; his nose, though handsomely, was rather thickly, shaped; his teeth were white and regular, and his complexion colorless; his hands were very white and small. The lameness of his right foot, though an obstacle to grace, but little impeded the activity of his movements." It was said that the wonderful beauty of his lips escaped every painter and sculptor.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

I

My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears :
My limbs are bowed, though not with toil, 5
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are banned and barred — forbidden fare. 10
But this was for my father's faith
I suffered chains and courted death ;
That father perished at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake ;
And for the same his lineal race 15
In darkness found a dwelling place ;
We were seven — who now are one.
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finished as they had begun,
Proud of persecution's rage ; 20
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have sealed,
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied ;
Three were in a dungeon cast, 25
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II

There are seven pillars of Gothic mold
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,

There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray, 30
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left ;
Creeping over the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp : 35
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain ;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away, 40
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years — I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score 45
When my last brother drooped and died,
And I lay living by his side.

III

They chained us each to a column stone,
And we were three — yet, each alone ;
We could not move a single pace, 50
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight :
And thus together — yet apart,
Fettered in hand, but joined in heart, 55
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each

With some new hope, or legend old, 60
 Or song heroically bold ;
 But even these at length grew cold.
 Our voices took a dreary tone,
 An echo of the dungeon stone,
 A grating sound — not full and free, 65
 As they of yore were wont to be :
 It might be fancy — but to me
 They never sounded like our own.

IV

I was the eldest of the three,
 And to uphold and cheer the rest 70
 I ought to do — and did — my best,
 And each did well in his degree.
 The youngest, whom my father loved,
 Because our mother's brow was given
 To him, with eyes as blue as heaven, 75
 For him my soul was sorely moved ;
 And truly might it be distressed
 To see such bird in such a nest ;
 For he was beautiful as day
 (When day was beautiful to me 80
 As to young eagles, being free), —
 A polar day, which will not see
 A sunset till its summer's gone,
 Its sleepless summer of long light,
 The snow-clad offspring of the sun : 85
 And thus he was as pure and bright,
 And in his natural spirit gay,
 With tears for naught but others' ills,
 And then they flowed like mountain rills,
 Unless he could assuage the woe 90
 Which he abhorred to view below.

V

The other was as pure of mind,
 But formed to combat with his kind ;
 Strong in his frame, and of a mood
 Which 'gainst the world in war had stood, 95
 And perished in the foremost rank
 With joy ; but not in chains to pine :
 His spirit withered with their clank,
 I saw it silently decline —
 And so perchance in sooth did mine : 100
 But yet I forced it on to cheer
 Those relics of a home so dear.
 He was a hunter of the hills,
 Had followed there the deer and wolf ;
 To him his dungeon was a gulf, 105
 And fettered feet the worst of ills.

VI

Lake Lemán lies by Chillon's walls :
 A thousand feet in depth below
 Its massy waters meet and flow ;
 Thus much the fathom line was sent 110
 From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
 Which round about the wave inthralls :
 A double dungeon wall and wave
 Have made, and like a living graye
 Below the surface of the lake 115
 The dark vault lies wherein we lay.
 We heard it ripple night and day ;
 Sounding o'er our heads it knocked ;
 And I have felt the winter's spray
 Wash through the bars when winds were high 120
 And wanton in the happy sky ;

minds the rise of a new star in the poetical heavens, which was destined to shed a brilliant luster on the land.

The need of earning a livelihood had turned Wordsworth's thoughts to the study of law and to journalism. Before he had settled anything, a young friend died, in 1795, leaving him nine hundred pounds, with a pressing request that he would devote himself to poetry. That Wordsworth resolved to do. Settling down in Dorsetshire with his sister Dora, he wrote "Salisbury Plain," and a tragedy called "The Borderers," which he failed to get put on the stage. Soon afterward he made the acquaintance of Coleridge, and removed to Alfoxden, in order to be near his new friend. The result of this alliance was the publication of a joint volume of "Lyrical Ballads" in 1798, to which Wordsworth contributed twenty-two poems, and Coleridge one;—"The Ancient Mariner." The volume was not a success.

After a tour in Germany, Wordsworth settled with his sister in a cottage at Grasmere, in Cumberland, where he spent the next nine years. There he married Mary Hutchinson in 1802, the "phantom of delight"; and there he began his great philosophical poem, "The Excursion." His mind was relieved from anxiety about money matters by the payment to his family of a debt due to their father by the late Earl of Lonsdale. This settlement yielded eighteen hundred pounds each to Wordsworth and his sister. The young earl became the faithful friend of the poet, who afterward dedicated to him his masterpiece, "The Excursion."

In 1813 Wordsworth removed to Rydal Mount, in sight of those beautiful lakes and under the shadow of those old hills which have become inseparably associated with

Might shine : it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought, 155
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer :
They coldly laughed — and laid him there :
The flat and turfless earth above 160
The being we so much did love ;
His empty chain above is leant,
Such murder's fitting monument !

VIII

But he, the favorite and the flower,
Most cherished since his natal hour, 165
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be 170
Less wretched now, and one day free ;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired —
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stalk away. 175
O God ! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood :
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean 180
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of sin delirious with its dread ;
But these were horrors — this was woe
Unmixed with such, but sure and slow. 185

Wordsworth is best known on account of his minor poems, which display his genius in its simple beauty and unaffected grace. Such are "Ruth," a touching tale of love and madness; "We are Seven," a glimpse of that higher wisdom which the lips of childhood often utter; the classic "Laodamia," clear-lined and graceful as an antique cameo; and the lines on "Revisiting the Wye," which are so rich in the calmly eloquent philosophy that formed the groundwork of all he wrote. In 1842 Wordsworth, then past seventy, resigned his public office to his son, and received a pension of three hundred pounds a year. In 1843, on the death of his friend Southey, he succeeded to the laureateship. Seven years later he sank into the grave, dying a few days after completing his eightieth year, April 23, 1850. His remains were laid in the churchyard of Grasmere, beside those of his beloved daughter, who had been taken from him three years before.

Wordsworth was a man of tall, ample, well-proportioned frame, a grave and tranquil manner, a Roman cast of appearance, and a Roman dignity and simplicity. De Quincey says that "his face made amends for greater defects of figure; it was the noblest for intellectual effects that I have ever seen. It was a face of a long order. The forehead was remarkable for its breadth and expansive development. His eyes were not bright, lustrous, or piercing; but I have seen them assume an appearance the most solemn and spiritual that is possible for the human eye to wear."

My brothers, — both had ceased to breathe. 220
 I took that hand which lay so still,
 Alas ! my own was full as chill ;
 I had not strength to stir, or strive,
 But felt that I was still alive, —
 A frantic feeling when we know 225
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.
 I know not why
 I could not die,
 I had no earthly hope — but faith,
 And that forbade a selfish death. 230

IX

What next befell me then and there,
 I know not well — I never knew.
 First came the loss of light and air,
 And then of darkness too :
 I had no thought, no feeling — none — 235
 Among the stones I stood a stone,
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
 As shrubless crags within the mist ;
 For all was blank, and bleak, and gray ;
 It was not night — it was not day — 240
 It was not even the dungeon light,
 So hateful to my heavy sight,
 But vacancy absorbing space,
 And fixedness — without a place ;
 There were no stars, no earth, no time, 245
 No check, no change, no good, no crime ;
 But silence, and a stirless breath
 Which neither was of life nor death, —
 A sea of stagnant idleness,
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless ! 250

X

A light broke in upon my brain, —
 It was the carol of a bird ;
 It ceased, and then it came again,
 The sweetest song ear ever heard ;
 And mine was thankful till my eyes 255
 Ran over with the glad surprise,
 And they that moment could not see
 I was the mate of misery ;
 But then by dull degrees came back
 My senses to their wonted track ; 260
 I saw the dungeon walls and floor
 Close slowly round me as before,
 I saw the glimmer of the sun
 Creeping as it before had done,
 But through the crevice where it came 265
 That bird was perched, as fond and tame,
 And tamer than upon the tree ;
 A lovely bird with azure wings,
 And song that said a thousand things,
 And seemed to say them all for me ! 270
 I never saw its like before,
 I ne'er shall see its likeness more :
 It seemed like me to want a mate,
 But was not half so desolate ;
 And it was come to love me when 275
 None lived to love me so again,
 And, cheering from my dungeon's brink,
 Had brought me back to feel and think.
 I know not if it late were free,
 Or broke its cage to perch on mine, 280
 But knowing well captivity,
 Sweet bird, I could not wish for thine !

Or if it were, in wingèd guise,
A visitant from Paradise ;
For — Heaven forgive that thought ! the while 285
Which made me both to weep and smile —
I sometimes deemed that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me ;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal — well I knew, 290
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone, —
Lone as the corse within its shroud,
Lone as a solitary cloud,
A single cloud on a sunny day, 295
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue and earth is gay.

XI

A kind of change came in my fate, 300
My keepers grew compassionate ;
I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe,
But so it was : my broken chain
With links unfastened did remain, 305
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part ;
And round the pillars one by one, 310
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod ;

For if I thought with heedless tread
 My step profaned their lowly bed, 315
 My breath came gaspingly and thick,
 And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

XII

I made a footing in the wall,
 It was not therefrom to escape,
 For I had buried one and all 320
 Who loved me in a human shape,
 And the whole earth would henceforth be
 A wider prison unto me :
 No child, no sire, no kin had I,
 No partner in my misery ; 325
 I thought of this, and I was glad,
 For thought of them had made me mad ;
 But I was curious to ascend
 To my barred windows, and to bend
 Once more upon the mountains high 330
 The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII

I saw them — and they were the same,
 They were not changed like me in frame ;
 I saw their thousand years of snow
 On high — their wide long lake below, 335
 And the blue Rhone in fullest flow ;
 I heard the torrents leap and gush
 O'er channeled rock and broken bush ;
 I saw the white-walled distant town,
 And whiter sails go skimming down ; 340
 And then there was a little isle,
 Which in my very face did smile,
 The only one in view, —

A small green isle, it seemed no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor, 345
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing
Of gentle breath and hue. 350
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seemed joyous each and all ;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seemed to fly ; 355
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled, and would fain
I had not left my recent chain ;
And, when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode 360
Fell on me as a heavy load ;
It was as is a new-dug grave
Closing o'er one we sought to save, —
And yet my glance, too much opprest,
Had almost need of such a rest. 365

XIV

It might be months, or years, or days, —
I kept no count, I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise
And clear them of their dreary mote :
At last men came to set me free ; 370
I asked not why, and recked not where ;
It was at length the same to me,
Fettered or fetterless to be ;
I learned to love despair.

High instincts, before which our moral nature
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may, 153
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing,
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal silence ; truths that wake, 155
 To perish never ;
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
 Nor man nor boy,
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy ! 160
 Hence in a season of calm weather,
 Though inland far we be,
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither ;
 Can in a moment travel thither, 165
 And see the children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song !
 And let the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound ! 170
 We in thought will join your throng,
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,
 Ye that through your hearts to-day
 Feel the gladness of the May !
 What though the radiance which was once so bright 175
 Be now forever taken from my sight,
 Though nothing can bring back the hour

CHAPTER XX

WILLIAM COWPER, 1731-1800

"His talent is but the picture of his character, and his poems but the echo of his life. Poor charming soul, perishing like a frail flower transplanted from a warm land to the snows ! the world's temperature was too rough for it ; and the moral law which should have supported it, tore it with its thorns." — TAINE.

WILLIAM COWPER, whom his best biographer, Southey, speaks of as "the most popular poet of his generation, and the best of English letter writers," was born at Berkhamstead, England, in 1731. His mother, whom to the last he affectionately remembered, died when he was only six years old. His constitution was from his infancy remarkably delicate, and his extremely sensitive nature was subject to fits of melancholy. He received his education at Westminster School. Being designed for the law, he was placed under an eminent attorney, on leaving whom he entered the Inner Temple. At the age of thirty-one he was nominated clerk in the House of Lords, but an unconquerable timidity of character prevented his entering upon the duties of the appointment. He was next appointed clerk of the journals ; but an occasion occurring which rendered it necessary for the clerk to appear before the bar of the House, had such an effect on his nerves that he resigned his place. A morbid melancholy seized him, and it was found necessary to place him under the

private care of a physician. After a time he recovered his mental faculties.

He settled at Huntington, where he entered into a close friendship with a clergyman of the name of Unwin, in whose family he became an inmate. Mr. Unwin died in 1767, and Cowper and Mrs. Unwin settled at Olney. He had, as yet, written but little, but in 1782 he issued a volume of poems, which, however, attracted but little public attention. But a second volume, in 1785, established his



WILLIAM COWPER

reputation as a poet. This volume contained his celebrated poem, "The Task," a blank-verse production, written at the suggestion of his friend and admirer, Lady Austin. The same lady was also the occasion of the popular ballad, "John Gilpin," the story of which she related to amuse Cowper during one of his fits of melancholy. About the same time he translated the "Iliad" of Homer into blank verse.

In 1794 the King granted Cowper a pension of three hundred pounds a year, but the royal bounty was too late to yield much profit or pleasure. Its recipient was in a state of utter dejection, — a kind of morbid insanity, from which he rarely emerged into the enjoyment of unclouded reason. He continued to write, in short lucid intervals, until his death in 1800.

Cowper's personal appearance is thus described by Hay-

, his friend and biographer : " He was of middle stature, ner strong than delicate in the form of his limbs ; the or of his hair was a light brown, that of his eyes a ish gray, and his complexion ruddy. In his dress he ; neat, but not finical ; in his diet, temperate and not nty. He had an air of pensive reserve in his deport- nt, and his extreme shyness sometimes produced in his nners a mixture of awkwardness and dignity ; but no ng could be more truly graceful when he was in perfect lth and perfectly pleased with his society."

THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE OUT OF NORFOLK

O THAT those lips had language ! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine — thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me :
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say, 5
" Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away ! "
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize, —
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it !) here shines on me still the same. 10
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here !
Who bidd'st me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone, 15
But gladly, as the precept were her own :
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,

And then the very rock hath rocked,
And I have felt it shake unshocked,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free. 125

VII

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined ;
He loathed and put away his food ;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare, 130
And for the like had little care :
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat,
Our bread was such as captives' tears
Have moistened many a thousand years, 135
Since man first pent his fellow-men
Like brutes within an iron den ;
But what were these to us or him ?
These wasted not his heart or limb ;
My brother's soul was of that mold 140
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side ;
But why delay the truth ? — he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head, 145
Nor reach his dying hand — nor dead,
Though 'hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died — and they unlocked his chain,
And scooped for him a shallow grave 150
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begged them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day

Might shine : it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought, 155
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer :
They coldly laughed — and laid him there :
The flat and turfless earth above 160
The being we so much did love ;
His empty chain above is leant,
Such murder's fitting monument !

VIII

But he, the favorite and the flower,
Most cherished since his natal hour, 165
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be 170
Less wretched now, and one day free ;
He, too, who yet had held untired
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He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stalk away. 175
O God ! it is a fearful thing
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In any shape, in any mood :
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean 180
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of sin delirious with its dread ;
But these were horrors — this was woe
Unmixed with such, but sure and slow. 185

He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender, kind,
And grieved for those he left behind ;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray ;
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright ;
And not a word of murmur, — not
A groan o'er his untimely lot, —
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence, — lost
In this last loss, of all the most ;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less :
I listened, but I could not hear ;
I called, for I was wild with fear ;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished.
I called, and thought I heard a sound :
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rushed to him ; I found him not ;
I only stirred in this black spot,
I only lived — I only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon dew ;
The last — the sole — the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath, —

My brothers, — both had ceased to breathe. 220
 I took that hand which lay so still,
 Alas ! my own was full as chill ;
 I had not strength to stir, or strive,
 But felt that I was still alive, —
 A frantic feeling when we know 225
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.

I know not why
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 I had no earthly hope — but faith,
 And that forbade a selfish death. 230

IX

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 And then of darkness too :
 I had no thought, no feeling — none — 235
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 And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
 As shrubless crags within the mist ;
 For all was blank, and bleak, and gray ;
 It was not night — it was not day — 240
 It was not even the dungeon light,
 So hateful to my heavy sight,
 But vacancy absorbing space,
 And fixedness — without a place ;
 There were no stars, no earth, no time, 245
 No check, no change, no good, no crime ;
 But silence, and a stirless breath
 Which neither was of life nor death, —
 A sea of stagnant idleness,
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless ! 250

X

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 It ceased, and then it came again,
 The sweetest song ear ever heard ;
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 Ran over with the glad surprise,
 And they that moment could not see
 I was the mate of misery ;
 But then by dull degrees came back
 My senses to their wonted track ; 260
 I saw the dungeon walls and floor
 Close slowly round me as before,
 I saw the glimmer of the sun
 Creeping as it before had done,
 But through the crevice where it came 265
 That bird was perched, as fond and tame,
 And tamer than upon the tree ;
 A lovely bird with azure wings,
 And song that said a thousand things,
 And seemed to say them all for me ! 270
 I never saw its like before,
 I ne'er shall see its likeness more :
 It seemed like me to want a mate,
 But was not half so desolate ;
 And it was come to love me when 275
 None lived to love me so again,
 And, cheering from my dungeon's brink,
 Had brought me back to feel and think.
 I know not if it late were free,
 Or broke its cage to perch on mine, 280
 But knowing well captivity,
 Sweet bird, I could not wish for thine !

Or if it were, in wingèd guise,
A visitant from Paradise ;
For — Heaven forgive that thought ! the while 285
Which made me both to weep and smile —
I sometimes deemed that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me ;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal — well I knew, 290
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone, —
Lone as the corse within its shroud,
Lone as a solitary cloud,
A single cloud on a sunny day, 295
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue and earth is gay.

XI

A kind of change came in my fate, 300
My keepers grew compassionate ;
I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe,
But so it was : my broken chain
With links unfastened did remain, 305
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part ;
And round the pillars one by one, 310
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod ;

For if I thought with heedless tread
 My step profaned their lowly bed, 315
 My breath came gaspingly and thick,
 And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

XII

I made a footing in the wall,
 It was not therefrom to escape,
 For I had buried one and all 320
 Who loved me in a human shape,
 And the whole earth would henceforth be
 A wider prison unto me :
 No child, no sire, no kin had I,
 No partner in my misery ; 325
 I thought of this, and I was glad,
 For thought of them had made me mad ;
 But I was curious to ascend
 To my barred windows, and to bend
 Once more upon the mountains high 330
 The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII

I saw them — and they were the same,
 They were not changed like me in frame ;
 I saw their thousand years of snow
 On high — their wide long lake below, 335
 And the blue Rhone in fullest flow ;
 I heard the torrents leap and gush
 O'er channeled rock and broken bush ;
 I saw the white-walled distant town,
 And whiter sails go skimming down ; 340
 And then there was a little isle,
 Which in my very face did smile,
 The only one in view, —

A small green isle, it seemed no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor, 345
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing
Of gentle breath and hue. 350
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seemed joyous each and all ;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seemed to fly ; 355
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt trouble'd, and would fain
I had not left my recent chain ;
And, when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode 360
Fell on me as a heavy load ;
It was as is a new-dug grave
Closing o'er one we sought to save, —
And yet my glance, too much oppress'd,
Had almost need of such a rest. 365

XIV

It might be months, or years, or days, —
I kept no count, I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise
And clear them of their dreary mote :
At last men came to set me free ; 370
I asked not why, and recked not where ;
It was at length the same to me,
Fettered or fetterless to be ;
I learned to love despair.

And thus when they appeared at last, 375
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage — and all my own !
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home. 380
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watched them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place, 385
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill ; yet, strange to tell !
In quiet we had learned to dwell ;
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends 390
To make us what we are : — even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh.

CHAPTER XX

WILLIAM COWPER, 1731-1800

"His talent is but the picture of his character, and his poems but the echo of his life. Poor charming soul, perishing like a frail flower transplanted from a warm land to the snows ! the world's temperature was too rough for it ; and the moral law which should have supported it, tore it with its thorns." — TAINE.

WILLIAM COWPER, whom his best biographer, Southey, speaks of as "the most popular poet of his generation, and the best of English letter writers," was born at Berkhamstead, England, in 1731. His mother, whom to the last he affectionately remembered, died when he was only six years old. His constitution was from his infancy remarkably delicate, and his extremely sensitive nature was subject to fits of melancholy. He received his education at Westminster School. Being designed for the law, he was placed under an eminent attorney, on leaving whom he entered the Inner Temple. At the age of thirty-one he was nominated clerk in the House of Lords, but an unconquerable timidity of character prevented his entering upon the duties of the appointment. He was next appointed clerk of the journals ; but an occasion occurring which rendered it necessary for the clerk to appear before the bar of the House, had such an effect on his nerves that he resigned his place. A morbid melancholy seized him, and it was found necessary to place him under the

private care of a physician. After a time he recovered his mental faculties.

He settled at Huntington, where he entered into a close friendship with a clergyman of the name of Unwin, in whose family he became an inmate. Mr. Unwin died in 1767, and Cowper and Mrs. Unwin settled at Olney. He had, as yet, written but little, but in 1782 he issued a volume of poems, which, however, attracted but little public attention. But a second volume, in 1785, established his

reputation as a poet. This volume contained his celebrated poem, "The Task," a blank-verse production, written at the suggestion of his friend and admirer, Lady Austin. The same lady was also the occasion of the popular ballad, "John Gilpin," the story of which she related to amuse Cowper during one of his fits of melancholy. About the same time he translated the "Iliad" of Homer into blank verse.



WILLIAM COWPER

In 1794 the King granted Cowper a pension of three hundred pounds a year, but the royal bounty was too late to yield much profit or pleasure. Its recipient was in a state of utter dejection, — a kind of morbid insanity, from which he rarely emerged into the enjoyment of unclouded reason. He continued to write, in short lucid intervals, until his death in 1800.

Cowper's personal appearance is thus described by Hay-

his friend and biographer : " He was of middle stature, rather strong than delicate in the form of his limbs; the colour of his hair was a light brown, that of his eyes a bluish gray, and his complexion ruddy. In his dress he was neat, but not finical; in his diet, temperate and not voracious. He had an air of pensive reserve in his deportment, and his extreme shyness sometimes produced in his manners a mixture of awkwardness and dignity; but no man could be more truly graceful when he was in perfect health and perfectly pleased with his society."

THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE OUT
OF NORFOLK

O THAT those lips had language ! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine — thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me :
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
“ Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away ! ”
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize, —
The art that baffles Time’s tyrannic claim
To quench it !) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here !
Who bidd’st me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own :
And, while that face renews my filial griet,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,

He faded, and so calm and meek,
 So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
 So tearless, yet so tender, kind,
 And grieved for those he left behind ;
 With all the while a cheek whose bloom 190
 Was as a mockery of the tomb,
 Whose tints as gently sunk away
 As a departing rainbow's ray ;
 An eye of most transparent light,
 That almost made the dungeon bright ; 195
 And not a word of murmur, — not
 A groan o'er his untimely lot, —
 A little talk of better days,
 A little hope my own to raise,
 For I was sunk in silence, — lost 200
 In this last loss, of all the most ;
 And then the sighs he would suppress
 Of fainting nature's feebleness,
 More slowly drawn, grew less and less :
 I listened, but I could not hear ; 205
 I called, for I was wild with fear ;
 I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
 Would not be thus admonishèd.
 I called, and thought I heard a sound :
 I burst my chain with one strong bound, 210
 And rushed to him ; I found him not ;
 I only stirred in this black spot,
 I only lived — I only drew
 The accursed breath of dungeon dew ;
 The last — the sole — the dearest link 215
 Between me and the eternal brink,
 Which bound me to my failing race,
 Was broken in this fatal place.
 One on the earth, and one beneath, —

My brothers, — both had ceased to breathe. 220
 I took that hand which lay so still,
 Alas ! my own was full as chill ;
 I had not strength to stir, or strive,
 But felt that I was still alive, —
 A frantic feeling when we know 225
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.
 I know not why
 I could not die,
 I had no earthly hope — but faith,
 And that forbade a selfish death. 230

IX

What next befell me then and there,
 I know not well — I never knew.
 First came the loss of light and air,
 And then of darkness too :
 I had no thought, no feeling — none — 235
 Among the stones I stood a stone,
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
 As shrubless crags within the mist ;
 For all was blank, and bleak, and gray ;
 It was not night — it was not day — 240
 It was not even the dungeon light,
 So hateful to my heavy sight,
 But vacancy absorbing space,
 And fixedness — without a place ;
 There were no stars, no earth, no time, 245
 No check, no change, no good, no crime ;
 But silence, and a stirless breath
 Which neither was of life nor death, —
 A sea of stagnant idleness,
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless ! 250

X

A light broke in upon my brain, —
 It was the carol of a bird ;
 It ceased, and then it came again,
 The sweetest song ear ever heard ;
 And mine was thankful till my eyes 2 55
 Ran over with the glad surprise,
 And they that moment could not see
 I was the mate of misery ;
 But then by dull degrees came back
 My senses to their wonted track ; 260
 I saw the dungeon walls and floor
 Close slowly round me as before,
 I saw the glimmer of the sun
 Creeping as it before had done,
 But through the crevice where it came 265
 That bird was perched, as fond and tame,
 And tamer than upon the tree ;
 A lovely bird with azure wings,
 And song that said a thousand things,
 And seemed to say them all for me ! 270
 I never saw its like before,
 I ne'er shall see its likeness more :
 It seemed like me to want a mate,
 But was not half so desolate ;
 And it was come to love me when 275
 None lived to love me so again,
 And, cheering from my dungeon's brink,
 Had brought me back to feel and think.
 I know not if it late were free,
 Or broke its cage to perch on mine, 280
 But knowing well captivity,
 Sweet bird, I could not wish for thine !

Or if it were, in wingèd guise,
A visitant from Paradise ;
For — Heaven forgive that thought ! the while 285
Which made me both to weep and smile —
I sometimes deemed that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me ;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal — well I knew, 290
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone, —
Lone as the corse within its shroud,
Lone as a solitary cloud,
A single cloud on a sunny day, 295
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue and earth is gay.

XI

A kind of change came in my fate, 300
My keepers grew compassionate ;
I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe,
But so it was : my broken chain
With links unfastened did remain, 305
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part ;
And round the pillars one by one, 310
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod ;

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

I

My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears :
My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are banned and barred — forbidden fare.
But this was for my father's faith
I suffered chains and courted death ;
That father perished at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake ;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling place ;
We were seven — who now are one.
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finished as they had begun,
Proud of persecution's rage ;
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have sealed,
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied ;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray, 30
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left ;
Creeping over the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp : 35
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain ;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away, 40
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years — I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score 45
When my last brother drooped and died,
And I lay living by his side.

III

They chained us each to a column stone,
And we were three — yet, each alone ;
We could not move a single pace, 50
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight :
And thus together — yet apart,
Fettered in hand, but joined in heart, 55
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each

With some new hope, or legend old, 60
 Or song heroically bold ;
 But even these at length grew cold.
 Our voices took a dreary tone,
 An echo of the dungeon stone,
 A grating sound — not full and free, 65
 As they of yore were wont to be :
 It might be fancy — but to me
 They never sounded like our own.

IV

I was the eldest of the three,
 And to uphold and cheer the rest 70
 I ought to do — and did — my best,
 And each did well in his degree.
 The youngest, whom my father loved,
 Because our mother's brow was given
 To him, with eyes as blue as heaven, 75
 For him my soul was sorely moved ;
 And truly might it be distressed
 To see such bird in such a nest ;
 For he was beautiful as day
 (When day was beautiful to me 80
 As to young eagles, being free), —
 A polar day, which will not see
 A sunset till its summer's gone,
 Its sleepless summer of long light,
 The snow-clad offspring of the sun : 85
 And thus he was as pure and bright,
 And in his natural spirit gay,
 With tears for naught but others' ills,
 And then they flowed like mountain rills,
 Unless he could assuage the woe 90
 Which he abhorred to view below.

V

The other was as pure of mind,
 But formed to combat with his kind ;
 Strong in his frame, and of a mood
 Which 'gainst the world in war had stood, 95
 And perished in the foremost rank
 With joy ; but not in chains to pine :
 His spirit withered with their clank,
 I saw it silently decline —
 And so perchance in sooth did mine : 100
 But yet I forced it on to cheer
 Those relics of a home so dear.
 He was a hunter of the hills,
 Had followed there the deer and wolf ;
 To him his dungeon was a gulf, 105
 And fettered feet the worst of ills.

VI

Lake Lemán lies by Chillon's walls :
 A thousand feet in depth below
 Its massy waters meet and flow ;
 Thus much the fathom line was sent 110
 From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
 Which round about the wave inthralls :
 A double dungeon wall and wave
 Have made, and like a living grave
 Below the surface of the lake 115
 The dark vault lies wherein we lay.
 We heard it ripple night and day ;
 Sounding o'er our heads it knocked ;
 And I have felt the winter's spray
 Wash through the bars when winds were high 120
 And wanton in the happy sky ;

DICKENS'S BOB CRATCHIT'S CHRISTMAS DINNER. Page 107

Bob Cratchit and family are favorites with all who love Dickens's "Christmas Carol." This work, the first of a long series of Christmas stories, was published in December, 1843. It was most cordially received by the public, and for nearly half a century has kept its popularity. No sweeter, healthier, or more cheerful work of fiction has ever been written for young people,—or old ones too, for that matter. "It seems to me," says Thackeray, "a national benefit, and to every man or woman who reads it a personal kindness." This brief selection, of course, can give the reader no proper idea of the beauty, tenderness, and pathos of this wonderful production of the great novelist. The student should read the full text at his earliest convenience.

Charles Dickens, a great master of fiction, was born in England in 1812. His early life was one of hardship and self-denial. He was placed by his father in a London attorney's office, but disliking the work he became a newspaper reporter. In this occupation he became shrewd and skillful. Under the name "Boz" he contributed several sketches to a London magazine. Shortly afterward he published the first part of the "Pickwick Papers." It proved to be a remarkable success, and established the author's success on a solid foundation. Novel after novel now proceeded from his ready pen, everything that he wrote being eagerly welcomed by an enthusiastic public. In later years Dickens gave readings from his own works. They proved very successful, both in this country and in England.

Dickens died suddenly in 1870. His untimely death was lamented over the whole civilized world. His novels deal with life as exhibited among the middle and lower classes of society. They are characterized by a constant flow of spirits and drollery, grotesqueness and pathos. His characters are so exquisitely described, that their names and pet phrases have become woven into the common speech of people.

Dickens was a short, thick-set man of sturdy growth. He delighted in outdoor sports, and for years was given to taking long walks daily in all kinds of weather. He was passionately fond of children, quaint odd characters, and took unceasing delight in all kinds of pets, especially birds and dogs. Of a nature kind, unselfish, sympathetic, and generous, he was universally beloved by people of every station of life.

Might shine : it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought, 155
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer :
They coldly laughed — and laid him there :
The flat and turfless earth above 160
The being we so much did love ;
His empty chain above is leant,
Such murder's fitting monument !

VIII

But he, the favorite and the flower,
Most cherished since his natal hour, 165
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be 170
Less wretched now, and one day free ;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired —
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stalk away. 175
O God ! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood :
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean 180
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of sin delirious with its dread ;
But these were horrors — this was woe
Unmixed with such, but sure and slow. 185

"The Spy," a story of the Revolution, is considered his best novel. The tales of frontier life are nearly all excellent, especially the "Leather Stocking" series. His novels of the revolutionary times, as "The Spy" and "Lionel Lincoln," are still widely read.

Cooper died in 1851. He was always a staunch American, — "the first man of letters to carry the American flag across the Atlantic." His quick temper and fiery nature involved him in many bitter personal and business perplexities which ill became America's pioneer novelist and foremost man of letters of his time.

This extract is taken from "The Pilot." When Scott published his "Pirate," Cooper claimed that Sir Walter showed a lack of knowledge of maritime affairs, and promised to write a sea story to prove that he was right in his opinion. Cooper's most famous novel, "The Pilot," was the result of this promise.

It is no secret that the prototype of Cooper's celebrated character of the "pilot" was Paul Jones, America's first great naval hero.

MACAULAY'S TRIAL OF WARREN HASTINGS. Page 128

Lord Macaulay's splendid essays on Lord Clive and Warren Hastings are the finest productions of the kind in our literature. This selection is taken from the essay on Hastings. At the best it is only a specimen, and hence the young student from its study can get only a faint idea of the scope of this masterly essay. Warren Hastings, one of the ablest of all the able men sent to India as its governor general, was impeached by and brought to trial before the House of Lords in 1788 for cruelty and various misdemeanors. "I hardly know of a story so interesting," says Macaulay, "and of such various interests. The central figure is in the highest degree striking and interesting. I think Warren Hastings, though far from faultless, one of the greatest men that England ever produced." This essay on Hastings was published in the "Edinburgh Review" for October, 1841. It has been universally admired for its style. It is written with the greatest force and picturesqueness, full of allusion, illustration, grace, clearness, and point.

The Plantagenets, whose name was derived from the *planta genista*, the Spanish broom plant, a sprig of which was commonly worn by Geoffrey, the father of Henry II., reigned over England for more than three centuries (1154-1485).

My brothers, — both had ceased to breathe. 220
 I took that hand which lay so still,
 Alas ! my own was full as chill ;
 I had not strength to stir, or strive,
 But felt that I was still alive, —
 A frantic feeling when we know 225
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.
 I know not why
 I could not die,
 I had no earthly hope — but faith,
 And that forbade a selfish death. 230

IX

What next befell me then and there,
 I know not well — I never knew.
 First came the loss of light and air,
 And then of darkness too :
 I had no thought, no feeling — none — 235
 Among the stones I stood a stone,
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
 As shrubless crags within the mist ;
 For all was blank, and bleak, and gray ;
 It was not night — it was not day — 240
 It was not even the dungeon light,
 So hateful to my heavy sight,
 But vacancy absorbing space,
 And fixedness — without a place ;
 There were no stars, no earth, no time, 245
 No check, no change, no good, no crime ;
 But silence, and a stirless breath
 Which neither was of life nor death, —
 A sea of stagnant idleness,
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless ! 250

X

A light broke in upon my brain, —
 It was the carol of a bird ;
 It ceased, and then it came again,
 The sweetest song ear ever heard ;
 And mine was thankful till my eyes 251
 Ran over with the glad surprise,
 And they that moment could not see
 I was the mate of misery ;
 But then by dull degrees came back
 My senses to their wonted track ; 260
 I saw the dungeon walls and floor
 Close slowly round me as before,
 I saw the glimmer of the sun
 Creeping as it before had done,
 But through the crevice where it came 265
 That bird was perched, as fond and tame,
 And tamer than upon the tree ;
 A lovely bird with azure wings,
 And song that said a thousand things,
 And seemed to say them all for me ! 270
 I never saw its like before,
 I ne'er shall see its likeness more :
 It seemed like me to want a mate,
 But was not half so desolate ;
 And it was come to love me when 275
 None lived to love me so again,
 And, cheering from my dungeon's brink,
 Had brought me back to feel and think.
 I know not if it late were free,
 Or broke its cage to perch on mine, 280
 But knowing well captivity,
 Sweet bird, I could not wish for thine !

Or if it were, in wingèd guise,
A visitant from Paradise ;
For — Heaven forgive that thought ! the while 285
Which made me both to weep and smile —
I sometimes deemed that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me ;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal — well I knew, 290
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone, —
Lone as the corpse within its shroud,
Lone as a solitary cloud,
A single cloud on a sunny day, 295
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue and earth is gay.

XI

A kind of change came in my fate, 300
My keepers grew compassionate ;
I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe,
But so it was : my broken chain
With links unfastened did remain, 305
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part ;
And round the pillars one by one, 310
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod ;

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

I

My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears :
My limbs are bowed, though not with toil, 5
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are banned and barred — forbidden fare. 10
But this was for my father's faith
I suffered chains and courted death ;
That father perished at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake ;
And for the same his lineal race 15
In darkness found a dwelling place ;
We were seven — who now are one.
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finished as they had begun,
Proud of persecution's rage ; 20
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have sealed,
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied ;
Three were in a dungeon cast, 25
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II

There are seven pillars of Gothic mold
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,

There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray, 30
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left ;
Creeping over the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp : 35
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain ;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away, 40
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years — I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score 45
When my last brother drooped and died,
And I lay living by his side.

III

They chained us each to a column stone,
And we were three — yet, each alone ;
We could not move a single pace, 50
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight :
And thus together — yet apart,
Fettered in hand, but joined in heart, 55
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each

With some new hope, or legend old, 60
 Or song heroically bold ;
 But even these at length grew cold.
 Our voices took a dreary tone,
 An echo of the dungeon stone,
 A grating sound — not full and free, 65
 As they of yore were wont to be :
 It might be fancy — but to me
 They never sounded like our own.

IV

I was the eldest of the three,
 And to uphold and cheer the rest 70
 I ought to do — and did — my best,
 And each did well in his degree.
 The youngest, whom my father loved,
 Because our mother's brow was given
 To him, with eyes as blue as heaven, 75
 For him my soul was sorely moved ;
 And truly might it be distressed
 To see such bird in such a nest ;
 For he was beautiful as day
 (When day was beautiful to me 80
 As to young eagles, being free), —
 A polar day, which will not see
 A sunset till its summer's gone,
 Its sleepless summer of long light,
 The snow-clad offspring of the sun : 85
 And thus he was as pure and bright,
 And in his natural spirit gay,
 With tears for naught but others' ills,
 And then they flowed like mountain rills,
 Unless he could assuage the woe 90
 Which he abhorred to view below.

V

The other was as pure of mind,
 But formed to combat with his kind ;
 Strong in his frame, and of a mood
 Which 'gainst the world in war had stood, 95
 And perished in the foremost rank
 With joy ; but not in chains to pine :
 His spirit withered with their clank,
 I saw it silently decline —
 And so perchance in sooth did mine : 100
 But yet I forced it on to cheer
 Those relics of a home so dear.
 He was a hunter of the hills,
 Had followed there the deer and wolf ;
 To him his dungeon was a gulf, 105
 And fettered feet the worst of ills.

VI

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls :
 A thousand feet in depth below
 Its massy waters meet and flow ;
 Thus much the fathom line was sent 110
 From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
 Which round about the wave inthralls :
 A double dungeon wall and wave
 Have made, and like a living grave
 Below the surface of the lake 115
 The dark vault lies wherein we lay.
 We heard it ripple night and day ;
 Sounding o'er our heads it knocked ;
 And I have felt the winter's spray
 Wash through the bars when winds were high 120
 And wanton in the happy sky ;

And then the very rock hath rocked,
And I have felt it shake unshocked,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free. 125

VII

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined ;
He loathed and put away his food ;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare, 130
And for the like had little care :
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat,
Our bread was such as captives' tears
Have moistened many a thousand years, 135
Since man first pent his fellow-men
Like brutes within an iron den ;
But what were these to us or him ?
These wasted not his heart or limb ;
My brother's soul was of that mold 140
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side ;
But why delay the truth ? — he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head, 145
Nor reach his dying hand — nor dead,
Though 'hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died — and they unlocked his chain,
And scooped for him a shallow grave 150
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begged them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day

Might shine : it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought, 155
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer :
They coldly laughed — and laid him there :
The flat and turfless earth above 160
The being we so much did love ;
His empty chain above is leant,
Such murder's fitting monument !

VIII

But he, the favorite and the flower,
Most cherished since his natal hour, 165
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be 170
Less wretched now, and one day free ;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired —
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stalk away. 175
O God ! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood :
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean 180
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of sin delirious with its dread ;
But these were horrors — this was woe
Unmixed with such, but sure and slow. 185

expands this idea, "We drag, it is true, 'a lengthening chain' at each remove of our pilgrimage: but the chain is unbroken; we can trace it back link by link, and we feel that the last still grapples us to home." Goldsmith, in the "Citizen of the World," letter iii., has the same words, "By every remove I only drag a greater length of chain."

32. Cf. Tennyson's "Lotus-Eaters":—

"They sat them down upon the yellow sand."

"Paradise Lost," IX. 1121:—

"They sat them down to weep."

41. *School-taught*.—Taught in the schools of philosophy. All mediæval philosophers were roughly classed as "schoolmen," and their philosophy was termed "scholastic." Pope says:—

"Unlearned, he knew no schoolman's subtle art."

45. *Crowned*.—This repetition of one word (as in lines 11, 17) is characteristic of Goldsmith. Cf. "realms" in lines 7, 29, 34, and "stranger" in lines 16, 21.

50. *Creation's heir*.—Cf. Cowper's "Task," Winter Morning, line 738.

73. *The patriot's boast*.—Cf. Cowper, "Task," Book II.

"England, with all thy faults I love thee still,
My country! and, while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year most part deform'd
With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost,
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,
And fields without a flower for warmer France
With all her vines; nor for Ausonia's groves
Of golden fruitage and her myrtle bowers."

84. *Idra*.—Or Idria, a town in the duchy of Carniola, in Austria. *Arno*, a river which rises in the Apennines, and empties into the Tuscan Sea.

108. *Gay theatric pride*.—Cf. "Paradise Lost," IV. 137, and Virgil's "Æneid," i. 164.

111. The praises of Italy have often been sung by great men. See

My brothers, — both had ceased to breathe. 220
 I took that hand which lay so still,
 Alas ! my own was full as chill ;
 I had not strength to stir, or strive,
 But felt that I was still alive, —
 A frantic feeling when we know 225
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.
 I know not why
 I could not die,
 I had no earthly hope — but faith,
 And that forbade a selfish death. 230

IX

What next befell me then and there,
 I know not well — I never knew.
 First came the loss of light and air,
 And then of darkness too :
 I had no thought, no feeling — none — 235
 Among the stones I stood a stone,
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
 As shrubless crags within the mist ;
 For all was blank, and bleak, and gray ;
 It was not night — it was not day — 240
 It was not even the dungeon light,
 So hateful to my heavy sight,
 But vacancy absorbing space,
 And fixedness — without a place ;
 There were no stars, no earth, no time, 245
 No check, no change, no good, no crime ;
 But silence, and a stirless breath
 Which neither was of life nor death, —
 A sea of stagnant idleness,
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless ! 250

X

A light broke in upon my brain, —
It was the carol of a bird ;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard ;
And mine was thankful till my eyes 255
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery ;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track ; 260
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came 265
That bird was perched, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree ;
A lovely bird with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seemed to say them all for me ! 270
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more :
It seemed like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate ;
And it was come to love me when 275
None lived to love me so again,
And, cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine, 280
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird, I could not wish for thine !

Or if it were, in wingèd guise,
A visitant from Paradise ;
For — Heaven forgive that thought ! the while 285
Which made me both to weep and smile —
I sometimes deemed that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me ;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal — well I knew, 290
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone, —
Lone as the corse within its shroud,
Lone as a solitary cloud,
A single cloud on a sunny day, 295
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue and earth is gay.

XI

A kind of change came in my fate, 300
My keepers grew compassionate ;
I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe,
But so it was : my broken chain
With links unfastened did remain, 305
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part ;
And round the pillars one by one, 310
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod ;

about one half of the verses now included in the production. Additions and slight alterations were subsequently made by the author.

The poem was well received on its first appearance. It was generally recognized as a standard production. Professor Wilson (Christopher North) praised the poem as "a noble example of true poetic enthusiasm" and said that "it alone would establish the author's claim to the honors of genius."

The word "Thanatopsis" signifies a view or contemplation of death; from two Greek words meaning "a view of death." The poem is, in brief, a solemn meditation on the thoughts naturally associated with that last "bitter hour" which sooner or later must come to us all.

37. *The hills*. — The force and beauty of the epithets in this passage are noteworthy.

50. *Take the wings*. — Cf. Ps. cxxxix. 9.

51. *Pierce the Barcan wilderness*. — First written "the Barcan desert pierce;" afterwards changed to "traverse Barca's desert sands." In the later editions, the present reading is given. Barca is a country in Northern Africa, bordering on the Great Desert.

53. *Oregon*. — Another name for the Columbia River. At the time Bryant wrote, this part of the country was an unknown wilderness.

58-59. Other readings are, "what if thou shouldst fall," and "what if thou withdraw unheeded by the living."

66. *Make their bed*. — cf. Ps. cxxxix. 8.

70. In the place of this line, Bryant formerly wrote: —

"The bowed with age, the infant in the smiles
And beauty of its innocent age cut off."

75. *To that mysterious realm*. — Originally written, "To the pale realms of shade."

CHAPTER XII

GRAY'S ELEGY. Page 224

GRAY began his celebrated Elegy in the year 1742, but did not finish it until seven years later. To the great annoyance of the author, it found its way into print in 1749, from private copies of the manuscript presented to his friends. The poem was published

A small green isle, it seemed no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor, 345
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing
Of gentle breath and hue. 350
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seemed joyous each and all ;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seemed to fly ; 355
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled, and would fain
I had not left my recent chain ;
And, when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode 360
Fell on me as a heavy load ;
It was as is a new-dug grave
Closing o'er one we sought to save, —
And yet my glance, too much opprest,
Had almost need of such a rest. 365

XIV

It might be months, or years, or days, —
I kept no count, I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise
And clear them of their dreary mote :
At last men came to set me free ; 370
I asked not why, and recked not where ;
It was at length the same to me,
Fettered or fetterless to be ;
I learned to love despair.

In Gray's time, and long before, and some time after it, the former resting place was for the poor, the latter for the rich. — HALES.

22. Hales remarks that "this is probably the kind of phrase that caused Wordsworth to pronounce the language of the *Elegy* unintelligible." Wordsworth, however, conveys the idea in the following direct manner: —

"And she I cherished *turned her wheel*
Beside an English fire."

23. *No children run*, etc. — Cf. Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night," 21.

33-36. *The boast of heraldry . . . to the grave*. — This solemnly impressive stanza is associated with a striking event in American history. On the night before the attack on Quebec, as the boats were silently descending the St. Lawrence, the gallant General Wolfe "repeated in a low tone to the other officers in his boat, those beautiful stanzas with which a country churchyard inspired the muse of Gray; and at the close of the recitation, 'Now, gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec.'" For himself, he was within a few hours to find fulfilment of that noble line, —

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

— SWINTON'S *Manual of English Classics*.

44. *Dull, cold ear*. — Cf. Shakespeare, Henry VIII., Act III., Sc. 2.

"And sleep in dull, cold marble."

51. *Rage*. — This word is commonly used by the older writers for inspiration, enthusiasm.

57. *Hampden*. — John Hampden (1594-1647), a distinguished English patriot and statesman. He was a cousin to Oliver Cromwell. In 1636 Hampden refused to pay the ship-money tax which King Charles levied without the authority of the Parliament. See Macaulay's "Essay on John Hampden."

60. *Cromwell*. — Oliver Cromwell became lord protector of England in 1653. In the eighteenth century, the feeling against him was exceedingly bitter.

85. In explanation of this difficult stanza, Hales suggests that "it is better to take the phrase, *to dumb forgetfulness a prey*, as in fact the completion of the predicate *resigned*, and interpret thus: 'Who ever resigned this life of his, with all its pleasures and all its pains, to

CHAPTER XX

WILLIAM COWPER, 1731-1800

"His talent is but the picture of his character, and his poems but the echo of his life. Poor charming soul, perishing like a frail flower transplanted from a warm land to the snows ! the world's temperature was too rough for it ; and the moral law which should have supported it, tore it with its thorns." — TAINE.

WILLIAM COWPER, whom his best biographer, Southey, speaks of as "the most popular poet of his generation, and the best of English letter writers," was born at Berkhamstead, England, in 1731. His mother, whom to the last he affectionately remembered, died when he was only six years old. His constitution was from his infancy remarkably delicate, and his extremely sensitive nature was subject to fits of melancholy. He received his education at Westminster School. Being designed for the law, he was placed under an eminent attorney, on leaving whom he entered the Inner Temple. At the age of thirty-one he was nominated clerk in the House of Lords, but an unconquerable timidity of character prevented his entering upon the duties of the appointment. He was next appointed clerk of the journals ; but an occasion occurring which rendered it necessary for the clerk to appear before the bar of the House, had such an effect on his nerves that he resigned his place. A morbid melancholy seized him, and it was found necessary to place him under the

And then the very rock hath rocked,
And I have felt it shake unshocked,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free. 125

VII

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined ;
He loathed and put away his food ;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare, 130
And for the like had little care :
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat,
Our bread was such as captives' tears
Have moistened many a thousand years, 135
Since man first pent his fellow-men
Like brutes within an iron den ;
But what were these to us or him ?
These wasted not his heart or limb ;
My brother's soul was of that mold 140
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side ;
But why delay the truth ? — he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head, 145
Nor reach his dying hand — nor dead,
Though 'hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died — and they unlocked his chain,
And scooped for him a shallow grave 150
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begged them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day

Might shine : it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought, 155
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer :
They coldly laughed — and laid him there :
The flat and turfless earth above 160
The being we so much did love ;
His empty chain above is leant,
Such murder's fitting monument !

VIII

But he, the favorite and the flower,
Most cherished since his natal hour, 165
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be 170
Less wretched now, and one day free ;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired —
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stalk away. 175
O God ! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood :
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean 180
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of sin delirious with its dread ;
But these were horrors — this was woe
Unmixed with such, but sure and slow. 185

He faded, and so calm and meek,
 So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
 So tearless, yet so tender, kind,
 And grieved for those he left behind ;
 With all the while a cheek whose bloom 190
 Was as a mockery of the tomb,
 Whose tints as gently sunk away
 As a departing rainbow's ray ;
 An eye of most transparent light,
 That almost made the dungeon bright ; 195
 And not a word of murmur, — not
 A groan o'er his untimely lot, —
 A little talk of better days,
 A little hope my own to raise,
 For I was sunk in silence, — lost 200
 In this last loss, of all the most ;
 And then the sighs he would suppress
 Of fainting nature's feebleness,
 More slowly drawn, grew less and less :
 I listened, but I could not hear ; 205
 I called, for I was wild with fear ;
 I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
 Would not be thus admonished.
 I called, and thought I heard a sound :
 I burst my chain with one strong bound, 210
 And rushed to him ; I found him not ;
 I only stirred in this black spot,
 I only lived — I only drew
 The accursed breath of dungeon dew ;
 The last — the sole — the dearest link 215
 Between me and the eternal brink,
 Which bound me to my failing race,
 Was broken in this fatal place.
 One on the earth, and one beneath, —

My brothers, — both had ceased to breathe. 220
 I took that hand which lay so still,
 Alas ! my own was full as chill ;
 I had not strength to stir, or strive,
 But felt that I was still alive, —
 A frantic feeling when we know 225
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.
 I know not why
 I could not die,
 I had no earthly hope — but faith,
 And that forbade a selfish death. 230

IX

What next befell me then and there,
 I know not well — I never knew.
 First came the loss of light and air,
 And then of darkness too :
 I had no thought, no feeling — none — 235
 Among the stones I stood a stone,
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
 As shrubless crags within the mist ;
 For all was blank, and bleak, and gray ;
 It was not night — it was not day — 240
 It was not even the dungeon light,
 So hateful to my heavy sight,
 But vacancy absorbing space,
 And fixedness — without a place ;
 There were no stars, no earth, no time, 245
 No check, no change, no good, no crime ;
 But silence, and a stirless breath
 Which neither was of life nor death, —
 A sea of stagnant idleness,
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless ! 250

As the poem opens, Ulysses is supposed to have finished his adventurous wanderings of twenty years, and to have returned home to the rugged crags of the island of Ithaca, over which he ruled. The aged wife is Penelope.

10. *The rainy Hyades*. — A cluster of five stars in the head of Taurus, supposed by the ancients to indicate the approach of rainy weather when they rose with the sun.

63. *Happy Isles*. — The "Fortunate Isles," or Islands of the Blest. The early Greeks, as we learn from Homer, placed the Elysian Fields, into which the favored heroes passed without dying, at the extremity of the earth, near the river Oceanus. In poems later than Homer, an island is spoken of as their abode, and is placed by the poets beyond the Pillars of Hercules. The name "Fortunate Isles" was afterwards applied to the Canaries.

TENNYSON'S SIR GALAHAD. Page 291

"Sir Galahad is a noble picture of a religious knight. He is almost as much a mystic as a soldier, both a monk and a warrior of the ideal type. He foregoes the world as much as if he lived within the monastery walls, and esteems his sword as sacred to the service of God as if it were a cross. His rapture is altogether that of the mystic. He is just the embodiment of the noblest and the strongest tendencies of the chivalric age." — TAINSH'S *Study of the Works of Tennyson*.

42. *The Holy Grail*. — This was generally said to be the vessel or platter used by Christ at the last supper, in which Joseph of Arimathea caught the blood of the crucified Christ, and by whom it was said to have been brought to Britain. It vanished from sight when approached by any one not perfectly pure. The legends of Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table were founded upon the legend of the search for it. Sir Galahad, it is said, at last succeeded in finding it.

TENNYSON'S LOTUS-EATERS. Page 294

It is more than sixty years ago that Tennyson first gave to the world this delightful, dreamy poem. Ten years later, in 1842, some additions were made to the original text. It is founded upon the well-known Greek legend of the *Lotophagi* (lotus-eaters), which Homer has woven into the eleventh book of the "Odyssey." According to the

Or if it were, in wingèd guise,
A visitant from Paradise ;
For — Heaven forgive that thought ! the while 285
Which made me both to weep and smile —
I sometimes deemed that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me ;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal — well I knew, 290
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone, —
Lone as the corse within its shroud,
Lone as a solitary cloud,
A single cloud on a sunny day, 295
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue and earth is gay.

XI

A kind of change came in my fate, 300
My keepers grew compassionate ;
I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe,
But so it was : my broken chain
With links unfastened did remain, 305
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part ;
And round the pillars one by one, 310
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod ;

For if I thought with heedless tread
 My step profaned their lowly bed, 315
 My breath came gaspingly and thick,
 And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

XII

I made a footing in the wall,
 It was not therefrom to escape,
 For I had buried one and all 320
 Who loved me in a human shape,
 And the whole earth would henceforth be
 A wider prison unto me :
 No child, no sire, no kin had I,
 No partner in my misery ; 325
 I thought of this, and I was glad,
 For thought of them had made me mad ;
 But I was curious to ascend
 To my barred windows, and to bend
 Once more upon the mountains high 330
 The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII

I saw them — and they were the same,
 They were not changed like me in frame ;
 I saw their thousand years of snow
 On high --- their wide long lake below, 335
 And the blue Rhone in fullest flow ;
 I heard the torrents leap and gush
 O'er channeled rock and broken bush ;
 I saw the white-walled distant town,
 And whiter sails go skimming down ; 340
 And then there was a little isle,
 Which in my very face did smile,
 The only one in view, —

A small green isle, it seemed no more,
 Scarce broader than my dungeon floor, 345
 But in it there were three tall trees,
 And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
 And by it there were waters flowing,
 And on it there were young flowers growing
 Of gentle breath and hue. 350
 The fish swam by the castle wall,
 And they seemed joyous each and all ;
 The eagle rode the rising blast,
 Methought he never flew so fast
 As then to me he seemed to fly ; 355
 And then new tears came in my eye,
 And I felt troubled, and would fain
 I had not left my recent chain ;
 And, when I did descend again,
 The darkness of my dim abode 360
 Fell on me as a heavy load ;
 It was as is a new-dug grave
 Closing o'er one we sought to save, —
 And yet my glance, too much opprest,
 Had almost need of such a rest. 365

XIV

It might be months, or years, or days, —
 I kept no count, I took no note,
 I had no hope my eyes to raise
 And clear them of their dreary mote :
 At last men came to set me free ; 370
 I asked not why, and recked not where ;
 It was at length the same to me,
 Fettered or fetterless to be ;
 I learned to love despair.

And thus when they appeared at last, 375
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage — and all my own !
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home. 380
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watched them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they ?
We were all inmates of one place, 385
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill ; yet, strange to tell !
In quiet we had learned to dwell ;
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends 390
To make us what we are : — even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh.

CHAPTER XX

WILLIAM COWPER, 1731-1800

"His talent is but the picture of his character, and his poems but the echo of his life. Poor charming soul, perishing like a frail flower transplanted from a warm land to the snows ! the world's temperature was too rough for it ; and the moral law which should have supported it, tore it with its thorns." — TAINE.

WILLIAM COWPER, whom his best biographer, Southey, speaks of as "the most popular poet of his generation, and the best of English letter writers," was born at Berkhamstead, England, in 1731. His mother, whom to the last he affectionately remembered, died when he was only six years old. His constitution was from his infancy remarkably delicate, and his extremely sensitive nature was subject to fits of melancholy. He received his education at Westminster School. Being designed for the law, he was placed under an eminent attorney, on leaving whom he entered the Inner Temple. At the age of thirty-one he was nominated clerk in the House of Lords, but an unconquerable timidity of character prevented his entering upon the duties of the appointment. He was next appointed clerk of the journals ; but an occasion occurring which rendered it necessary for the clerk to appear before the bar of the House, had such an effect on his nerves that he resigned his place. A morbid melancholy seized him, and it was found necessary to place him under the

private care of a physician. After a time he recovered his mental faculties.

He settled at Huntington, where he entered into a close friendship with a clergyman of the name of Unwin, in whose family he became an inmate. Mr. Unwin died in 1767, and Cowper and Mrs. Unwin settled at Olney. He had, as yet, written but little, but in 1782 he issued a volume of poems, which, however, attracted but little public attention. But a second volume, in 1785, established his



WILLIAM COWPER

reputation as a poet. This volume contained his celebrated poem, "The Task," a blank-verse production, written at the suggestion of his friend and admirer, Lady Austin. The same lady was also the occasion of the popular ballad, "John Gilpin," the story of which she related to amuse Cowper during one of his fits of melancholy. About the same time he translated the "Iliad" of Homer into blank verse.

In 1794 the King granted Cowper a pension of three hundred pounds a year, but the royal bounty was too late to yield much profit or pleasure. Its recipient was in a state of utter dejection, — a kind of morbid insanity, from which he rarely emerged into the enjoyment of unclouded reason. He continued to write, in short lucid intervals, until his death in 1800.

Cowper's personal appearance is thus described by Hay-

; his friend and biographer : " He was of middle stature, her strong than delicate in the form of his limbs; the or of his hair was a light brown, that of his eyes a ish gray, and his complexion ruddy. In his dress he s neat, but not finical; in his diet, temperate and not inty. He had an air of pensive reserve in his deport- nt, and his extreme shyness sometimes produced in his nners a mixture of awkwardness and dignity; but no ng could be more truly graceful when he was in perfect alth and perfectly pleased with his society."

[THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE OUT
OF NORFOLK

O THAT those lips had language ! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine — thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me :
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say, 5
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away !"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize, —
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it !) here shines on me still the same. 10
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here !
Who bidd'st me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone, 15
But gladly, as the precept were her own :
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,

Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she. 20

My mother ! when I learnt that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss ; 25
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss —
Ah, that maternal smile ! It answers — Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew 30
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu.
But was it such ? — It was. — Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting sound shall pass my lips no more. 35
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived,
By expectation every day beguiled, 40
Dupe of *to-morrow*, even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learnt at last submission to my lot ;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot. 45

Where once we dwelt, our name is heard no more ;
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt 50
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capt,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.

Short-lived possession ! but the record fair
 That memory keeps of all thy kindness there, 55
 Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
 A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
 That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid ;
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home, 60
 The biscuit, or confectionery plum ;
 The fragrant waters on my cheek bestowed
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed ;
 All this, and, more endearing still than all,
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall, 65
 Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
 That humor interposed too often makes ;
 All this still legible in memory's page,
 And still to be so to my latest age,
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay 70
 Such honors to thee as my numbers may ;
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
 Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
 When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers, 75
 The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
 I pricked them into paper with a pin
 (And thou wast happier than myself the while,
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile),
 Could those few pleasant days again appear, 80
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
 I would not trust my heart — the dear delight
 Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might. —
 But no — what here we call our life is such
 So little to be loved, and thou so much, 85
 That I should ill requite thee to constrain
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
 (The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
 Shoots into port at some well-havened isle, 90
 Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
 There sits quiescent on the floods that show
 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
 While airs impregnated with incense play
 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay, — 95
 So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reached the shore
 " Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,"
 And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
 Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest, 100
 Always from port withheld, always distressed —
 Me howling winds drive devious, tempest-tossed,
 Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
 And day by day some current's thwarting force
 Sets me more distant from a prosperous course. 105
 But oh, the thought that thou art safe, and he !
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
 My boast is not that I deduce my birth
 From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth ;
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise, — 110
 The son of parents passed into the skies.
 And now, farewell — Time unrevoked has run
 His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
 By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
 I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again ; 115
 To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
 Without the sin of violating thine ;
 And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft — 120
 Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

CHAPTER XXI

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, 1564-1616

"I loved the man, and do honor his memory. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature." — BEN JONSON.

"The name of Shakespeare is the greatest in our literature; it is the greatest in all literature." — HALLAM.

"And he, the man whom Nature selfe had made
To mocke herself and Truth to imitate." — SPENSER.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, the greatest of all poets, was born on the 23d of April, 1564, in Stratford-on-Avon, a small town in Warwickshire, England. His father, John Shakespeare, was a respectable tradesman; but his mother, Isabella Arden, was an heiress of ancient and even knightly descent. For many years John Shakespeare and his wife lived happily, and things prospered with them: and we learn that he was made alderman, and afterward mayor, of his native town. Then he seems to have taken to farming, about which he knew little or nothing, and the consequence was that in his later days he was so poor that his son William had to support him. The poet was born during the prosperous part of his father's life, but by the time he was fifteen there was poverty in the household. The future dramatist received little or no instruction from his parents, for neither of them could read or write; but he was sent to the free grammar school, where

he received the advantages of such elementary instruction as was offered by the schools of those days.

According to various reports, Shakespeare seems to have been a wayward, and even profligate, young man. There are stories of his having stolen deer from Sir Thomas Lucy's park, and of his having been severely punished by that magistrate for so doing. In revenge he is said to have written some verses, making sport of Sir



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Thomas, and posted them on the park gate. Such was the wrath of the indignant squire, that Shakespeare, to escape from more serious persecution, deemed it expedient to leave Stratford. But there was another reason for his going away. When only eighteen years old he had married a farmer's daughter by the name of Anne Hathaway, a woman nearly eight years older than himself.

The ill-matched pair seem to have been very unhappy. Susanna, the poet's favorite child, was born in 1583, and in the following year twins, Judith and Hamnet. The only son, Hamnet, died at twelve years of age; his two daughters survived their illustrious father. Very little is really known of the personal life of Shakespeare.

He went to London to seek his fortune. Soon after, he was invited to join the company at the Globe Theater. His duties were to prepare old plays for the stage, and

to act occasionally when required. By and by he became one of the owners in this theater, wrote splendid plays of his own, and became part proprietor of a new theater, the Blackfriars, on the north side of the Thames. Such was his industry and success in the double capacity of actor and writer of plays, that in a few years he reaped the reward of his prudence, and became a wealthy man. He was able to buy an estate called New Place, near his native town, where he retired in 1611 to spend the remainder of his days. He died, after a short illness, on the 23d of April, the anniversary of his birthday, in 1616, having exactly completed his fifty-second year. He was buried in the parish church of Stratford. Shakespeare's private character seems to have been that of an "amiable, gentle, and generous man, beloved by everybody except the very few who were jealous of his greatness."

It would be in vain to try to enumerate all the characteristics of Shakespeare's poetry, or to tell in how many respects he excels all other poets. He loved Nature, and his poetry contains the most exquisite pictures; he studied the looks, the words, the actions, of the men and women he met, and his plays reflect them as in a mirror. The fame of Shakespeare rests almost solely upon his plays, usually reckoned as thirty-seven in number. These plays fall naturally into three classes, — tragedies, historical dramas, and comedies. The most celebrated tragedies are "Macbeth," "King Lear," "Hamlet," "Othello," and "Romeo and Juliet." The most popular historical dramas are "Henry V.," "Richard II.," "Richard III.," "Henry VIII.," "Julius Cæsar," and "Antony and Cleopatra"; while the best-known comedies are "The Merchant of Venice," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Midsummer

Night's Dream," and "As You Like It." The principal works of Shakespeare, besides his plays, are "Venus and Adonis," "Rape of Lucrece," and one hundred and fifty-four sonnets.

The only account of Shakespeare's personal appearance that we have is contained in Aubrey's two lines: "He was a handsome, well-shaped man, very good company, and of a very ready and pleasant and smooth wit."

ON THE STUDY OF SHAKESPEARE

It is impossible to quote, in this book, enough of Shakespeare's text to be of any practical use. The ordinary memory quotations and famous passages are easily found in any advanced reading book or text-book of standard selections. Inexpensive school editions of the plays, admirably annotated, are easily obtained.¹ It is better for the young student to become familiar with one good play, like "The Merchant of Venice," than to read passages here and there from many plays.

Much depends upon the time assigned to the study of Shakespeare. The success or failure of the Shakespeare course may depend upon the plays selected, or even the first play. We have found "The Merchant of Venice" the best to begin with, followed by "Julius Cæsar," "As You Like It," and "Macbeth." Richard Grant White advises the student to begin with "The Tempest" or

¹ The following plays of Shakespeare, edited, with introductions and notes, for the use of schools, are published in the Eclectic English Classics Series: "Julius Cæsar," "Twelfth Night," "Merchant of Venice," "Macbeth," "As You Like It," "Midsummer Night's Dream," and "Hamlet."

"As You Like It," then follow with "The Merchant of Venice" and "Much Ado about Nothing."

Whatever time may be given to Shakespeare, the student should read and study certain well-known selections from the great dramatist. After a whole play has been read, or even in the midst of it, renewed interest may be excited by reading some famous passage. For illustration, a few of the more famous and familiar passages have been chosen, to which many others may be readily added.

SELECTIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE FOR SCHOOL USE

	Passage.	Play.	Act.	Sc.
1.	Queen Katherine's defense,	<i>Henry VIII.</i>	II.	4
2.	Fall of Wolsey,	<i>Henry VIII.</i>	III.	2
3.	Famous reference to Queen Elizabeth,	<i>Henry VIII.</i>	V.	4
4.	Moonlight scene,	<i>Romeo and Juliet.</i>	II.	2
5.	Miranda and Ferdinand,	<i>Tempest.</i>	III.	1
6.	Prince Arthur and Hubert,	<i>King John.</i>	IV.	1
7.	Falstaff and Prince Hal,	<i>Henry IV.</i>	II.	4
8.	King Henry and his son,	<i>Henry IV.</i>	III.	2
9.	The King's censure,	<i>Henry IV. (2)</i>	IV.	4
10.	Death of King John,	<i>King John.</i>	V.	6, 7
11.	Othello and Iago,	<i>Othello.</i>	III.	3
12.	Hermione's appeal,	<i>Winter's Tale.</i>	III.	2
13.	Trial of Othello,	<i>Othello.</i>	I.	3
14.	Clarence's dream,	<i>Richard III.</i>	I.	4
15.	Advice of Polonius,	<i>Hamlet.</i>	I.	3
16.	Antony's oration,	<i>Julius Cæsar.</i>	III.	2
17.	Grief of Constance,	<i>King John.</i>	III.	4
18.	King Richard's soliloquy,	<i>Richard II.</i>	V.	5
19.	Quarrel scene,	<i>Julius Cæsar.</i>	IV.	3
20.	Sleep-walking scene,	<i>Macbeth.</i>	V.	1

CHAPTER XXII

JOHN MILTON, 1608-1674

"The first place among our English poets is due to Milton." — ADDISON.

"Milton, the poet, the statesman, the philosopher, the glory of English literature, the champion and the martyr of English liberty." — MACAULAY.

JOHN MILTON, the illustrious poet, was born in London in 1608. His father was a scrivener or writer, and money-lender, well-to-do in the world, and both anxious and ready to give his son a good education. From his earliest years Milton gave great promise of becoming a profound scholar and a splendid poet. He was educated at St. Paul's School, and at the age of sixteen entered Trinity College, Cambridge. Leaving Cambridge in 1632, he went to reside at his father's villa at Horton. He studied at this place for five years with severe application, devoting himself particularly to the Greek and Roman classics. In the intervals of his studies he produced "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," and "Comus." In 1637 he made a tour through France and Italy, and in the latter country cultivated the personal friendship of the leading Italian writers of the time. He also had an interview with Galileo. On his return to England he founded a private boarding school. It is said that he never received fees from his pupils, but undertook the work of education as a high moral duty, the discharge of which he felt incumbent upon him.

While ostensibly a private gentleman keeping a select school, he was virtually one of the leading spirits in the controversial age in which he lived ; he was its most able and most active political pamphleteer. In those times, before there were newspapers to express or to lead public opinion, the political pamphlet wielded an influence which it is difficult for us now to realize. The full weight of Milton's literary influence was thrown into the scales in favor of the Puritan party. His polemical disquisition was resistless, and his denunciation terrible. His reputation as a pamphleteer—as a recognized political power in the realm—was known over Europe. In graceful recognition of his services he was appointed Latin Secretary to Cromwell in 1649. In this capacity he was commissioned by the Council to write a "Defense of the People of England," as the rejoinder to the "Defense of Charles the First," by the celebrated philologist, Salmasius of Leyden. In the composition of this great work, which he wrote in Latin, his hitherto weak eyesight gave way, and he became utterly blind. He died in 1674.

The Restoration was, of course, an ill-omened event to Milton. His pen had dealt sternly with the beheaded king, and he dared not to look for much mercy from his son. He hid himself in the house of a friend, and his political works were publicly burnt by the common hang-



JOHN MILTON

man. He, however, escaped personal molestation. In poverty, blindness, and severe domestic affliction, he hid himself in an obscure part of London; and there, in the winter of life, with hopes blasted and energies unrequited, he in his blindness dictated to his daughters his great epic, "Paradise Lost," which was published in 1667.

A publisher could hardly be found at all sufficiently speculative to undertake the risk of producing the work; and the sum of eighteen pounds was all that was ever received by the author and his family as their share of the profits of "Paradise Lost."

This great epic consists of twelve books, and is written in sonorous and stately blank verse. Its subject is an embellished and much-extended version of the Mosaic account of the fall of man, in which the author involves the expulsion from heaven of Satan and the rebel angels. It contains passages of overpowering eloquence, grandeur of conception, and transcendent sublimity of poetic range. The work is still largely read and copiously quoted. In our literature there is no parallel work; no work, indeed, which we are justified in mentioning either in comparison or contrast with it.

The principal works of Milton to which we have not already referred are his "Paradise Regained," "Lycidas," "Samson Agonistes," "Ode to the Nativity," and Sonnets. His prose works, among which we may name his "Areopagitica," "Eikonoclastes," and "History of England," were exceedingly numerous, and are sufficient of themselves to support no mean literary reputation.

Milton was three times married; and, upon the whole, his domestic life was an unhappy one. In his youth he was decidedly handsome, both in face and figure. His

manners were simple and unaffected, and his morality austere and rigid. The following portraiture of the great poet is given by Fenton: "The color of his hair was a light brown, the symmetry of his features exact, enlivened with an agreeable air. His stature did not exceed the middle size, neither too lean nor corpulent. In his diet he was abstemious, not delicate in the choice of his dishes, and strong liquors of all kinds were his aversion. His deportment was erect, open, affable; his conversation easy, cheerful, instructive; his wit on all occasions at command, facetious, grave, or satirical, as the subject required."

 LYCIDAS

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester, on the Irish seas, 1637. And by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And with forced fingers rude
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year. 5
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
 Compels me to disturb your season due:
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew 10
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not float upon his watery bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.
 Begin, then, sisters of the sacred well, 15
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;

Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse :
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favor my destined urn, 20
 And as he passes, turn
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the selfsame hill,
 Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.
 Together both, ere the high lawns appeared 25
 Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
 We drove afield ; and both together heard
 What time the grayfly winds her sultry horn,
 Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the star that rose at evening, bright, 30
 Towards heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute ;
 Tempered to the oaten flute,
 Rough satyrs danced, and fauns with cloven heel
 From the glad sound would not be absent long, 35
 And old Damœtas loved to hear our song.

But, oh ! the heavy change, now thou art gone, —
 Now thou art gone and never must return !
 Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves,
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown, 40
 And all their echoes, mourn.
 The willows, and the hazel copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
 As killing as the canker to the rose, 45
 Or taintworm to the weanling herds that graze,
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the whitethorn blows, —
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep 50

Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream. 55
Ay me ! I fondly dream
Had ye been there . . . for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore, —
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son
Whom universal Nature did lament, 60
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas ! what boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade, 65
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise 70
(That last infirmity of noble mind),
To scorn delights and live laborious days ;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears, 75
And slits the thin-spun life. " But not the praise,"
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears ;
" Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies ; 80
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove.
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honored flood, 85
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood.
 But now my oat proceeds,
 And listens to the herald of the sea,
 That came in Neptune's plea. 90
 He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
 What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?
 And questioned every gust of rugged wings
 That blows from off each beakèd promontory.
 They knew not of his story ; 95
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed ;
 The air was calm, and on the level brine
 Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark, 100
 Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.
 Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge 105
 Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
 " Ah ! who hath reft (quoeth he) my dearest pledge ? "
 Last came, and last did go,
 The Pilot of the Galilean lake ;
 Two massy keys he bore, of metals twain 110
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
 He shook his miterèd locks, and stern bespake : —
 " How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
 Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold ! 115
 Of other care they little reckoning make.
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest.

Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheehook, or have learned aught else the least 120
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs !
What reck's it them? What need they? They are sped ;
And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw ;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, 125
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread ;
Besides what the grim wolf, with privy paw,
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
But that two-handed engine at the door 130
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Return, Alpheus ; the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams ; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowrets of a thousand hues. 135
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades and wanton winds and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enameled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers, 140
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crowtoe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet, 145
The musk rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears ;
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150
To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.
For, so to interpose a little ease,

Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me ! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled, 155
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world ;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 160
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold ;
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth :
And, O ye dolphins ! waft the hapless youth.
Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more ; 165
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor :
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet, anon, repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore 170
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves ;
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves, 175
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move, 180
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood. 185
Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,

While the still morn went out with sandals gray ;
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills, 190
And now was dropt into the western bay.
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue :
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present 5
My true account, lest He returning chide ;
“ Doth God exact day-labor, light denied ? ”
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, “ God doth not need
Either man’s work, or His own gifts. Who best 10
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state
Is kingly ; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o’er land and ocean without rest ;
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep ; 25
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong.
 I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
 The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
 And all the earth is gay ;
 Land and sea 30
 Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
 Doth every beast keep holiday !
 Thou child of joy,
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy 35
 shepherd boy !

IV

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make ; I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal ; 40
 The fullness of your bliss, I feel — I feel it all.
 Oh, evil day ! if I were sullen
 While the earth herself is adorning
 This sweet May morning ;
 And the children are pulling, 45
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,
 And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm : —
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear ! 50
 But there's a tree, of many, one,
 A single field which I have look'd upon,
 Both of them speak of something that is gone ;
 The pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat. 55